

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

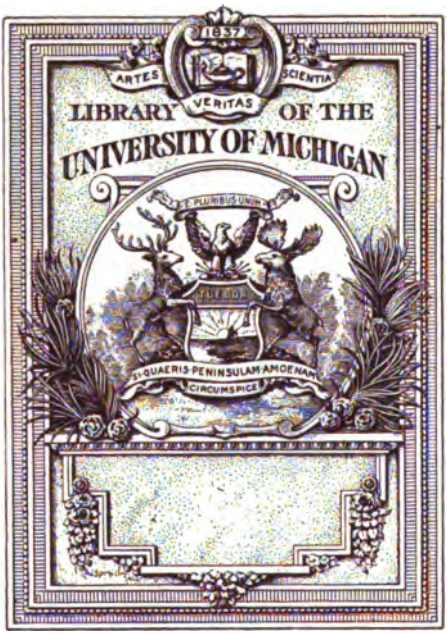
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



THIS BOOK
FORMS PART OF THE
ORIGINAL LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
BOUGHT IN EUROPE
1838 TO 1839
BY
ASA GRAY

Digitized by Google

Gen. Ch.

AP
4
.Q3

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

1832

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

VOL. XLVIII.

PUBLISHED IN

OCTOBER & DECEMBER, 1832.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1832.

Digitized by Google

11446

London: Printed by W. Clowes,
Stamford-street.

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF

No. XCV.

ART. Page

I.—Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han. By Lieut.-Colonel James Tod. Vols I. and II. - - - - - - 1

II.—On Political Economy, in Connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh - - - - - - - - - - 39

III.—1. Franckii Callinus, sive Quæstionis de Origine Carminis Elegiaci tractatio critica.
2. Poetarum Græcorum Sylloge, curante Io. Fr. Boissonade. Tom. III. - - - - - - - - 69

IV.—1. The Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. &c. Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., F.R.A.S.
2. Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M. By John Greene - - - - - - - - - - 100

V.—A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in 1827; together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan D'Acunha. By Augustus Earle, Draughtsman to His Majesty's Surveying Ship 'The Beagle' - 132

VI.—1. Arlington, a Novel.
2. The Contrast, a Novel - - - - - - 165

Digitized by Google

ART. Page

VII.—Recollections of the Last Ten Years, passed in occasional Residences and Journeyings in the Valley of the Mississippi, from Pitsburg and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Florida to the Spanish Frontier; in a Series of Letters to the Rev. James Flint, of Salem, Massachusetts. By Timothy Flint, Principal of the Seminary of Rapide, Louisiana - - 201

VIII.—Osservazioni Semi-serie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra 223

IX.—Considérations Politiques sur l'Epoque actuelle, addressées à l'Auteur anonyme de l'Ouvrage intitulé 'Histoire de la Restauration, par un Homme d'Etat.' Par M. de Polignac - - - - - - - 234

Digitized by Google

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han.* By Lieut. Colonel James Tod. Vols. I. and II. 4to. London. 1830-32.

IN all nations poets have been the first historians. The annals of every race are lost in the mists of a mythic or fabulous period, in which the dimly-humanised forms of the gods, or men magnified by the uncertain haze to preter-human stature, people the long-receding and shadowy realm. Even where that is not the case, over every event, and every character, is thrown a poetic and imaginative colouring; the bard-chronicler never abandons the privilege, the attribute of his art; and until history has condescended to the sober march of prose, it does not restrain itself from the licence of fiction, or assume the authority of truth. And when at length this division of labour takes place, when the poet recedes into his own province, and leaves the domain of real life to a colder hand, the legends of former times, under his magic influence, have either assumed a sacred character, or become so completely incorporated with the popular belief, that the earliest prose historian, who of course could more easily have disengaged the latent truth from its fictitious or allegoric veil, is restrained by religious awe, or labours in vain to disenchant the fond and willing credulity of his countrymen. The mythic narrative therefore remains undisturbed; the reverential historian allows the gods to stand at the head of the genealogical tree; he relates, with grave fidelity, the established wonders of the 'olden time.' Sometimes (so Niebuhr would persuade us has been the case as to the Roman kings) the epic of the bard becomes the groundwork, or rather the actual substance of the national history, and retains its primeval authority—to be first called in question by the severer scepticism of a more intellectual age.

The native annals of India seem to present one great mythic period; in all their vast literature, history, properly speaking, has hitherto appeared almost unknown. Among her Homers and Platos no Herodotus arose, to collect from the records of her priesthood, or her living traditions, a consistent and harmonious narrative of the rise and progress of her various races. We are left to trace the shadowy outline of her earlier fortunes in the marvellous legends of the Puranas, or the wild creations of the two great epic poems, authorities, which being far more mythic

Digitized by Google

and imaginative, are less capable of furnishing even the groundwork for a credible history of India, than Homer and the Cyclic poets for that of Greece. Nor does this cloud of fable brood only over the most remote and inaccessible regions of her antiquity; the same spirit haunts the whole course of her annals: when we hope to be in some degree disembarrassed from this intimate association of things divine and human, to have reached the domain of unmingled mortal men, some fresh Avatar or incarnation of the Deity breaks forth; and we encounter a new race of mythological personages—a Crishna, or a Rama, or a Budh, with all their attendant demi-gods. Even more substantial beings, of whose actual existence we can scarcely doubt,—kings and founders of regular dynasties,—the poets themselves, Valmiki and Vyasa, the authors of the Ramayana and Mahâ-bârat,—are, as it were, unrealized, and refined into creatures of an intermediate order between gods and men. In short, all is, in Indian phrase, *mava;* poetic illusion floats over the whole: if 'truths severe' do indeed lie hid under the allegorical veil, they are so fantastically 'in fairy fiction drest,' that we almost despair of ever discovering their hidden secrets, or of obtaining the key to their vast system of poetical hieroglyphics.

The only work which can be called history, in the European sense of the word, is the Rájá Taringini, the Annals of Cashmir; of which we have an abstract, by Mr. Horace Wilson*, in the fifteenth volume of the Asiatic Researches. Even this work, although its chronology, at least traced back to a certain period, is consistent and satisfactory, and its regular succession of kings has every appearance of historic authenticity, wanders at times into poetic legend; and some of those events, which are of the most striking importance and interest—the religious revolutions—assume something of an allegoric or mythological form. Notwithstanding, however, this drawback, and although the history of Cashmir, for the most part, confines itself within the narrow limits of that kingdom—though its long line of kings pass over the mind, and disappear from the remembrance, almost as rapidly as the crowned forms which the witches conjure up before the bewildered eyes of Macbeth—the Rájá Tarangini is not only intrin-

* The election of this gentleman to the Sanscrit Professorship at Oxford reflects the highest credit on that learned body, and is of the fairest promise to the cultivation of oriental literature. In every branch of Hindu knowledge, in poetry, in philology, in history, Mr. Wilson is equally distinguished; and among our younger Indian scholars, unquestionably stands pre-eminent and alone. Oxford has at once set itself at the head of this branch of literature, cultivated, as we have shown in a former article, with so much zeal and activity in many of the foreign universities. All that is valuable in Sanscrit antiquities will now issue, under the ablest auspices, from the Clarendon press, instead of being brought back to this country from Bonn, and Berlin, and Paris.

sically

Digitized by Google

sically curious and valuable; but, as it shows that historical composition was not altogether unknown in India, almost warrants the hope, that still richer treasures may yet reward the research of Sanscrit scholars. On this subject, Colonel Tod is sanguine; he believes that Europeans are yet only on the threshold of Indian science; that there are immense libraries which have escaped the Omars, whose Mahometan bigotry warred not only on the liberties, but on the literature of India,—royal collections, in parts of the country never entirely subdued, and among the religious communities, particularly of the Jains, who preserved their consciences unviolated, and their temples unplundered, by the intolerant and rapacious Moslemin:—

'Is it to be imagined, (proceeds our enthusiastic author) that a nation so highly civilized as the Hindus, amongst whom the exact sciences flourished in perfection, by whom the fine arts, architecture, sculpture, poetry, music, were not only cultivated, but taught and defined by the nicest and most elaborate rules, were totally unacquainted with the simple art of recording the events of their history, the characters of their princes, and the acts of their reigns? Where such traces of *mind* exist, we can hardly believe that there was a want of competent recorders of events, which synchronical authorities tell us were worthy of commemoration. The cities of Hastinapoor and Indraprest'ha, of Anhulwara and Somanat'ha, the triumphal columns of Delhi and Cheetore, the shrines of Aboo and Girnar, the cave-temples of Elephanta and Ellora, are so many attestations of the same fact; nor can we imagine that the age in which these works were erected was without an historian. Yet, from the Maha-bharat, or great war, to Alexander's invasion, and from that great event to the era of Mahmood of Ghizni, scarcely a paragraph of pure native Hindu history (except as before stated) has hitherto been revealed to the curiosity of western scholars. In the heroic history of Pirthi-raj, the last of the Hindu sovereigns of Delhi, written by his bard Chund, we find notices which authorise the inference that works similar to his own were then extant, relating to the period between Mahmood and Shabudin (A.D. 1000-1193); but these have disappeared.'

Yet considering the essentially poetic genius of Indian civilization, which is not only indelibly stamped upon her vast and luxuriant works of art, but even enters into her exact sciences,—which lures her astronomy into calculations of immeasurable *yugas*, where millions of ages are lavished with boundless prodigality; which crowds her metaphysical philosophy with wild mythological impersonations, and attempts, as in the Bhagavat Gita, to embody her pantheism in visible forms; and even in the dry and barren province of grammar and philology, can scarcely refrain from introducing a kind of mythic machinery to account for the origin and variations of language; considering the unhistoric character of

Digitized by Google

Brahminism, of which Colonel Tod seems perfectly aware (page 26), we can scarcely indulge the hope of discovering the noble stem of history, unencumbered and unchoked by the parasitic growth of mythology. If genuine historical records are found, we venture to predict, that it will be among the less imaginative Buddhist or Jain communities;* most probably the less mythic and legendary character of Chund and the Rajput bards, whose songs seem to approach so much nearer to the truth of history, is to be traced to the foreign, the Scythian or Tartar, origin of the race. It was the policy, as well as the genius, of the more regular and perfect Brahminism, to impregnate everything with fable; religious legend was its vernacular language; the wild symbolic form, and the mysterious allegory, formed a sacred hieratic character, in which the events of the past, and even the occurrences of the present, were recorded,—at first perhaps bearing more distinct meaning to the initiated ears of the priesthood—but of which even to them the key was gradually lost; while, though accessible to the vulgar, they were read with awful reverence, and with no suspicion of their hidden and originally esoteric sense.

Though severer reason warns us from this enchanted ground, on the active and inquisitive mind such warnings are generally lost. Even the grave historian is perpetually excited by the hope of discovering some of the leading facts in the early experience of our race within this mythic period. In such researches it is obvious, that peculiar rules of historic criticism must be adopted; it requires a different process to decompose, as it were, into its primary elements, the poetical legend, from that with which an historic relation is formed on more unimaginative data; nor can the result of the most successful inquiry claim the same degree of authority. Still we conceive that it would be unwise, and unfavourable to the progress of real knowledge, altogether to abandon this field, and to proscribe, in the mass, the fabulous legends of every nation, as containing neither trace nor vestige of fact. The connexion, the common descent or affiliation, of the different races of mankind, are often indicated by the manifest relationship of their mythic traditions, as well as by that of their customs and language; the particular character of each tribe is shown in that of its fables—the genius of the religion reigns throughout the whole mythology. Even in India, the true nature of the Brahminical hierarchy cannot be comprehended without the assistance of their golden legend, the Puranas; and though the real philosophy of the connexion between the gods of India, Greece, and Italy, we may add of the Teutonic sagas, may

* According to M. Abel Rémusat (Mélanges Asiat., vol. i. p. 114), the Budhists of Tibet and China have preserved historical works, in Sanscrit, in their monasteries.

not

Digitized by Google

not yet have been established, it is from this quarter alone that we can look for any light to be thrown on the great general problem of the origin of civilization, and the influence of the remoter East on the religions, the laws, the usages of the West. Even if it were possible to trace, through these mythic or poetic traditions, the broader outlines of the great civil and religious revolutions of India itself, the formation of her castes, the origin of the perpetual struggle between Brahminism and Buddhism, the characteristics of the various races which people this vast region (it is perhaps yet too soon to pursue that course with the tribes of India, which Otfried Muller, the historian of Orchomenos and of the Dorians, has followed with the separate races of early Greece); these questions would not only be valuable to the enquirer into Indian antiquities, but of great importance to the general history of man.

The author of the splendid work before us is a bold adventurer into these regions of pro-historic history; but before we enter upon his speculations on these subjects, we must give our readers some information concerning Colonel Tod himself, and the nature and design of his book. When the progress of British influence brought us into contact with the very remarkable races, the Rajpoots, who inhabit the north-west of Hindostan, between the course of the Jumna and Malwa to the east and south, and the desert which reaches to the Indus on the west, our intercourse with this gallant feudal chivalry of India was entrusted to Colonel Tod. We have high authority for the extraordinary influence which he obtained over all the various tribes, and the strong personal attachment which was entertained towards him throughout the province. Many traits of this ardent feeling are struck out incidentally in the separate portions of the Personal Narrative, which form the close of each of these volumes, equally honourable to the high-spirited Rajpoots, and to the generous, frank, and conciliating demeanour of the British officer. In justice to his warm-hearted friends they could not have been suppressed by Colonel Tod, and they are related in a manner so modest and unaffected, as still further to raise the character of the author in the reader's estimation. That the impression was deep and permanent we learn from Bishop Heber.

'All the provinces of Mewar were, for a considerable time after the connexion with the British government, under the administration of Captain Tod, whose name appears to be held in a degree of affection and respect by all the upper and middling classes of society, highly honourable to him and sufficient to rescue these poor people from the often repeated charge of ingratitude. Here and in our subsequent stages, we were continually asked by the cutwals, &c., after Todd Sahib,

Digitized by Google

Sahib, whether his health was better since he returned to England, and whether there was any chance of their seeing him again? On being told it was not likely, they all expressed much regret, saying, that the country had never known quiet till he came among them, and that everybody, whether rich or poor, except thieves and Pindarries, loved him. He, in fact, Dr. Smith told me, loved the people of this country, and understood their language and manners in a very unusual degree. He was on terms of close friendship with Zalim Singh of Kotah, and has left a name there as honourable as in Oodeypoor.'—*Heber's Journal*, vol. ii., p. 42, 4to. Edition.

In the costly and beautifully embellished volumes of the 'History of Rajast'han,' Colonel Tod has given ample evidence of his reciprocal love for this remarkable people. With the most enthusiastic ardour, he has laboured to bestow an European immortality on the glory of their 'royal races.' The size of his quartos will no doubt appal the degenerate race of modern readers; and it must be acknowledged, however striking many of the incidents, however curious the general character of the people, the feuds of the mountain chieftains of the Arivulli, and the raids of the borderers of Boondi and Marwar, cannot but exhaust the wearied and distracted attention. Some reasons may, however, be suggested, besides the almost national zeal of the author for the brethren of his adoption, to account for the interminable length into which he has drawn out their annals. The materials of the work are such as could not have been collected under any circumstances, except those under which Colonel Tod was placed; every year, at least every generation, a considerable portion would have disappeared. Since, then, few historical facts are not worthy of preservation, and it is impossible to calculate how far the most minute incidents, or even the floating traditions of different races, may be of value to the future *historian* of India, Colonel Tod has acted not unwisely in thus placing the annals of Rajast'han, however barbarous and perplexed with the wars and conflicting politics of so many petty tribes, upon record, as it were, among the treasures of European knowledge; in securing all of their story which he could collect from that utter oblivion, into which the affairs even of some of the more distinguished Asiatic monarchies have for ever fallen.

Far, indeed, from being astonished at the enthusiasm of our gallant author, we can ourselves scarcely escape some touch of the *amabilis insania*, when we follow the course of his Personal Narrative into this region, not merely of a bold, adventurous, and independent people, but of scenery, the grandeur of which seems scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world; of beetling mountains, crowned with the most noble and picturesque castles, several

Digitized by Google

several of which, in extent and magnificence, may be compared to Windsor; of sunny lakes, reflecting palaces and gardens, such as we read of in Ariosto; and of temples, particularly those of the Jains, in which the rock-hewn cavern fanes, like those of Ellora and Elephanta, have, as it were, left something of their massy and mysterious character, yet have given place to almost Grecian freedom and regularity of design, blending with a richness of detail, which may be said to form a kind of florid oriental Gothic. These monuments, of which there are many beautiful engravings in Colonel Tod's work, will form a very curious and interesting chapter in the history of architecture. The general character is manifestly native and purely Indian, while some of the sculptures have a grace and humanity, which makes our author suspect, that Grecian artists, from the Bactrian kingdom of Alexander's successors, may have found their way into this region. It was in the midst of these extraordinary scenes that the Colonel collected the materials for his book; he set the most learned Pundits to work to trace the genealogies of the tribes, either in the sacred volumes or from records preserved in the temples; he copied inscriptions which threw light on the chronology of the period; he obtained the works of their older bards, particularly of Chund, of whose national epic we shall gladly hear more, when our author shall send out his promised abstract or translation of this Indian Ariosto; he listened to the legendary songs of the last minstrels of the royal races; he traced the memorable sieges of their cities around their walls, and pitched his tent in the Thermopylæs and Marathons of their great war of independence against the Moslem invader. And if, thus environed with all that could kindle the enthusiasm of a generous and somewhat romantic mind—drinking the glorious associations of the descendants of the sun and the moon from the very fountain, our author may have over-calculated the interest of Europeans about the earlier history of India—we cannot wonder that he should be disinclined to part with any portion of lore, acquired in a manner so full of excitement and interest, and with such intense labour; or to surrender to utter oblivion that which, if not perpetuated in his collection of original records, in half a century might be sought, even on the spot, in vain.

We shall pass rapidly over the introductory chapters—for in these more than Welsh genealogies of the Surya Vansa, and the Chandra Vansa, 'the Children of the Sun and the Moon,' the gods Crishna and Rama appear at rather a late period. But the original birth-place and descent of the Rajpoot tribes is a more curious and profitable question. We do not quite clearly understand Colonel Tod's theory on this subject: in one place he seems to derive all the different clans or races from a foreign, a Scythian

Digitized by Google

Scythian or Tartar, origin; in others, he seems to limit this descent to some of them, the Yadu, the Takshak, and the Jits, for whom he claims kindred with the Getic tribes of the classic writers. Their martial character, their customs, their religion itself, in which Budhism has exercised an immemorial influence, seem to indicate a hardier northern origin; and we observe that Mr. Wilson, a high authority on such subjects, is disposed to derive the primitive Budhism from the same foreign quarter.

The connexion between the races which peopled India and the conterminous regions, with those which spread over the north of Europe, is now established on incontrovertible evidence. The relationship, not merely of the Persian and Greek, but of the whole family of Teutonic languages with the Sanscrit, is proved beyond the severest scepticism.* The German philologists have traced this close affinity, not merely from the similarity of certain words, but from the more certain analogy of grammatical structure and inflexion; they have even gone far to develope the various links by which the different modern languages are connected with the parent stem. 'When I read the Gothic of Ulphilas,' observes Bopp, 'I scarcely know whether I am reading Sanscrit or German.' A countryman of our own, Dr. Prichard, in a very valuable work recently published, 'On the Origin of the Celtic Nations,' has carried the inquiry up to a more remote period; and being well acquainted with the Celtic dialects, the only quarter in which the German scholars are not in full strength, he has shown, that the same affiliation may be traced between that still earlier migration towards the north of Europe, and the primitive Indian or Indo-Scythic stock. The question of the affiliation of languages is foreign to Colonel Tod's work; but he is a strenuous advocate for the identity of the Indian, or at least these Indo-Scythic races, with the original tribes of the north of Europe. The general character of their religion he asserts to be the same:—

'The religion of the martial Rajpoot, and the rites of Har, the god of battle, are little analogous to those of the meek Hindus, the followers of the pastoral divinity, the worshippers of kine, and feeders on fruits, herbs and water. The Rajpoot delights in blood: his offerings to the god of battle are sanguinary, blood and wine; the cup (cupra) of libation is the human skull. He loves them because they

* We cannot at present enter into the fanciful but ingenious theory of our author, who would derive the Hercules of Greece, from the Heri-cula—one stem or clan of his beloved Rajpoots; but we would direct his notice to a volume of Ritter, the author of the Erdkunde, a most extensive and valuable work on ancient geography, entitled 'Die Vorhälle Europäischer Völkergeschichten vor Herodotus.' In this learned treatise, Col. Tod will find some curious speculations bearing considerable analogy to his own.

are

Digitized by Google

are emblematical of the deity he worships: and he is taught to believe that Har loves them, who in war is represented with the skull to drink the foeman's blood; and in peace, is the patron of wine and women. With Parbutti on his knee, his eyes rolling from the juice of the p'fool and opium, such is this Bacchanalian divinity of war. Is this Hinduism acquired on the burning plains of India? Is it not rather a perfect picture of the manners of the Scandinavian heroes? The Rajpoot slays buffaloes, hunts and eats the boar and deer, and shoots ducks and wild-fowl (cookra); he worships his horse, his sword, and the sun, and attends more to the martial song of the bard, than to the litany of the Brahmin. In the martial mythology and warlike poetry of the Scandinavians, a wide field exists for assimilation, and a comparison of the poetical remains of the Asi of the East and West would alone suffice to suggest a common origin.'

Some of the analogies between the Rajpoots and the northern tribes, traced by our author, are fanciful; some common to all races in a like grade of civilization; others, however, are very curious. The *bardai* holds a station as important in Rajpoot society as the bard among our Celtic ancestors, the scald of the Scandinavians, the minstrel of feudal times, or, to ascend higher, the ἀοιδὸς of Agamemnon's palace. Their love of gaming and of strong drink (madhava), are the common vices of fierce and unintellectual warriors. The respect of the Rajpoot for females has a dark tinge of Asiatic jealousy. 'To a German mind,' says Tacitus, 'the idea of a woman led into captivity is insupportable,' and to prevent this, the Rajpoot raises the poniard against the heart that only beats for him, though never to survive the dire necessity. The practice of the Suttee, or the immolation of the wife on the tomb of her lord, may be traced among several of the northern tribes. With the Scythians it did not assume or maintain the pomp and dignity, with which this triumph over human nature was regarded by other races both in the east and north. In the lofty barrow of the Scythian king, one of his concubines was strangled, but she shared this honour with the other attendants of the kingly dead, the cup-bearer, the cook, the groom, the messenger, and even his horses, and other personal treasures. In one of the Thracian tribes, that which dwelt 'above the Crestoniatæ,'* (Colonel Tod, who we presume had this passage in view, has misapplied the words of Herodotus, and referred them to the Getæ, who, however, were no doubt near akin to the Thracians,) the sacrifice more resembled the Indian state and ceremony. With this race, among the numerous wives, there was a great strife and contention for this honour, as it was only the most beloved who was slain upon her husband's tomb, the rest

* Herod. iv. 71.

considering

Digitized by Google

considering it the greatest calamity and reproach which could befall them, not to have merited that distinction. Among the Scandinavians, 'Nanna was consumed in the same fire with the body of her husband Balder, one of Odin's companions.' Those who are curious in tracing through customs the affiliation of the different races of mankind—more doubtful and precarious marks of kindred than language—but, united with language, sometimes amounting to a high degree of probability—may find much to amuse, and something to instruct, in this part of Colonel Tod's volumes.* But after all, difficulties multiply under every system. While Colonel Tod speaks of the meek Hindu, he would scarcely include some of the aboriginal tribes, which, by his own showing, are by no means deficient in warlike energy. The mountain-robber, the Bhil, is a very different being from the tame and oppressed rice-cultivator of the plain;—and are we to claim Scythian descent for all the heroes of the Ramayana and Mahâbharat? Purely Indian, essentially Brahminical in their character, the great epics are full of warlike adventure;—Rama, indeed, makes his appearance in the Rajpoot genealogies, and the hostile races of Pandu and Kuru mingle with their legends: but the warlike dynasties to the east of the Ganges, at least of the Jumna, are they also of northern origin? If the Chatriyas, the warrior caste of India, derived their martial propensities from the colder and severer regions beyond the proper boundaries of Hindustan, how did they fall under the sway of the Brahminical hierarchy? did the dominant priesthood descend with them into the region of the Ganges; or, conquerors of the soil, were they enslaved to its native faith?—Above all, if Budhism was the primitive religion of these tribes of Scythia, it must have been very different from that milder faith which prevails to such an immense extent over the less warlike regions of eastern Asia. As contrasted with Brahminism, its genius is gentle and humane. Or, in fact, is the Jain religion, predominant among the Rajpoot tribes, the fusion of the two systems? While this warrior chivalry embraced with

* The strangest coincidence which we ever encountered between the usages of remote nations, is the following:—Mr. Southey, in the Notes to his 'Tale of Paraguay,' has given several instances of a whimsical custom prevailing among some of the South American tribes, where, on certain interesting domestic occasions, the lady, immediately after her accouchement, is obliged to rise and perform all the laborious and menial offices of the household, while the husband takes her place, receives the 'enquiries of friends'—quaffs whatever may be the substitute for the 'caudle cup'—and goes through the whole ceremonial of recovery. The Laureate is not perhaps aware, that the same odd usage is mentioned by Apollonius Rhodius, as practised by a tribe near the Euxine—the Tibareni.

ἵνθ' ἠτοὶ ἄρ κι τίκωνται ὑπ' ἀνδράσι τίκτα γυναῖκες,
αὐτοὶ μὲν στονάχουσιν ἐνὶ λιχέεσι πεσόντες,
κράατα δηοάμενοι· ταὶ δ' ἐν κομέουσιν ἰδυῇ
ἀνέρας, ἠδὲ λοετρὰ λιχώϊα τοῖσι πένονται.—Argon. ii., 1011.

readiness

Digitized by Google

readiness the darker and more martial part of Brahminism; while the Scythian Rajpoot bowed before the blood-stained altar of Mahadeva, lent a willing ear to all the fiercer legends, congenial to his temperament, and mingled with the traditions of his tribes the wild mythology of Brahminism; was it any vestige of his primitive faith, which preserved the Jain immaculate from the stain of all blood, except that shed in battle, and kept up that superstitious veneration for animal life, while prodigal of that of man, which, even now, is the practical distinctive principle of this numerous and powerful sect? * Finally, is the Vishnavite worship of the half-pastoral, half-warlike Crishna, a still further modification of the two blended systems, of which, perhaps, after all, the hostility has been overrated? In some of the cave temples, it is well known that the symbols and sculptures of Budhism and Brahminism are traced, if not in the same, in successive parts of the same structure; in a curious instance, in the Hindu theatre, by Mr. Wilson, they appear as rival, indeed, but not as hostile creeds; and in the temples and sacred places of Rajast'han, though all the most splendid works of architecture are Budhist or Jain, yet the emblems of Siva and of Vishnu are by no means proscribed with stern sectarian intolerance, but sometimes appear in amicable union with the predominant creed.

We pass to matters, perhaps, of more interest to the general reader. Colonel Tod is not content with these dim and remote analogies between the east and west;—he has discovered, among the clans of Rajpootana, a complete feudal system, with all its regular and intricate machinery, resembling, certainly in some parts most curiously, the state of Europe during the middle ages. With Mr. Hallam's work in his hand, (he could have chosen no safer or more judicious guide than that great author,) he traces, not merely the broader parallel outline of lands held on the tenure of military service under the feudal systems of Rajast'han and Europe, but many of the more minute provisions of the scheme, equally obtaining in both regions—reliefs, escheats, aids, and wardships. At first our author hesitates, as it appears, to assume this remarkable coincidence as evidence of common descent between the northern tribes of Europe and his Scythian Rajpoots. But the love of hypothesis is too strong;—he makes a desperate plunge, and boldly announces his theory.

'The perfection of the feudal system in England is due to the Normans, who brought it from Scandinavia, whither it was probably conveyed by Odin and the Sacasenæ, or by anterior migrations from

* Komarpal, the last king of Anhulwara, of the Jain faith, would not march his armies in the rains, from the unavoidable sacrifice of animal life that must have ensued. The strict Jain does not even maintain a lamp during that season, lest it should attract moths to their destruction.—Vol. i. p. 519.

Asia;

Digitized by Google

Asia: which would coincide with Richardson's hypothesis, who contends that it was introduced from Tatary. Although speculative reasoning forms no part of my plan, yet when I observe analogy on the subject in the customs of the ancient German tribes, the Franks or Gothic races, I shall venture to note them. Of one thing there is no doubt,—knowledge must have accompanied the tide of migration from the east; and from higher Asia emerged the Asi, the Catti, and the Cimbric Lombard, who spread the system in Scandinavia, Friesland, and Italy.'

But our ingenious author must first obviate a formidable preliminary objection—the late and gradual growth of the feudal system, developed by no one with more admirable clearness and sagacity than by his own chief authority,—Mr. Hallam. In Europe it arose out of the establishment of the northern conquerors as lords of the soil, upon the ruins of an earlier civilization. Are we to suppose that these wandering and unsettled tribes bore their feudal system with them, when their property in the soil, which they covered with their tents or rude huts, was more like that of the North-American Indians in their hunting grounds, or of Nomad tribes scattered over their wide pastures, than the legal possession of settled communities, grounded on a regular partition of territory, or on grant from a sovereign authority? Or during the centuries in which they traversed the plains of Asia and the forests of Germany, was the latent principle of feudalism suspended—till favourable circumstances quickened it into life? Did the Goth, as he swam the Danube or scaled the Alps to plunder and subdue the fair lands of the south—in Gray's beautiful language,

'To quaff the pendant vintage as it flows'—

or the Norse pirate as he landed on the shores of the Seine or the brighter sands of Sicily, already anticipate the time when he should hold these fair possessions according to the usage of his ancestors,—to whom letters were probably unknown,—by legal grant, and with all the intricate regularity of feudal tenure? Without going so far as M. Guizot, who, in his eloquent and learned 'Lectures on the History of Civilization in France,' dares to impeach the authority of Tacitus, and draws an elaborate comparison between our own Teutonic fathers, and the savage tribes of North America —we must admit that a complicated policy like that of European feudalism is altogether remote from the habits of that simpler and more barbarous state of society. The primary elements of feudalism may indeed have existed among our German ancestors as among those of the Indian Rajpoots,—in fact they belong to human nature, and would probably be the spontaneous growth of any tribes under similar circumstances. But the curious part of Colonel

Digitized by Google

Colonel Tod's parallel is, not the coincidence between the general principles of the two systems, but in the minute provisions, which it seems as impossible that either race should have borrowed from the other, as that they should have been perpetuated, as an inheritance from a common ancestry, through centuries of still ruder barbarism. The main law of feudalism, the partition of a conquered territory on the condition of military service, grows naturally out of the state of the community. That which has been won by the sword must be defended by the sword. The stability of their possessions, as lords paramount of the subjugated territory, which is perpetually endangered by the insurrection of the conquered population, or by the inroads of new hordes, demands some compact for mutual assistance and defence. Those who have conquered under the banner of their hereditary chieftain bind themselves to flock to the same banner to maintain their conquests. And where nobility depends on martial prowess, or perhaps on the number of followers, the same warriors who had earned a larger reward in the common partition, would be more immediately summoned to assist the prince with their arms or their advice;—they would form the national council,—they would hold the most honourable offices in the military court.

While, then, the facts adduced by Colonel Tod appear to us altogether inconclusive as evidence of the direct common origin of our Teutonic ancestry and the 'chivalry of Rajpootana,' they are valuable and curious as illustrating the tendency of human society to assume the same forms under similar circumstances. Some of these facts we shall briefly indicate. They rest, in some cases, on the customary laws and usages of the country, or are commemorated on stone tablets or pillars, of which several are engraved in these volumes, or on grants and other documents, of course of a later date, collected and translated by our author.

'We have the books of grants to the chiefs and vassals, and also the grand rent-roll of the country. These are of themselves valuable documents. Could we but obtain those of remoter periods, they would serve as a commentary on the history of the country, as each contains the detail of every estate, and the stipulated service in horse and foot to be performed for it.'—p. 185.

The nobility of Rajpootana rests on hereditary descent.

'The poorest Rajpoot of this day retains all the pride of ancestry, often his sole inheritance; he scorns to hold the plough, or to use his lance, but on horseback. In these aristocratic ideas he is supported by his reception amongst his superiors, and the respect paid to him by his inferiors. The honours and privileges, and the gradations of rank amongst the vassals of the Rana's house, exhibit a highly artificial and refined state of society. Each of the superior rank is entitled to a banner,

Digitized by Google

banner, kettle-drums, preceded by heralds and silver maces, with peculiar gifts and personal honours, in commemoration of some exploit of their ancestors.'

Armorial bearings, in the real heraldic sense of the term, of which neither Greece nor Rome knew anything, appear certainly to distinguish the shields and banners of the feudatories of Rajast'han. Caste has for ever prevented the inferior classes of society from being incorporated with this haughty noblesse. Only those of pure blood in both lines can hold fiefs of the crown. The highest may marry the daughter of a Rajpoot, whose sole possession is a 'skin of land,' (chursa, a hide, a singular coincidence in expression with the west). The sovereign himself is not degraded by such alliance. Titles are granted, and even fiefs of office to ministers and civil servants—not Rajpoots: these, however, never confer hereditary rights. These official fiefs may have originally arisen here, as in Europe, from the same cause—the want of a circulating medium to pay the public functionaries. The muntris (ministerialists) of Mewar prefer estates to pecuniary stipend, as giving more consequence in every point of view.

'All the higher offices, as cupbearer, butler, stewards of the household, wardrobe, kitchen, master of the horse, all these are enumerated as ministerialists at the court of Charlemagne in the dark ages of Europe, of whom we have the duplicates. These are what the author of the Middle Ages designates as "improper feuds." In Mewar the prince's architect, painter, physician, bard, genealogist, heralds, and all the generation of foster-brothers, hold lands; offices are hereditary in this patriarchal government, their services personal.'

The crown retained the khalisa, (the fiscal, or demesne territory,) situated round the capital. The older monarchs were too wise to alienate any part of this, unless a few acres for a garden as a reward for some extraordinary service. The chiefs were divided into distinct classes:—First, those whose estates were from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand rupees and upwards of yearly rent. These appear in the presence only on special invitation upon festivals and solemn occasions, and are the hereditary counsellors of the crown. The second class, from five thousand to fifty thousand, were always to be in attendance; from these the military officers were chiefly selected. The third class held lands under five thousand rupees, and always attended on the sovereign's person. The fourth consists of the offsets of the younger branches of the royal family, who had appanages assigned them. The revenues of the crown arose from the khalisa, transit duties on commerce, right of coining, and mines, direct taxes under certain circumstances, offerings on confirmation of estates (fines on renewal), and fines on composition for offences, a kind of purveyance,

Digitized by Google

ance, now commuted for taxes, like the 'droit de giste et de chevauche,' in France. The feudatories enjoyed the right of administering justice in their domains. The chabootras, or terraces of justice, were always established in the khalisa, or crown demesne. It was deemed a humiliating intrusion if they sat within the bounds of a chief. The cities and towns were governed by their local magistrates. A refractory vassal was sometimes forced to do justice on his dependant by the crown, by the process of 'rozina,' which consisted in quartering a herald with four, ten, or twenty horse and foot on the fief, to whom the chief was bound to furnish rozina or *rations*. In the prosperous days of Mewar, fifteen thousand horse followed their prince into the field, all supported by lands held by grant, from the chief who headed five hundred of his own vassals, to the single horseman. For each one thousand rupees of rent, two or three horsemen were furnished; a knight's fee may be averaged at two hundred and fifty rupees, or thirty pounds in England; under William the Conqueror it was fixed at twenty pounds. The feudal chivalry of Rajast'han claimed no limitation of service; 'at home and abroad, service shall be performed when demanded.' Some part of the great vassals resided at the capital, relieving each other, for state and show. Escuage, or amercement for non-attendance, was well known and exemplified in deeds. Failure from disaffection, turbulence, or pride, brought a heavy fine—the sequestration of the whole or part of the estate. The feudal system of India accords with Mr. Hallam's definition:—

'The essential principle of a fief was a mutual contract of support and fidelity. Whatever obligations it laid upon the vassal of service to his lord, corresponding duties of protection were imposed by it on the lord towards his vassal. If these were transgressed on either side, the one forfeited his land, the other his seignory or rights over it.'

The chiefs of Marwar, in a declaration to their sovereign, utter this almost literally *Castilian* sentence:—'If he accepts our services, then he is our prince and leader; if not, but our equal, and we again his brothers, claimants of the soil.' The appeal of the sub-vassals of Deogurh (one of the largest fiefs in Rajast'han) to the sovereign against their lord, to obtain remedy for the infringement of their rights, is a still more remarkable document. In general, observes Colonel Tod, to the question agitated among the feudal lawyers of Europe, whether the vassal is bound to follow the standard of his lord against his sovereign, the Rajpoot would reply with menacing ambiguity—'He is the sovereign of the state, but this is my head.' But the sub-vassals of Deogurh claim the protection of the crown against their lord. This personage is accused of not respecting the ancient customs, of affording no protection against their enemies, of arbitrarily resuming

Digitized by Google

resuming their lands, without cause, for the purpose of extorting fines—and summoning his vassals for purposes of extortion and seizing their wives and families. 'When Deogurh was established, at the same time were our allotments; as is his patrimony, so is our patrimony;—our rights and privileges in his family are the same as his in the family of the presence.' Such is the substance of a petition presented, during Colonel Tod's residence, to the Rana, the ruling sovereign of Mewar. The fine of relief on the renewal of a fief is strictly analogous to European custom.

'In Mewar it is a virtual and *bonâ fide* surrender of the fief and the renewal thereof. On the demise of a chief the prince immediately sends a party, termed the zubti (sequestrator), consisting of a civil officer and a few soldiers, who take possession of the estate in the prince's name. The heir sends his prayer to court to be installed in the property, offering the proper relief. This paid, the chief is invited to repair to the presence, when he performs homage, and makes protestations of service and fealty; he receives a fresh grant, and the inauguration terminates by the prince girding him with a sword, in the old forms of chivalry. It is an imposing ceremony, performed in a full assembly of the court, and one of the few which has never been relinquished. The fine paid, and the brand buckled to his side, a steed, turban, plume, and dress of honour, given to the chief, the investiture is complete; the sequestrator returns to court, and the chief to his estate, to receive the vows and congratulations of his vassals.'

The amount of the fine is singularly similar to that of the west; by the customary laws of France it was fixed at a year's revenue—the nuzzerana or relief in Mewar is the same. In some periods of violence, renunciations of relief were obtained by powerful vassals from weak sovereigns;—but the alienation of fiefs, except in some instances for pious uses, is not recognised. Estates reverted to the crown by escheat, on the failure of heirs, or by forfeiture for political crimes. Aids or benevolences were not uncommon; Magna Charta permits them to be levied on account of making the lord's eldest son a knight, of marrying an eldest daughter, or redeeming the lord's person from captivity. In Rajast'han a tenth is not unfrequently levied on the marriage of a daughter, and the latter is no uncommon occasion for the demand. 'The chief is frequently made prisoner in their predatory invasions, and carried off as a hostage for the payment of war contributions. Every thing disposable is often got rid of on an occasion of this kind. Cœur de Lion would not have remained so long in the dungeons of Austria, had his subjects been Rajpoots.' Wardship is known, and, as in Europe, is a frequent source of tyrannical abuse. The mother is generally considered the most proper guardian for her son. The feudal incident of marriage alone is sternly rejected by the delicacy

Digitized by Google

delicacy or the oriental jealousy about their women, common to every Rajpoot tribe. These beneficial grants or fiefs were, as Colonel Tod believes, first moveable, then perpetual, and then hereditary. Such Gibbon, following Montesquieu, supposes to have been the progress of feudal tenure in France. But some parts of the territory of Rajast'han were held by an allodial tenure called Bhoomia, (from bhoom, land.) These tenants were the descendants of the most ancient clans—

'As they ceased to be of sufficient importance to visit the court on the new and continually extending ramifications (of the sachæ or clans), they took to the plough. But while they disdained not to derive a subsistence from labouring as husbandmen, they never abandoned their arms; and the Bhoomia, amid the crags of the Alpine Arivulli, where he pastures his cattle or cultivates his fields, preserves the erect mien and proud spirit of his ancestors, with more tractability and less arrogance and folly, than his more courtly but now widely separated brethren, who often make a jest of his industrious but less refined qualifications. Some of these yet possess entire villages, which are subject to the payment of a small quit-rent; they also constitute a local militia, to be called in by the governor of the district, but for which service they are entitled to rations or paiti. These, the allodial tenantry of our feudal system, form a considerable body in many districts, armed with match-lock, sword, and shield.'

As in Europe, Indian feudalism embraces and connects together by the mutual relation of lordship and vassalage, the highest and the lowest; and forms, as it were, the whole society into one compact system. We shall close this part of our subject with another extract, descriptive of its descending operation through the subordinate chieftain on the whole body of his tenants and retainers.

'The court and the household economy of a great chieftain is a miniature representative of the sovereign; the same officers, from the purdhan * or minister, to the cup-bearer (*panairie*), as well as the same domestic arrangements. He must have his sheesh mahl (mirror apartments), his bari mahl (gardens on the terrace within the palace), and his mindur (private temple of worship), like his prince. He enters the durri-sala, or carpet-hall, the minstrel preceding him, rehearsing the praises of his family; and he takes his seat on his throne, while the assembled retainers, marshalled in lines on the right and left, simultaneously exclaim, "Health to our Chief!" which salutation he returns by bowing to all as he passes them. When he is seated, at a given signal they all follow the example, and shield rattles against shield as they wedge into their places. We have neither the kiss nor

* This purdhan sometimes acted the part of the 'Maire du palais' in the early French history—the minister of a feeble prince assuming the substantial authority of royalty, while the attachment of the Rajpoot to the laws of legitimate succession would not permit open usurpation of the throne.

Digitized by Google

individual oaths of fidelity administered. It is sufficient, when a chief succeeds to his patrimony, that his *an* (oath of allegiance) is proclaimed within his *seem* or boundary. Allegiance is as hereditary as the land. "I am your child, my head and sword are yours, my service is at your command." It is a rare thing for a Rajpoot to betray his T'hacoor, while the instances of self-devotion for him are innumerable; many will be seen interspersed in these papers. Base desertion, to their honour be it said, is little known, and known only to be execrated. Fidelity to the chief is the climax of all virtues. The Rajpoot is taught from his infancy, in the song of the bard, to regard it as the source of honour here and happiness hereafter. The poet Chund abounds with episodes on the duty and beauty of fidelity; nor does it require a very fervid imagination to picture the affections which such a life is calculated to promote, when the chief is possessed of the qualities to call them forth. At the chase his vassals attend him; in the covert of the forest, the ground their social board, they eat their repast together, from the venison or wild boar furnished by the sport of the day; nor is the cup neglected. They are familiarly admitted at all times to his presence, and accompany him to the court of their mutual sovereign. In short they are inseparable.'

Our author subjoins in a note—

'I rather describe what they were than what they are. Contentions and poverty have weakened their sympathies and affections; but the mind of philanthropy must hope that they will again become what they have been.'

It is too late, we conceive, even in India, for the feudal state of society to renew its youth; may we not rather express a hope as benevolent, and we trust more likely to be fulfilled, that while the gallant Rajpoots retain the nobler qualities of barbarism, the high sense of honour, loyalty, and independence, they may acquire some of the milder virtues of a more advanced state of civilization? But it is time to enter upon the history of this singular people.

Rajpootana is formed by several independent states, from the kindred stock of the thirty-six royal races. Colonel Tod has compiled, from his various native authorities, in successive lines, the annals of Mewar, Marwar, Bikener, Jessulmer, Amber, Boondi, and Kotah: of these, the chronicle of Mewar, in the first volume, is incomparably the most animated and interesting. We shall but briefly touch on the earlier annals of this state, and hasten to the more glorious period of their history, when this gallant people contended for their independence; and though their cities were sacked, and their plains made desolate, maintained the wild freedom of their hills against the great Mahometan conquerors of India. The original Rajpoot tribes came, according to Colonel Tod, from the north-east. Keneksen, the founder of their rule, flourished

Digitized by Google

flourished A.D. 144. About 524, the whole region was overrun by invaders from the north-west, perhaps the race of Abtelites, or White Huns (for a Parthian conquest in the sixth century is out of the question). Balabhipoora, the capital, was laid waste, and one scion of the royal race alone, Bappa Rawul, escaped the exterminating sword. Bappa Rawul, who expelled a native Mori prince from Cheetore, the future capital of the Ranas of Mewar, and the centre of their government, in 728, is, in fact, the founder of the royal house of Mewar. But we are not yet on the firm ground of history; the life of Bappa Rawul is deeply tinged with a mythic character; in some parts it becomes almost a religious legend. The Crescent had already gleamed on the waters of the Indus and Ganges. Even as early as the caliphate of Omar, the Mahometan arms approached Hindostan. But 'it was not till the reign of Walid, A.D. 705 to 715, that any successful invasion took place; he not only finally conquered Sinde and the adjoining continent of India, but rendered tributary all that part of India on this side the Ganges.' 'What an exalted idea,' pursues our author, 'must we not form of the energy and rapidity of such conquests, when we find the arms of Islam at once on the Ganges and the Ebro, and two regal dynasties simultaneously cut off—that of Roderic, the last of the Goths of Andalusia, and Dahir Despati, in the valley of the Indus!' It is certainly curious that the eternal and hereditary foes, against which the Indian as well as the Christian chivalry signalized itself, should have been the Saracens. It was in the confusion and wreck which followed this invasion, that the heir of the ancient monarchs of Mewar, the adventurous Bappa Rawul, founded the throne of the Gellote princes in Cheetore. The native annals relate a second irruption of the Mahometans in the reign of Khoman, the fourth in descent from Bappa Rawul, A.D. 813 to 833, in which the bard makes his sovereign, at the head it should seem of a powerful confederacy of the Indian princes, 'successfully defend the crimson standard of Mewar, treat with contempt the demand for tribute, and after a violent assault, in which the barbarian is driven back, follow and discomfit him in the plain, carrying back the hostile leader, Mahmood, captive.' Almost a total blank of two centuries ensues, during which the formidable Mahometan kingdom of the Ghaznevides was established in Khorassan, and began to threaten the independence of the divided and hostile native states between the Ganges and the Indus. The reign of Samarsi, A.D. 1150, is immortalized in the epic of the poet Chund, an universal history of the period in which he wrote:—

'In the sixty-nine books (says Col. Tod), comprising one hundred thousand stanzas, relating to the exploits of Pirthi Raj, every noble

Digitized by Google

family of Rajast'han will find some record of their ancestors. It is accordingly treasured amongst the archives of each race having any pretensions to the name of Rajpoot. From this he can trace his martial forefathers, who "drank of the wave of battle" in the passes of Kirman, when "the cloud of war rolled from Himachil to the plains of Hindusthan." The wars of Pirthi Raj, his alliances, his numerous and powerful tributaries, their abodes and pedigrees, make the works of Chund invaluable as historic and geographical memoranda, besides being treasures in mythology, manners, and the annals of the mind. To read this poet well is a sure road to honour; and my own Gooru was allowed, even by the professional bards, to excel therein. As he read, I rapidly translated about thirty thousand stanzas. Familiar with the dialects in which it is written, I had fancied that I seized occasionally the poet's spirit; but it were presumption to suppose that I embodied all his brilliancy, or fully comprehended the depth of his allusions. But I knew for whom he wrote. The most familiar of his images and sentiments I heard daily from the mouths of those around me, the descendants of the men whose deeds he rehearses. I was enabled thus to seize his meaning, where one more skilled in poetic lore might have failed, and to make my prosaic version of some value.'

In these days, when epic poems and Oriental literature are equally appalling to the rapid and compendious taste of the generality of readers, we dare scarcely promise that the Indian Ariosto will even 'fit audience find though few.' We can only pledge our own insatiate interest in the characteristic national poetry of all countries, to receive with avidity whatever portion of his thirty thousand stanzas our indefatigable author may think fit to present to the public. Perhaps before long it may be as impossible to retrieve the bard himself, as those whose deeds he sung, from total oblivion.

As it is our object to give some notion of the gallant and heroic resistance offered by the Rajpoot princes for many centuries, to the Mahometan conqueror, it will perhaps be well to fix our attention on some central point, the fate of which, as it fell before the invader, and rose again in its native freedom, may show the vicissitudes of discomfiture and victory, of ignominy and glory, which at one instant drove the Rajpoot princes fugitives to the solitary caves of the Arivulli mountains,—the next reinstated them in triumph and defiance on their ancestral thrones. For this purpose, we shall select Cheetore, the capital of Mewar, a city which has been exposed to as many memorable sieges, and has been defended by as obstinate and persevering valour as any whose names are more distinguished in the annals of the west. At the fatal time, when the Mahometan sovereigns of Ghizni extended their conquests in Hindostan, Samarsi, the sovereign of Cheetore, left his capital to unite his forces with those of Pirthi Raj, the Tuar sovereign

Digitized by Google

sovereign of Delhi. This monarch stood at the head of the great Indian confederacy, who were united by their common interests and by ties of marriage, though some of them, in their jealousy, stood aloof from the combat.

'Samarsi the bard represents as the Ulysses of the host: brave, cool, and skilful in fight; prudent, wise, and eloquent in council; pious and decorous on all occasions; beloved by his own chiefs, and reverenced by the vassals of the Chohan. In the line of march, no augur or bard could better explain the omens, none in the field better dress the squadrons for battle, none guide his steed, or use his lance with more address. His tent is the principal resort of the leaders after the march, or in the intervals of battle, who were delighted by his eloquence, or instructed by his knowledge. . . . . On the last of three days' desperate fighting, Samarsi was slain, together with his son Calian, and thirteen thousand of his household troops and most renowned chieftains. His beloved Pirtha, on hearing the fatal issue, her husband slain, her brother captive, the heroes of Delhi and Cheetore "asleep on the banks of the Caggar, in the wave of the steel," joined her lord through the flame, nor waited the advance of the Tatar king, when Delhi was taken by storm, and the last stay of the Chohans, Prince Rainsi, met death in the assault.'

Of the great native monarchies, three fell at once in this Mahometan invasion: that of Delhi, of Kanooj, and of Anhulwara. Some of the royal race of Kanooj founded, in another district, the Rajpoot state of Marwar, the second of those whose annals are traced by Colonel Tod, and assumed the name of Rahtores of that province. Mewar alone stood erect amid the storm; and Cheetore preserved, though hereafter for a darker fate, its unviolated independence. Another century passed, and the infant Rana, Lakumsi, was seated on the throne of his ancestors, under the protectorate of his uncle Bheemsi, when Alla-o-din, the Pathan emperor, moved his countless hosts against Mewar. He came not for the mere pride of conquest, or the lust of plunder,—but as Agramant before Albracca, 'to win the fairest of her sex, Angelica.'

'The Angelica of Cheetore was the wife of the Protector Bheemsi, the cause of unnumbered woes to the Sesodias. Her name was Pudmani, a title bestowed only on the superlatively fair, and transmitted with renown to posterity by tradition and the song of the bard. Her beauty, accomplishments, exaltation, and destruction, with other incidental circumstances, constitute the subject of one of the most popular traditions of Rajwarra. The Hindu bard recognizes the fair, in preference to fame or conquest, as the motive for the attack of Alla-o-din, who limited his demand to the possession of Pudmani; though this was after a long and fruitless siege. At length he restricted his desire to a mere sight of her extraordinary beauty, and acceded to the proposal

Digitized by Google

proposal of beholding her through the medium of mirrors. Relying on the faith of the Rajpoot, he entered Cheetore, slightly guarded, and having gratified his wish, returned. The Rajpoot, unwilling to be outdone in confidence, accompanied the king to the foot of the fortress, amidst many complimentary excuses from his guest at the trouble he thus occasioned. It was for this that Alla risked his own safety, relying on the superior faith of the Hindu. Here he had an ambush; Bheemsi was made prisoner, hurried away to the Tatar camp, and his liberty made dependent on the surrender of Pudmani.

'Despair reigned in Cheetore when this fatal event was known; and it was debated whether Pudmani should be resigned as a ransom for their defender. Of this she was informed, and expressed her acquiescence. Having provided wherewithal to secure her from dishonour, she communed with two chiefs of her own clan, her uncle Gorah, and his nephew, Badul, who devised a scheme for the liberation of the prince, without hazarding her life or fame. Intimation was despatched to Alla, that on the day he withdrew from his trenches, the fair Pudmani would be sent, but in a manner befitting her own and his high station, surrounded by her females and handmaids; not only those who would accompany her to Delhi, but many others who desired to pay her this last mark of reverence. Strict commands were to be issued to prevent curiosity from violating the sanctity of female decorum and privacy. No less than seven hundred covered litters proceeded to the royal camp. In each was placed one of the bravest of the defenders of Cheetore, borne by six armed soldiers disguised as litter-porters. They reached the camp. The royal tents were enclosed with *kanats* (walls of cloth); the litters were deposited, and half an hour was granted for a parting interview between the Hindu prince and his bride. They then placed their prince in a litter, and returned with him, while the greater number (the supposed damsels) remained to accompany the fair to Delhi. But Alla had no intention to permit Bheemsi's return, and was becoming jealous of the long interview he enjoyed, when, instead of the prince and Pudmani, the devoted band issued from the litters: but Alla was too well guarded. Pursuit was ordered, while these covered the retreat, till they perished to a man. A fleet horse was in reserve for Bheemsi, on which he was placed, and in safety ascended the fort, at whose outer gate the host of Alla was encountered. The choicest of the heroes of Cheetore met the assault. With Gorah and Badul at their head, animated by the noblest sentiments, the deliverance of their chief, and the honour of their queen, they devoted themselves to destruction, and few were the survivors of this slaughter of the flower of Mewar. For a time Alla was defeated in his object, and the havoc they had made in his ranks, joined to the dread of their determined resistance, obliged him to desist from the enterprise.

'Mention has already been made of the adjuration "by the sin of the sack of Cheetore." Of these sacks they enumerate *three and a half*. This is the half; for though the city was not stormed, the best and

Digitized by Google

and bravest were cut off. It is described with great animation in the *Khoman Rása.* Badul was but a stripling of twelve, but the Rajpoot expects wonders from this early age. He escaped, though wounded, and a dialogue ensues between him and his uncle's wife, who desires him to relate how her lord conducted himself ere she joins him. The stripling replies, "He was the reaper of the harvest of battle: I followed his steps as the humble gleaner of his sword. On the gory bed of honour he spread a carpet of the slain; a barbarian prince his pillow, he laid him down and sleeps surrounded by the foe." Again she said, 'Tell me, Badul, how did my love (peeàr) behave?" "Oh, mother! how further describe his deeds, when he left no foe to dread or admire him?" She smiled farewell to the boy, and adding, "My lord will chide my delay," sprung into the flame.

'Alla-o-din having recruited his strength, returned to his object, Cheetore. The annals state this to have been in A.D. 1290, but Ferishta gives a date thirteen years later. They had not yet recovered the loss of so many valiant men who had sacrificed themselves for their prince's safety, and Alla carried on his attacks more closely, and at length obtained the hill at the southern point, where he entrenched himself. They still pretend to point out his trenches; but so many have been formed by subsequent attacks, that we cannot credit the assertion. The poet has found in the disastrous issue of this siege admirable materials for his song. He represents the Rana,* after an arduous day, stretched on his pallet, and during a night of watchful anxiety, pondering on the means by which he might preserve from the general destruction one at least of his twelve sons; when a voice broke on his solitude, exclaiming, "*Myn bhooka ho,*" (I am hungry), and raising his eyes, he saw by the dim glare of the cheragh (lamp), advancing between the granite columns, the majestic form of the guardian goddess of Cheetore. "Not satiated," exclaimed the Rana, "though eight thousand of my kin were late a sacrifice to thee." "I must have regal victims; and if twelve who wear the diadem bleed not for Cheetore, the land will pass from the line." This said, she vanished.

'On the morn he convened a council of his chiefs, to whom he revealed the vision of the night, which they treated as the dream of a disordered fancy. He commanded their attendance at midnight, when again the form appeared, and repeated the terms on which alone she would remain amongst them. "Though thousands of barbarians strew the earth, what are they to me? On each day enthrone a prince. Let the kirnia (the parasol), the chehtra (the red umbrella), and the chamra (the flowing tail of the wild ox, set in a gold handle) proclaim his sovereignty, and for three days let his decrees be supreme; on the fourth let him meet the foe and his fate. Then only may I remain."

* As this seems to have been the Rana who was under tutelage at the former siege fifteen years before, and had now twelve sons able to bear arms, Ferishta's later date will alone save the whole history.

'Whether

Digitized by Google

'Whether we have merely the fiction of the poet, or whether the scene was got up to animate the spirit of resistance, matters but little —it is consistent with the belief of the tribe; and that the goddess should openly manifest her wish to retain as her tiara the battlements of Cheetore, on conditions so congenial to the warlike and superstitious Rajpoot, was a gage readily taken up, and fully answering the end. A generous contention arose among the brave brothers who should be the first victim to avert the denunciation. Ursi urged his priority of birth; he was proclaimed, the umbrella waved over his head, and on the fourth day he surrendered his short-lived honours and his life. Ajeysi, the next in birth, demanded to follow, but he was the favourite son of his father, and at his request he consented to let his brothers precede him. Eleven had fallen in turn, and but one victim remained to the salvation of the city, when the Rana, calling his chiefs around him, said, "Now I devote myself for Cheetore." But another awful sacrifice was to precede this act of self-devotion, in that horrible rite, the Johur, where the females are immolated to preserve them from pollution or captivity. The funeral pyre was lighted within the "great subterranean retreat," in chambers impervious to the light of day; and the defenders of Cheetore beheld in procession the queens, their own wives and daughters, to the number of several thousands. The fair Pudmani closed the throng, which was augmented by whatever of female beauty or youth could be tainted by Tatar lust. They were conveyed to the cavern, and the opening closed upon them, leaving them to find security from dishonour in the devouring element. A contest now arose between the Rana and his surviving son; but the father prevailed, and Ajeysi, in obedience to his commands, with a small band, passed through the enemy's lines, and reached Kailwarra in safety. The Rana, satisfied that his line was not extinct, now prepared to follow his brave sons; and calling around him his devoted clans, for whom life had no longer any charms, they threw open the portals, and descended to the plain, and, with a reckless despair, carried death or met it in the crowded ranks of Alla. The Tatar conqueror took possession of an inanimate capital, strewed with brave defenders, the smoke yet issuing from the recesses where lay consumed the once fair object of his desire; and since this devoted day the cavern has been sacred; no eye has penetrated its gloom, and superstition has placed as its guardian a huge serpent, whose venomous breath extinguishes the light which might guide intruders to "the place of sacrifice."'

In the inaccessible fortress of Kailwarra, the surviving son of the Rana of Mewar maintained his proud independence. He was succeeded by his nephew Hamir, the son of his elder brother Ursi, who waged a war of sixty-four years against the Tatar conqueror. He at length made himself master of Cheetore by a stratagem; Mahmood, the successor of Alla-o-din, marched with all his forces against the rebel Rajpoot, suffered a total defeat, and an imprisonment of three months in Cheetore. Over the walls of

Digitized by Google

of the capital the standard of the sun again waved, without stooping before a foreign invader, for two centuries.

The succession of the native princes of Mewar was as regular as is usual in eastern sovereignties, where polygamy, the fertile source of domestic dissension and crime, arms brother against brother. Koombho, perhaps the most magnificent of the kings of Mewar, by whom many of her proud castles were built and fortified, after a reign of near fifty years, fell by the hands of his own son. The reign of Ooda the assassin is left a blank in the annals, 'nor is Ooda known by any name than Hatiaro, *i. e.* the murderer.' To maintain his ill-gotten power, he endeavoured to form an alliance by marriage with the Mahometan prince of Delhi—he offered him his daughter. 'He had scarcely quitted the divan, on taking leave of the king, when a flash of lightning struck the Hatiaro to the earth, whence he never arose.'

Raemul succeeded, A. D. 1474; his reign was darkened by a deadly feud between his sons, Sanga, afterwards the most glorious of the kings of Mewar, and Pirthi Raj, the Roland of his age. We have room only for one characteristic incident concerning this hero of the Indian bard of chivalry. It will remind the reader of a striking passage in the Lady of the Lake, though the Fitz-james and Roderic Dhu of the Rajpoot legend carry their courtesy in the midst of their death-feud to a more extraordinary height. The uncle of Pirthi Raj, Soorajmul, had been the chief fomenter of the civil strife. The nephew had rescued his father, the Rana, in the perilous battle, had attacked and dangerously wounded his uncle, and the fraternal armies encamped for the night, to renew the next morning the exterminating conflict. In the midst of the enemy's camp—

'Pirthi Raj visited his uncle, whom he found in a small tent reclining on a pallet, having just had "the barber" (*nâe*) to sew up his wounds. He rose and met his nephew with the customary respect, as if nothing unusual had occurred; but the exertion caused some of the wounds to open afresh, when the following dialogue ensued: *Pirthi Raj*—"Well, uncle, how are your wounds?" *Soorajmul*—"Quite healed, my child, since I have the pleasure of seeing you." *Pirthi Raj*—"But, uncle, I have not yet seen the Dewanji (the Rana, his father); I first ran to see you, and I am very hungry; have you anything to eat?" Dinner was soon served, and the extraordinary pair sat down and "ate of the same platter," nor did Pirthi Raj hesitate to eat the "*pan*" presented on his taking leave. *Pirthi Raj*—"You and I will end our battle in the morning, uncle." *Soorajmul*—"Very well, child, come early." The battle was renewed; but though both that day and in the course of the war the uncle and nephew frequently encountered each other, neither fell; and, at length, Pirthi Raj, having forced the enemy's camp, the uncle demanded a parley; and calling

Digitized by Google

calling on the prince to stop the combat, he continued—"If I am killed, it matters not; my children are Rajpoots, they will run the country; but if you are slain, what will become of Cheetore? My face will be blackened, and my name everlastingly reprobated." The sword was sheathed, and the nephew and uncle embraced: the latter asked the former, "What were you about, uncle, when I came?" "Only talking nonsense, child, after dinner." "But with me over your head, uncle, as a foe, how could you be so negligent?" "What could I do? you had left me no resource, and I must have some place to rest my head."'

During the reign of Sanga, the elder brother of Pirthi Raj, 'who was the kullus (the ball or urn) on the pinnacle of the glory of Mewar,' took place that last invasion of the Mahometans from the north, fatal to almost all the thrones of the native princes: the great Moghul Empire was founded by Baber. Yet though Sanga fell in battle against the Sultan of Delhi, Mewar still maintained its independence; the second sack of Cheetore was from another quarter, and had almost been prevented by Hemayoon the son and successor of Baber, who had entered into a singular alliance with the native prince. Buhadoor, the sultan of Guzerat, suddenly invested Cheetore. The ruling Rana, Bikramajeet, was unpopular, suffered defeat, and retreated to the mountains; but the Rajpoots rallied from all parts to pour their blood in defence of Cheetore; Cheetore could only be defended by royalty; the infant son of Sanga was crowned, and then despatched for safety to the faithful prince of Boondi.

'The garrison put on their saffron robes, while materials for the johur were preparing. There was little time for the pyre. The bravest had fallen in defending the breach, now completely exposed. Combustibles were quickly heaped up in reservoirs and magazines excavated in the rock, under which gunpowder was strewed. Kurnavati, mother of the prince and sister to the gallant Arjoon Hara, led the procession of willing victims to their doom, and thirteen thousand females were thus swept at once from the record of life. The gates were thrown open, and the Deola chief (the son of Soorajmul) at the head of the survivors, with a blind and impotent despair, rushed on his fate.'

But though the princess Kurnavati did not escape the immolating flames, she had secured an avenger of her own death, a protector for her son. The Sultan Hemayoon, the son of Baber, had received the 'Rakhi' from the Rajpoot princess. Colonel Tod must explain to us this singular usage of Indian knightly gallantry.

'The festival of the bracelet (Rakhi) is in spring, and whatever its origin, it is one of the few where an intercourse of gallantry of the most delicate nature is established between the fair sex and the cavaliers

Digitized by Google

cavaliers of Rajast'han. Though the bracelet may be sent by maidens, it is only on occasions of urgent necessity or danger. The Rajpoot dame bestows with the Rakhi the title of adopted brother; and while its acceptance secures to her all the protection of a "cavaliere servente," scandal itself never suggests any other tie to his devotion. He may hazard his life in her cause, and yet never receive a smile in reward, for he cannot even see the fair object who, as brother of her adoption, has constituted him her defender. But there is a charm in the mystery of such connexion, never endangered by close observation; and the loyal to the fair may well attach a value to the public recognition of being the Rakhi-bund Bae, the "bracelet-bound brother" of a princess. The intrinsic value of such pledge is never looked to; nor is it requisite it should be costly, though it varies with the means and rank of the donor, and may be of flock silk and spangles, or gold chains and gems. The acceptance of the pledge, and its return, is by the *katchli* or corset, of simple silk or satin, or gold brocade and pearls. In shape or application there is nothing similar in Europe; and as defending the most delicate part of the structure of the fair, it is peculiarly appropriate as an emblem of devotion. A whole province has often accompanied the katchli; and the monarch of India was so pleased with this courteous delicacy in the customs of Rajast'han, on receiving the bracelet of the Princess Kurnavati, which invested him with the title of her brother, and uncle, and protector to her infant, Oody Sing, that he pledged himself to her service, "even if the demand were the castle of Rinthumbor."

The Mahometan nobly redeemed his pledge; he drove the spoiler from the smoking ruins of Cheetore, and re-invested the native sovereign with his hereditary dignity.

But it was in no friendly shape, nor bound by chivalrous ties of gallantry, that in the next reign, the son of Hemayoon, the mighty Akber, appeared before the fated Cheetore. The all-conquering sultan came to subdue—to lay waste. Our readers may accuse us of having selected passages too closely resembling each other, and may be somewhat weary of the repetition of the same acts, however heroic; of the same immolations, however inspired by the noblest patriotism. But this appears to us the only way of fairly illustrating the character of this people. Their capital had no peculiar religious sanctity, though superstition had connected its fall with the extinction of the royal line; it was loyalty rather than fanaticism which induced the Rajpoot chiefs to man the breach with such determined resolution; nor was it the last strong hold of a race, driven like the lion to its lair, and reduced to the alternative of submitting to the conqueror or of perishing under the ruins of the sole remaining fortress. Many a more impregnable castle hung on the ridges of the Aravulli, but Cheetore was the proud seat of the national glory—the hereditary capital of the free sovereigns of Mewar; and thus at intervals of centuries we see the chieftains

Digitized by Google

chieftains of the race, however in some cases having thrown off all subordination to the Rana, and acting in their own territories as independent sovereigns, still thronging to lay down their lives in defence of the royal city of their ancestors.

But the throne of Mewar was filled by a degenerate descendant of the race of Bappa Rawul. Oody Sing, the son of Sanga, and of the heroic Kurnavati, who was bound by the mystic tie of the bracelet to the imperial father of Akber, fled from his beleaguered capital, and there was no royal blood to appease the implacable guardian Cybele of Cheetore. We shall not, however, pursue at length the history of its third, its last fall—suffice it to say, that the chiefs put on 'the saffron robe,' devoting themselves to death; the johur was performed, in which 'nine queens, five princesses, their daughters, with two infant sons, and the families of all the chieftains not at their estates perished either in the flames or at the assault.'

'Their divinity had indeed deserted them: for it was on Aditwar, the day of the sun, he shed for the last time a ray of glory on Cheetore. The rock of their strength was despoiled; the temples, the palaces dilapidated: and to complete her humiliation and his triumph, Akber bereft her of all the symbols of regality; the nakaras (grand kettle-drums, about eight or ten feet in diameter), whose reverberations proclaimed for miles around the entrance and exit of her princes; the candelabras from the shrine of the "great mother," who girt Bappa Rawul with the sword with which he conquered Cheetore; and in mockery of her misery, her portals to adorn his projected capital Akberabad.'

But a Pelayo remained in the mountain-holds of the Arivulli. Pertap still maintained his wild liberty, and defied the greatest of the Mahometan emperors in the height of his power. To commemorate the desolation of Cheetore, which the bardic historian represents as

'a widow despoiled of the ornaments of her loveliness, Pertap interdicted to himself and his successors every article of luxury or pomp, until the insignia of her glory should be redeemed. The gold and silver dishes were laid aside for the *pateras* of leaves; their beds henceforth of straw, and their beards left untouched. But in order more distinctly to mark their fallen fortune and stimulate to its recovery, he commanded that the martial nakara, which always sounded in the van of battle or processions, should follow in the rear. This last sign of the depression of Mewar still survives; the beard is yet untouched by the shears; and even in the subterfuge by which the patriot king's behest is set aside, we have a tribute to his memory; for though his descendant eats off gold and silver, and sleeps upon a bed, he places leaves beneath the one and straw under the other.'

Are we reading poetry or history? if, as it seems, the latter, oriental

Digitized by Google

oriental real life has a resemblance to the animation and picturesque effect of poetry, which the most romantic annals of the west can rarely display. 'Had Oody Sing never been,' such was the exclamation of Pertap, 'or none intervened between him and Sanga Rana, no Toork should ever have given laws to Rajast'han.' From his new capital, Komulmer, the Rajpoot chieftain desolated the now conquered plains of Mewar. They were not permitted to bear their golden harvests for the stranger. With a stern policy he allured the bold and adventurous, and drove the timid and reluctant natives within the mountains. The whole luxuriant district was 'without a lamp.' A shepherd who had been tempted into the rich, but forbidden pastures, subject to the foe, was killed and hung up *in terrorem.* The other chieftains of Rajpootana, those of Amber and Marwar, submitted to hold their dominions in allegiance to the conqueror. Akber, as wise and conciliatory as he was formidable and victorious, formed connexions by marriage between his own family and the Rajpoot chieftains; and on the broad basis of religious liberty attempted to consolidate the discordant elements of his vast dominions into one harmonious system. But from these alliances the descendants of the royal races, who still adhered to the Rana, shrunk as from the basest contamination of their blood. Prince Umra, his son, gave inexpiable offence to the Raja of Amber, by refusing 'to eat with a Rajpoot who had given his sister to a Toork, and probably ate with him.' We cannot follow the gallant Pertap in his resistance to the whole forces of Delhi; battle after battle was lost against overwhelming numbers, fortress after fortress fell—the heir of Bappa Rawul was at last reduced not to surrender, but to make his submission to Akber, by actual starvation. The wild cat tore away the last meal which remained to his wife and children. 'He cursed the name of royalty, if only to be enjoyed on such conditions, and he demanded of Akber a mitigation of his hardships.' But the indignant verses of a troubadour chieftain, in whose hearing Akber communicated the joyful tidings of Pertap's submission—and who, though himself bowed to the yoke of the conqueror, could not endure the thought of the Rana's degradation—not only rekindled the fainting courage of Pertap, but rallied his dispirited followers around his standard. The outcast at length succeeded in reconquering a great part of his hereditary dominions, and even wasted some of the adjacent territory. Pertap died yet in the prime of life, with the ruling passion strong in his heart. 'What afflicted his soul that it would not depart in peace?' inquired his faithful follower. 'It lingered for some consolatory pledge that his country should not be abandoned to the Toork.' It was in the greatest danger, for his son Umra had almost been

Digitized by Google

been beguiled by the nobler design of remodelling the feudal institutions of his country in peace, and by the more effeminate desire of enjoying repose, in the marble palaces, and by the side of the sunny lakes, which were now the undisputed possession of the princes of Mewar. He hesitated whether he should accept the imperial firman. But the martial chivalry of his father rose up in their indignation: one of them dashed 'the slave of the carpet' (a brass ornament) through a magnificent European mirror, which adorned the royal chamber; they hurried the reluctant prince to horse. The contagion of their enthusiasm passed into the soul of the prince, he entreated their forgiveness for his hour of weakness, and from that day the son of Pertap trod in the daring and ambitious steps of his father. Even Cheetore fell into his hands. At length, however, the Moguls prevailed; the son of Shah Jehanjir obtained the submission of Mewar, but not that of Umra, who, unable to resist, could not brook the shame of personal submission. He abdicated his now dependant throne, and retired into his palace, from which his lifeless remains alone departed.

But we cannot follow the house of Mewar in their subsequent struggles for independence, their attachment to the noble Shah Jehan, and the revengeful tyranny of his usurping brother, Arungzeb. Even against that remorseless and irresistible oppressor, the refractory Rajpoots made head. Colonel Tod has a strange story of a Rajpoot princess refusing the hand of the mighty Moguł. 'Is the swan to be the mate of the stork? a Rajpootni, pure in blood, to be the wife of a monkey-faced barbarian?' She threw herself on the protection of the Rana, who took up arms in her defence. It is more certain that, in the nobler cause of resistance to the oppressive jezega, or capitation-tax, the tribe of Mewar won at least one splendid victory.

But we descend at once nearly to our own times, to select a singular incident of but recent date, which, in some respects, illustrative of the Rajpoot character, is a melancholy evidence of the dependent and inglorious state to which the Rana of Mewar has fallen. The internal feuds of the Rajpoots, and the rising power of the Mahrattas, who by force and intrigue gained a fatal predominance in Rajast'han, and, at a later period, it should seem, the inordinate use of opium, loosened the ties of the feudal confederacy, and wrought an unfavourable change in the bold and martial character of the sovereign and his vassals. At the beginning of the present century the Rana Bheem seems, either from weakness of character or the necessity of his situation, to have pursued a fluctuating and indecisive policy towards the two rival chieftains, Scindia the Mahratta, and Holkar. He was oppressed in turns by both, till the progress of the British arms united

Digitized by Google

united these deadly enemies in a formidable league. At this time, two of what were once the subordinate, at least the inferior, chieftains of Marwar and Jeipoor, contested the hand of the Rana's daughter, and a fierce war for this blameless Helen arrayed the Rajpoot tribes against each other. The imbecile Rana allowed himself to be persuaded by a menacing ruffian and a venal minister, that the only way to make an end of the strife, to save his daughter from a hated connexion, and his own palace from insult and spoliation, was to put to death the innocent cause of the contest.

'Kishna Komari Bae (the virgin princess Kishna) was in her sixteenth year: her mother was of the Chawura race, the ancient kings of Anhulwara. Sprung from the noblest blood of Hind, she added beauty of face and person to an engaging demeanour, and was justly proclaimed "the flower of Rajast'han." . . . . The fiat passed, that Kishna Komari should die. But the deed was left for women to accomplish, the hand of man refused it. . . . . Maharaja Dowlat Sing, descended four generations ago from one common ancestor with the Rana, was first sounded "to save the honour of Oodipoor;" but, horror-struck, he exclaimed, "Accursed be the tongue that commands it. Dust on my allegiance, if thus to be preserved!" The Maharaja Jowandas, a natural brother, was then called upon; the dire necessity was explained, and it was urged, that no common hand could be armed for the purpose. He accepted the poniard, but when in youthful loveliness Kishna appeared before him, the dagger fell from his hand, and he returned, more wretched than the victim. The fatal purpose thus revealed, the shrieks of the frantic mother reverberated through the palace, as she implored mercy, or execrated the murderers of her child, who alone was resigned to her fate. But death was arrested, not averted. To use the phrase of the narrator, "she was excused the steel, the cup was prepared," and prepared by female hands. As the messenger presented it in the name of her father, she bowed and drank it, sending up a prayer for his life and prosperity. The raving mother poured imprecations on his head, while the lovely victim, who shed not a tear, thus endeavoured to console her. "Why afflict yourself, my mother, at this shortening of the sorrows of life? I fear not to die. Am I not your daughter? Why should I fear death? We are marked out for sacrifice from our birth; we scarcely enter the world, but to be sent out again; let me thank my father that I have lived so long." Thus she conversed till the nauseating draught refused to assimilate with her blood. Again the bitter potion was prepared. She drained it off, and again it was rejected; but, as if to try the extreme of human fortitude, a third was administered; and, for the third time, nature refused to aid the horrid purpose. It seemed as if the fabled charm, which guarded the life of the founder of her race, was inherited by the virgin Kishna. But the bloodhounds, the Pat'han and Ajit, were impatient till their victim was at rest; and cruelty,

Digitized by Google

cruelty, as if gathering strength from defeat, made another and a fatal attempt. A powerful opiate was presented, the kasoombo draught. She received it with a smile, wished the scene over, and drank it. The desires of barbarity were accomplished,—"she slept" a sleep from which she never woke.

'The wretched mother did not long survive her child; nature was exhausted in the ravings of despair; she refused food; and her remains, in a few days, followed those of her daughter to the funeral pyre.

'Even the ferocious Khan, when the instrument of his infamy, Ajit, reported the issue, received him with contempt, and spurned him from his presence, tauntingly asking "if this were the boasted Rajpoot valour." But the wily traitor had to encounter language far more bitter from his political adversary, whom he detested. Sangram Suktawut reached the capital only four days after the catastrophe—a man in every respect the reverse of Ajit; audaciously brave, he neither feared the frown of his sovereign, nor the sword of his enemy. Without introduction, he rushed into the presence, where he found seated the traitor Ajit. "Oh, dastard! who hast thrown dust on the Seesodia race, whose blood, which has flowed in purity through a hundred ages, has now been defiled! this sin will check its course for ever; a blot so foul in our annals, that no Seesodia will ever again hold up his head! a sin to which no punishment were equal. But the end of our race is approaching! the line of Bappa Rawul is at an end! Heaven has ordained this, a signal of our destruction." The Rana hid his face with his hands, when turning to Ajit, he exclaimed, "Thou stain on the Seesodia race! thou impure of Rajpoot blood! dust be on thy head, as thou hast covered us all with shame. May you die childless, and your name die with you! Why this indecent haste? Had the Pat'han stormed the city? Had he attempted to violate the sanctity of the Rawula? And though he had, could you not die as Rajpoots, like your ancestors? Was it thus they gained a name? Was it thus our race became renowned—thus they opposed the might of kings? Have you forgotten the Sakas of Cheetore? But whom do I address—not Rajpoots? Had the honour of your females been endangered, had you sacrificed them all, and rushed sword in hand on the enemy, your name would have lived, and the Almighty would have secured the seed of Bappa Rawul. But to owe preservation to this unhallowed deed! you did not even wait the threatened danger. Fear seems to have deprived you of every faculty, or you might have spared the blood of Sreejee; and if you did not scorn to owe your safety to deception, might have substituted some less noble victim. But the end of our race approaches."'

This dastardly speech of the Rana himself was the most sad and certain omen that the glory of the royal house of Mewar was on its lees. What greater proof, that the high sense of honour, the living principle of the feudal monarchy was extinct, and that it had sunk to the ordinary state of an *effete* oriental despotism, than

Digitized by Google

than the meanness with which the descendant of Sanga, of Pirthi Raj, and of Pertáp thus threw upon his villainous minister the whole guilt and ignominy of this horrid crime? As a father, he had wanted the feeling, as a sovereign the courage, to refuse to sanction the murder of his own daughter; and even now his remorse and indignation vented itself in undignified reproaches on his own servant, and insinuations 'that his enemies might have been cheated out of their victim.'

With this mournful indication of decrepitude and decay, we close the brilliant annals of Mewar. For those of the rival states, which fill the second volume of Colonel Tod's work, we have left ourselves scanty space:—but, in fact, their interest is very inferior; they have much more of the general character of oriental history, in which, like the battle-pieces of Bourgognone, the whole is full of life, vigour, and animation; but the leading figures do not stand out boldly and in distinct relief; they produce a kind of stirring and tumultuous excitement while we look upon them, but leave no defined or permanent impression upon the memory. Neither is the general feudal system by any means so perfectly developed, nor are the individual characters so distinctly marked as those of the race of Bappa Rawul. No one of their cities, however picturesque in situation, and famous in the story of its separate tribe, can boast, like Cheetore, that it has thrice rivalled, both in the obstinacy of defence, and in the stern spirit of self-immolation, the Numantia of the west. Of these principalities, the most distinguished came into the field at a later and less romantic period: the Rahtores of Marwar obtained their noblest glories in their resistance to Arungzebe; and the birth, the life, the death of their hero Ajit, related by Colonel Tod almost entirely in the language of the poetic chroniclers, might well nigh peril the pre-eminence in daring enterprise and romantic interest which we have claimed for the race of Mewar. For Ajit, fifty-eight queens performed the *Suttee*, and immolated themselves on the funeral pyre. We must give one short specimen of the style of these native annalists. The queens had performed the preparatory ceremonial, when Nathoo, the Nazir, thus addressed them:—

'"This is no amusement; the sandal wood you now anoint with is cool; but will your resolution abide, when you remove it with the flames of Agni? When this scorches your tender frames, your hearts may fail, and the desire to recede will disgrace your Lord's memory. Reflect, and remain where you are. You have lives, like Indrani (the queen of Heaven), nursed in softness, amid flowers and perfumes; the winds of Heaven never offended you, far less the flames of fire.'" But to all his arguments they replied, "The world we will abandon,

Digitized by Google

but never our lord. . . . . The drum sounded; the funeral train moved on; all invoked the name of Heri. Charity was dispersed like falling rain; while the countenances of the queens were radiant as the sun. From Heaven, Umia (Dourga) looked down; in recompense of such devotion, she promised they should enjoy the society of Ajit in each successive transmigration. As the smoke, emitted from the house of flame, ascended to the sky, the assembled multitudes shouted "Khaman! Khaman! well done! well done!" The pile flamed like a volcano; the faithful queens laved their bodies in the flames, as do the celestials in the lake of Mansurwar. The gods above exclaimed "Dhun, Dhun Ajit! who maintained the faith, and overwhelmed the Asuras. Savitri, Gori, Sarasvati, and Gomli, united in doing honour to these faithful queens." Forty-five years, three months, and twenty-two days, was the space of Ajit's existence, when he went to inhabit Amrapura, an immortal abode.'

We shudder at the inhuman fanaticism of this tremendous holocaust; yet in how high-wrought a state of moral energy must that nation have been, in which such a scene could take place amid the general admiration, and become a spirit-stirring theme to the popular song of the bard! That energy, though not extinct, is at present greatly modified and relaxed by time, and by that secret principle of change, which is ever at work in the most apparently fixed and durable forms of society. In India as in Europe, the 'days of chivalry' are well nigh over. The virtues as well as the darker points of the Rajpoot character were those of barbarism; —the martial heroism, the high sense of honour, the delicacy to females, the untameable independence, the attachment to their tribe and to their country, the self-devoting loyalty, as well as the ferocity inseparable from a state of constant warfare, the turbulence, the haughtiness of birth, the tendency to a darker and more inhuman form of religion than that mystic theism of the Jains, which seems to have been established among them from the earliest period. Will they, then, in the silent progress of society, lose only the nobler and better qualities of the earlier state, and sink into the moral and even physical decrepitude which seems to have been the inevitable lot of so many of the most glorious and powerful of the oriental races? On this question we presume not to deliver our oracle; much, according to Colonel Tod, depends upon the policy adopted by the great predominant power of modern India—the Merchant Princes of England. Nor is it the least serious part of the responsibility, inseparable from the extent and prosperity of our eastern empire, that the moral fate of a people, who have so much of the material of a great and noble nation, should depend upon the principles which may regulate our intercourse with the native races.

We cannot, however, conclude without some brief notice of a remarkable

Digitized by Google

remarkable sort of transition state of society, formed in one province of Rajast'han by one of the most extraordinary characters that have appeared in modern India—Zalim Sing, the regent of Kotah. Under his protectorate, for he ruled but as regent in the name of the legitimate sovereign, the feudal system of his district has been annihilated, and the whole province advanced to a state of prosperity and wealth, which excites the universal wonder. Colonel Tod, indeed, who was well acquainted and had constant intercourse with Zalim Sing, augurs but ill of the event of this extraordinary revolution, which has been brought about by the destruction of all that was valuable and original in the institutions and character of the Harouti; and, like all political systems entirely dependent on the energy of the single mind which has called them into existence, is liable to the common lot of mortality, to which sooner or later that creative master mind must submit. The polity of Kotah has indeed enjoyed a longer date than most kingdoms, which thus hang by the thread of a single life; for in 1821, when he had to defend his authority in arms against his legitimate sovereign, Zalim Sing had attained the age of eighty-two, and he lived five years after that perilous crisis. Yet this man, who, by the vigour of his character, effected this total revolution—who wound the subtlest thread of policy in all his relations with the neighbouring powers, and conducted his internal government with a minuteness and nicety of regulation scarcely conceivable—who was at once the protector of his sovereign, holding his authority, not merely against the open attacks of rival factions, but against the secret dagger and the poison cup—(eighteen plots against his influence and his life were detected and baffled by his watchfulness)—and the foreign minister of a weak state, maintaining itself in precarious peace and envied prosperity, while all around was war and desolation; the chief fiscal manager of a most complicated and vexatious system of taxation; the head of a police, the activity and vigilance of which might have moved the jealousy of M. Fouché himself; the great practical farmer of a whole province, where every barren rock was forced into a productive corn-field;—this man was, nevertheless, during several years of the latter but not least active part of his life, totally blind. Zalim Sing attained his power by the old legitimate Rajpoot title, valour and success in war. After he became regent, and had established his ministerial despotism, he still knew the people over whom he ruled:—

'Aware of the danger of relaxing, "to have done," even when eighty-five winters had passed over his head, was never in his thoughts. He knew that a Rajpoot's throne should be the back of his steed; and when blindness overtook him, and he could no longer lead the chase

Digitized by Google

on horseback, he was carried in his litter to his grand hunts, which consisted sometimes of several thousand armed men. Besides dissipating the ennui of his vassals, he obtained many other objects by an amusement so analogous to their character; in the unmasked joyousness of the sport he heard the unreserved opinions of his companions, and gained their affection by thus administering to the favourite pastime of the Rajpoot, whose life is otherwise monotonous. When in the forest he would sit down, surrounded by thousands, to regale on the game of the day. Camels followed his train, laden with flour, sugar, spices, and huge cauldrons for the use of his *sylvan cuisine:* and amidst the hilarity of the moment he would go through the varied routine of government, attend to foreign and commercial policy, the details of his farms or his army, the reports of his police; nay, in the very heat of the operations, shot flying in all directions, the ancient regent might be discovered, like our immortal Alfred or St. Louis of the Franks, administering justice under the shade of some spreading peepul tree; while the day so passed would be closed with religious rites, and the recital of a mythological epic: he found time for all, never appeared hurried, nor could be taken by surprise. When he could no longer see to sign his own name, he had an autograph facsimile engraved, which was placed in the special care of a confidential officer, to apply when commanded. Even this loss of one sense was with him compensated by another, for long after he was stone-blind it would have been vain to attempt to impose upon him in the choice of shawls or cloths of any kind, whose fabrics and prices he could determine by the touch; and it is even asserted that he could in like manner distinguish colours.'

Such, however, was not his free and fearless intercourse with his nobles, before he had humbled the proudest of them at his feet. In earlier days, when insurrections were breaking out in the face of day and conspiracies walking by night, he was accustomed 'to sleep in an iron cage.' It was not till his complete system of police had extended its ramifications through the whole country, and the bonds of fearful respect were firmly riveted on the minds of his stern vassals, that he could venture to appear in his nobler character. Of the external policy of Zalim Sing it is sufficient to state, that among all the desolating wars which ravaged the adjacent countries during his administration, Kotah alone gathered in her harvests without being trodden down by the marauder. Of these harvests the regent was the farmer-general, and our murmuring agriculturists will be astonished by the intelligence, that in one year the regent of Kotah made a profit of a million sterling. The manner in which, like another Joseph, but with a sterner hand, he made the crown the lord of the soil, and the direct receiver of the profits of this vast speculation, can scarcely be made intelligible, without the whole detail wherein our author developes his plan of policy.

Yet,

Digitized by Google

Yet, 'it was from the sequestrated estates of the valiant Hara chieftains, and that grinding oppression which thinned Harouti of its agricultural population, and left the lands waste, that the regent found scope for his genius. The fields, which had descended from father to son through the lapse of ages, the unalienable right of the peasant, were seized, in spite of law, custom, or tradition, on every defalcation; and it is even affirmed, that he sought pretexts to obtain such lands, as from their contiguity or fertility he coveted, and that hundreds were thus deprived of their inheritance. In vain we look for the peaceful hamlets which once studded Harouti: we discern instead the *orie* or farm-houses of the regent, which would be beautiful were they not erected on the property of the subject; but when we inquire the ratio which the cultivators bear to the cultivation, and the means of enjoyment this artificial system has left them, and find that the once independent proprietor, who claimed a sacred right of inheritance, now ploughs like a serf the fields formerly his own, all our perceptions of moral justice are shocked.'

The whole of this system was actually superintended, in its most subordinate details by this extraordinary man, even at eighty years of age, and blind and palsied.

'What will the European farmer think of the tenacity of memory which bears graven thereon, as on a tablet, an account of all these vast depositories of grain, with their varied contents, many of them the store of years past; and the power to check the slightest errors of the intendant of this vast accumulation; while, at the same time, he regulates the succession of crops throughout this extensive range? Such is the minute topographical knowledge which the regent possesses of his country, that every field in every farm is familiar to him; and woe to the superintendant havéldar if he discovers a fallow nook that ought to bear a crop.'

Zalim Sing's system of taxation was equally immitigable and ubiquitarian. A tax was laid on widows who re-married—the gourd of the mendicant paid a tithe—the fiscal officer visited the cell of the ascetic. Yet so deeply rooted was the power of the regent, that when the legitimate sovereign attempted to throw off the yoke, and, excited by a formidable conspiracy in his favour, appealed to the first indelible feeling in the heart of a Rajpoot, that of hereditary loyalty, Zalim Sing stood the shock—though, according to his own expression, 'the very clothes on his back smelt of treason'—and finally obtained a complete triumph over his king and the majority of his feudal aristocracy. This crowning act of his policy will, however, excite less astonishment, when we find that he was backed by British troops. Bound by the strict letter of a treaty, and summoned by the regent to stand to their bond, from the impracticable tenacity of the Maharao on one side, and the determination of Zalim Sing on the other to risk any hazard rather than

Digitized by Google

than consent to the least diminution of his powers, which in fact would have been fatal to his authority if not to his life: unable to mediate in the civil conflict, the British were obliged to maintain their plighted faith; and, however the despotism of the regent might originally have been at war with the institutes and character of the people—however precarious the wealth and prosperity of the country under his sway—the restoration of the weak and misguided Maharao would probably have been destructive of this prosperity, without securing any of the advantages of a more legitimate and national government. At all events, the intervention of the British secured a less sanguinary termination of the civil conflict, enforced a general amnesty, and tempered with European clemency the counsels of the triumphant regent. 'In a few weeks all was tranquillity and peace.'

Zalim Sing had claims on British support; he had early embraced and adhered with unshaken fidelity to our alliance. To this course he was led perhaps by far-sighted policy rather than inclination; for his sagacious mind penetrated from the first the secret of European superiority; he was never deceived by our disclaiming all views of aggrandizement; he descried the necessity under which we lay of further conquest, and foresaw that to that necessity we should submit with no reluctant acquiescence. A smile would play over the features of the orbless politician, when the envoy disclaimed all idea of its being a war of aggrandizement. To all such protestations he would say,—'Mahraja, I cannot doubt you believe what you say; but remember what old Zalim tells you—the day is not distant when only one emblem of power will be recognized throughout India.' Yet sometimes other visions would cross the old man's thoughts, and once, but once only, he uttered a distinct and menacing oracle: 'If twenty years could be taken from his life, Delhi and Dekhan should be one.' Zalim would scarcely have attempted to array the native against the European powers, except under circumstances which would promise success;—and *had* such occasion thrown him into the anti-British league, the wily chieftain of Kotah might have been a more formidable antagonist even than Scindia, Hyder, or Tippoo.

The reader will have discovered from our copious extracts, not only that Colonel Tod deserves the praise of a most diligent and industrious collector of materials for history, but that his own narrative style in many passages displays great freedom, vigour, and perspicuity. Though not always correct, and occasionally stiff and formal, it is not seldom highly animated and picturesque. The faults of his work are inseparable from its nature: it would have been almost impossible to mould up into one continuous history the distinct and separate annals of the various Rajpoot races. The patience

Digitized by Google

patience of the reader is therefore unavoidably put to a severe trial, in having to reascend to the origin, and again to trace downward the parallel annals, of some new tribe—sometimes interwoven with, sometimes entirely distinct from, those which have gone before. But, on the whole, as no one but Colonel Tod could have gathered the materials for such a work, there are not many who could have used them so well. No candid reader can arise from its perusal without a very high sense of the personal character of the author—no scholar, most certainly, without respect for his attainments, and gratitude for the service which he has rendered to a branch of literature, if far from popular, by no means to be estimated, as to its real importance, by the extent to which it may command the favour of an age of duodecimos.

ART. II.—*On Political Economy, in Connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. Glasgow. 8vo. 1832.

AS a preacher, a Christian pastor, a man of enlightened virtue and untiring benevolence, there is perhaps no one who occupies a more elevated place in the estimation of the public, or for whom we wish to be considered as entertaining deeper respect and veneration than Dr. Chalmers; but we cannot pretend to rate him so highly as a political arithmetician. It must have been remarked by all who are acquainted with his various productions, that the mind of this eloquent person is deeply imbued with one strong master-principle, eminently suited to the station and professional calling which he has so long adorned —a sincere, earnest, ardent spirit of Christian charity, and a vivid sense of the supreme efficacy of religion in promoting the happiness of mankind. But it is the very intense and absorbing character of this feeling which, by leaving no room for other impressions, and shutting out every minor consideration, unfits him for an umpire in all those mixed questions as to the influence of other and more trivial circumstances on human welfare, which it is the province of the economist to determine.

We shall not be suspected of undervaluing the efficacy of a Christian education, when we hesitate to believe that this is the only desideratum in our civic and national economy, or the only remedy for the existing evils of our social condition capable of affording us the least glimpse of hope. Acknowledging the paramount importance of those objects which it is the duty as well as the happiness of this eminent divine to promote with all his strength, and mind, and eloquence, we yet cannot renounce, like him, the aid of other measures

Digitized by Google

measures for removing that greatest blot of the present day, the depressed condition of the body of the population in this and one or two of the equally old and densely peopled states of Europe. And the conviction we entertain of the existence of other resources, not so utterly valueless for the advancement of this object as Dr. Chalmers believes, is the more gratifying, in that the pressure of the existing misery has at length reached an alarming crisis—while the proposed panacea of moral and religious culture can operate but very slowly and gradually—must, indeed, by the confession of its most sanguine advocates, require many lustres, if not generations, to produce any very general or effectual improvement.

Our readers are already acquainted with some of the tenets of Dr. Chalmers on the subject of pauperism—his inveterate hostility to everything of the nature of a public provision for the poor—his adhesion to the Malthusian theory of population, and the Malthusian remedy for its apparent excess, 'the prudential check'—which check is always spoken of by both professors as το καλον, the essence of virtue, the great end and object of moral instruction and religious sanction. This prepossession it is which forms the substratum of the entire system of political economy contained in the volume before us. The one main principle to which every argument on every subject is there referred, and by which every question is decided, is the Malthusian axiom, that the tendency of population to increase is so much greater than that of subsistence, that no relief can be afforded to the constant pressure of numbers against food by any measures tending to augment the quantity of food; since the numbers are sure to take a proportionate start and to be quickly brought up again to 'the limit of possible subsistence,' and only 'a more unmanageable mass of misery produced.' (p. 318.) From this axiom the obvious deduction is, that all enlargements of the means of subsistence do more harm than good—that all improvements in agriculture, or any other branch of production, are rather of the nature of curses than benefits—and that our efforts should be turned from vain and hurtful attempts at increasing the quantity of human subsistence to the one solitary object of checking the increase of the persons to be subsisted! Upon this basis then, and with the aid of a license not uncommon with the economists, but which none has ever carried to so unconscionable a length as Dr. Chalmers—that of assuming ultimate effects to be constantly present, and what is true in periods of indefinite duration to be true at all times and in every particular instance—he proceeds to construct a series of propositions on the causes which influence the wealth and

Digitized by Google

and happiness of nations, not a little startling in many points, we suspect, to sober and practical people.

For example, it has been generally believed hitherto, that indirect taxation falls, for the most part, on the consumers of the taxed commodities, through all classes of society; but *nous avons changé tout cela*, and it is maintained by Dr. Chalmers, that the landlords alone pay all taxes, direct and indirect, assessed and income taxes, customs and excise. And this he demonstrates in manner following:—Every impost laid upon the labouring class, or the articles which they consume, is immediately shifted upon their employers through a rise of wages; since it follows necessarily from the Malthusian axiom on population, that the wages of labour must always be at the minimum compatible with the standard of subsistence recognized by the labouring class; and as that standard is not altered by the imposition or removal of a tax, population immediately enlarges or contracts itself, and wages rise or fall in proportion. (p. 270.) Capitalists in turn cannot pay any tax out of their profits, because 'like the labourers, they have the power of indemnifying themselves' by diminishing the supply of capital, and consequently raising prices upon their customers. And for this the recipe is very simple and easy of execution, and one, we venture to say, much resorted to of late, namely, *to spend more than their income*, and live upon their capital, until they have reduced its plethoric excess, and so raised the rate of profit to the desired amount. If, for instance, a tax of ten per cent. were laid upon profits, threatening to cut down the income of capitalists in that proportion, they have only, says Dr. Chalmers, to go on spending their former income, to secure their getting it, through the rise of prices consequent on diminished production. (pp. 273-276.) This, we need not observe, is a charming discovery for the capitalists, especially in these hard times. *Crede quod habes, et habes.* If they wish for large profits (as which of them does not?) they have only to live as if they made them, and lo! their profits rise exactly to meet their expenditure! Fortunatus's wishing-cap is in their hands. But if the taxes cannot be taken out of either *wages* or *profits*, there remain only *rents* from which they can proceed; and *thus* the landlords are proved to be really the sole tax-payers in the community.

Our author very candidly observes, that, however certain this fact may be, few people are aware of it; and it is difficult to make the vulgar, in their 'ignorant impatience of taxation,' sufficiently thankful to the landed interest for defraying all the national burdens; so that it would be infinitely better to commute all taxes whatsoever for one upon the net rent of land. There is one little difficulty, to be sure, in the way of the execution of this proposal—

Digitized by Google

posal—*viz.*, that *the amount of taxes to be levied reaches near sixty millions*, while *the entire rental of the land of the three kingdoms does not probably exceed forty*; but this is a trifle, for the necessary consequence, according to Dr. Chalmers, of such a commutation would be, a rise of rents and a fall of prices far more than sufficient to compensate the landowners, not only for the absorption of all their present rental, but also the odd twenty millions beyond it for which they would be assessed by the tax-gatherer! Lest we should be suspected of exaggeration, we quote a few of the passages in which these peculiar doctrines and novel proposals are embodied. For example—

'It were no small advantage if landlords were made to bear the whole burdens of the state ostensibly, as they do really; that the importance, the paramount importance, of landed wealth and the landed interest might stand forth, nakedly and without disguise, to the recognition of all men. So that it were well for them, if compelled, even though against their will, to pay all taxes.' (p. 301.) 'They would by this lose nothing, and besides have a clear and unencumbered gain from all the enlargement that would take place in husbandry. . . . . The change that we venture to recommend would spread an augmented richness and value over the whole of their property. It were for their incalculable benefit, could they only be made to perceive it, that all taxes were commuted into a territorial impost. . . . . This is the way to reconcile the necessary support of government with the utmost demands of liberalism; and in these days of fearful conflict between the two elements of order and liberty, we believe that nothing could more effectually harmonise them than this discharge of the general community from all the burdens of the state, along with the distinct and total imposition of them on the proprietors of the soil. We want the whole weight of our taxation to lie upon them visibly, even as we think it lies upon them virtually and substantially. They would be indemnified by the cheapening of all commodities, consequent on the removal of the present duties, and, more than indemnified, they would be rewarded and enriched by the new rents yielded to them from the enlargement of the agriculture.'—p. 307-309.

Nay, so inexhaustible is this source of national revenue in our author's opinion, that his chief regret is, that too little of the produce of the land is at present appropriated by government for the support of public functionaries, and that 'the *mere proprietors*, the *fruges consumere nati*, are allowed to reserve too much of it.' (p. 349.) He would adopt 'a more severe taxation than our politicians of the present day have the courage to propose;' 'a more fully equipped and better-paid agency in all the departments of national usefulness.' (p. 372.) To be sure, as some little compensation to the landowners, he speaks of the extra-taxation being laid out in 'a liberal provision in all the branches of the public

Digitized by Google

public service for their younger sons—whether in the law, or in the church, or in the colleges, or in the army, or in any other well-appointed establishment, kept up for the good of the nation.'

'Under this arrangement, we should combine, with a provision for the younger branches of families, a greater efficiency and amount of public service; a remedy against the destitution of younger children, and withal a better-served nation.' In this way, 'through the organ of government, each estate may be looked upon as loaded with jointures for the sake of the younger members of families; who, at the same time, instead of simple receivers, have to labour, in some vocation or other, for the benefit of the community. And, believing, as we do, that the real incidence of taxes is on land, we would enlist all the forces of natural sentiment and affection on the side of a larger revenue to government, and a larger allowance to public functionaries of all orders.'—p. 373.

However, the landlords are not to get their money back on too easy terms, for—

'It will not for a moment be imagined that while we would apportion a much larger amount of the nation's wealth to the objects of public service, we contend for any hereditary or family right to that portion, on the part of the younger brothers of our aristocracy. It should lie open to the competition of all the worth and talent which may exist in any quarter of society. In the exercise of a *virtuous* patronage, it should always be disposed of to those who can give the largest return for it, in the value of their services. . . . . And we contend for no more, in behalf of the younger sons, than that they should be admitted on equal terms to the competitions of this then larger and wealthier preferment, along with men of the requisite intelligence and accomplishment from all other classes of the community.'

We fear there will be many parents whose 'feelings of natural affection' will be inclined to prefer the vulgar mode of providing for their younger children by direct legal settlement, to the scheme Dr. Chalmers is kind enough to propose to them, of transferring a large portion of their estates to government, to be subsequently contended for by their sons in common with all other classes of the community. Even this boon will hardly reconcile the landed proprietors of Britain to take upon themselves the entire taxation of the realm.

That there is some truth, mixed with a great deal of error, in the novel opinions and arguments of Dr. Chalmers, we willingly admit; though we are compelled to add that as what is new in them is not true, so what is true is not new. The error will be found uniformly to have its root in that strong impression, already adverted to, of the impossibility of preventing the direful pressure of population against food, except by a restraint upon marriage,

Digitized by Google

marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion, by every pastor and instructor in the land. Fraught with this one prevailing idea, the imagination of the learned Doctor sees in every improvement of the condition of the lower classes but an opening for the generation of a greater mass of future misery; and, running through the catalogue of economical remedies proposed by other writers or statesmen for the evils of that condition, he rejects them all as ultimately pernicious, *for the very reason that they are immediately beneficial!* We will take a brief view of his labours in this course.

The work, very properly, begins by calling attention to the circumstances which influence the supply of *food* to a community, as the pivot upon which turn all questions relating to its economical condition. He proves (by the same argument we employed in a former Number) how inconsistent with fact is the assertion of those who babble about 'the decreasing fertility of the soil to which cultivation descends' necessarily occasioning a deterioration in the circumstances of the human race. He shows that every improvement, not in agriculture only, but also in manufacturing labour and in commercial communications, allows an extension of cultivation over fresh soils, less fertile or accessible, less valuable, in short, than those already entered on, and a larger expenditure of labour and capital on the latter without any falling off in their returns,—in the quaint, but expressive, phrase of our author,—'brings both a broader belt and a deeper stratum of land under the plough.' But, though bold enough to desert his oracle, Mr. Malthus, on this point, he cannot get clear of the unfortunate prepossession with which the 'theory of population' has inoculated him. Even while acknowledging, in so many words, that as the skill and knowledge of man increase, he is enabled to obtain from the poorer soils a more liberal subsistence than he could extract from the richest at the earlier stages of his history, the Doctor sees not in this fact, coupled with the equally undeniable one, that but a fraction even of the very richest soils of the globe are yet brought under cultivation, anything to absolve mankind from taking a *more* anxious care to prevent the growth of their numbers *now* than they have hitherto taken; but struck by the fancied vision of an ultimate limit to the quantity of food which the globe can be made to produce, he calls on us, as if the enemy were at the gates, to abandon all other considerations,—to take no thought about the means, possibly in our power, for keeping our subsistence, for a time, at least, perhaps for ever, on a level with our wants,—but to apply all our energies to the great object of retarding the increase of our numbers! As if it were enough to prove our means to be limited,

Digitized by Google

limited, to make it clear that we ought to refrain from employing them as far as they will go! By this rule, since life will, alas! have an end, we ought on no account to prolong it. Man can never be made perfect; how wrong then to attempt his improvement! Happiness, like population, has an ultimate limit; we had better be content with misery! In one instance the rule does hold good. There is a term to the patience of the public; and we warn the anti-populationists that, if they value their reputation for sanity, they would do well to refrain from provoking it any further.

It is, indeed, an extraordinary *monomania* which affects these gentlemen. The idea of an ultimate limit to the globe's possible productiveness tyrannizes over their imaginations, and gives rise to the strangest opinions and rules of conduct. Dr. Chalmers overtops them all: his whole soul is absorbed by the frightful prospect of the time when every rood of soil on the face of the earth shall maintain its full complement of human beings, and it will be impossible for one additional individual

> —— 'quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
> Unius sese dominum fecisse lacertæ.'

Like Alexander, the Professor

> 'Frets at the pigmy limits of the globe—'
>
> 'Æstuat, infelix, angusto limite mundi.'

It might be enough to laugh at this preposterous fallacy. But since it is, *mirabile dictu!* the fundamental axiom from which all the propositions of Dr. Chalmers are directly and specifically deduced, we think it but fair to give the principal parts of the passage in which he conceives himself to have established its truth, and analyze the value of his argument, or, rather, for that is its true name, his assumption. In spite of the increasing powers of man to extract subsistence from the less naturally fertile soils,

'Yet it must be quite evident,' he says, 'that whether in single countries, or in the whole world, this is a process which cannot go on indefinitely. The time may be indefinitely distant, and, indeed, may never come, when the absolute and impassable barrier shall at length be arrived at.' [With submission to his abler logic, we should presume to conclude from this that the process *can* 'go on indefinitely.'] 'To be satisfied that there is such a barrier, one has only to look to the extent and quality of the land in any region of the earth. . . . As sure as every country has its limit, and every continent its shore, we must acquiesce in it as one of the stern necessities of our condition, that the earth we tread upon can only be made to yield a limited produce, and so to sustain a limited population. . . . It seems very generally admitted that *should it ever come to this*, the population brought to a stand-still in respect of numbers, must either have to encounter great

Digitized by Google

great positive distress, or must anticipate this distress by a preventive regimen. . . . But then the imagination of many is, that not until the world be fully cultivated and fully peopled, shall we have any practical interest in the question. They seem to think of the doctrine of Malthus, that the consideration of it may, with all safety, be postponed, till the agriculture of every country and every clime shall have been carried to its extreme perfection; and that, meanwhile, population may proceed as rapidly and recklessly as it may.'

We acknowledge ourselves of the number of those who think that until we have approached somewhat nearer the utmost limit of the globe's capabilities for supporting us than the immeasurable distance which at present divides us from it, we may safely leave the progress of population to the laws which nature has established, uninterfered with by artificial 'checks' or stimulants; and that sapient calculations, as to the extreme number of myriads of human beings that might find elbow-room on the globe without pushing each other into the sea (a consideration which our author seriously moots), have no more rational bearing on our actual situation, and the most fitting line of conduct for us to adopt in the present day, than the old scholastic problem as to how many angels can dance on the point of a needle. If we saw the owner and sole occupier of an extensive estate cultivate only the single field which immediately adjoined his habitation, and, though complaining bitterly of his straitened circumstances and want of the necessaries of life, yet refuse to send his plough into the more distant fields belonging to him, on the alleged ground that there was an *ultimate limit* to his property, and that, *therefore*, it was incumbent on him to pinch his appetites, and limit his desires to what he could contrive to grow on his home field,—if under this impression he was to refrain from marriage, and deny himself the society of his family and friends, though sorely against his natural tastes,—should we not pronounce him a hypochondriac, if not a lunatic? But in what particular would such a fantasy differ from that of a writer who proclaims a pressing necessity for every nation of the earth to guard carefully, by restraints upon marriage, against any increase of their numbers, beyond what the limited territory they happen to occupy will support,—at a time when but a fractional portion of the earth's surface is yet cultivated at all, and that very imperfectly —when myriads of acres of the richest soil, in the finest climates, are yet covered with forests or jungle, and tenanted but by reptiles and brutes? And be it remarked, that in this comparison we have greatly favoured the Malthusian disciple, because the hypochondriac has, perhaps, a right to look forward to a fixed ultimate limit to the possible produce of his estate; whereas the limit of the potential produce of the globe is indefinite—the productive powers

Digitized by Google

powers of man being unlimited, and continuing to augment, at the same time that the area on which he exercises them is, if he but wills it, enlarged.

Dr. Chalmers does not allude to that exquisite proposition in which it was arithmetically and mathematically demonstrated, that while man, who, on the highest estimate, but doubles his numbers in twenty-five years, multiplies in a *geometrical* ratio, the multiplication of wheat, which increases from ten to sixty fold in one year, proceeds only in an *arithmetical* ratio. We must believe, however, that he had been studying it when he asserted, that 'no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population *would* increase.' We see a direct practical contradiction to this bold assertion in numerous points—in America, north and south, New South Wales, &c., where no artificial checks are in operation, where population has its full swing, and the only want experienced is that of *men*, to develope by their labour the infinite capacity of the soil, and to consume the abundance with which it is ready to reward their lightest efforts. The Malthusian philosophy would not obtain credit for an hour there. And ought not this consideration alone to convince its propagators, that the redundancy which affrights them is local, not general, and to be cured far more easily and with a happier result, by a spreading of the local excess, as fast as it appears, over 'fresh soils and pastures ever new,' than by putting matrimony in *taboo*?

These spots form really 'the extreme margin of cultivation,' where the question is to be solved, and the lesson learnt of the comparative tendencies to increase of subsistence and population—not the belts of poor land in England or the Netherlands, which the purely local circumstances of demand and supply of food, under the influence of monopolies, poor laws, and a complicated and highly artificial state of society, cause to be, from time to time, taken under the plough. But the fact is, that except in the passage we have just quoted, where the capacity of the world at large to supply mankind with sustenance, is handled, as we think we have shown, in no very lucid or logical manner, and a short subsequent chapter on emigration, which we shall presently notice, Dr. Chalmers, throughout his work, like his predecessor and master, Malthus, confines his view to a limited territory,—in truth, though not avowedly, to the British islands alone; and finding a slowly receding barrier to the safe extension of population within those limits, shuts his eyes to the facility of overstepping them, and sails away in proud and triumphant conviction of the solidity of the sieve in which he proposes to navigate the ocean of political economy. In fact, however, the learned divine should have spared himself the trouble of writing any further than his first chapter; for

Digitized by Google

for in the one assumption therein laid down, he has settled the whole question. If it is once established as a fundamental proposition, that 'food *cannot* be made to increase so fast as population,' it is surely a waste of time to go on to indite a volume, for the sake of proving that neither home nor foreign colonization—nor remission of taxes—nor extension of trade—nor a more equal distribution of property—nor the cottage and cow system—nor a poor law—can so accelerate the increase of food as to make it keep pace with population. Our author, however, sees not this; but having first, in the short paragraph we have quoted, begged the question in the lump, proceeds with great gravity, and much labour, and an infinite expenditure of eloquent language, by parading this postulate over and over again, in an endless variety of brilliant phrases,—to 'demonstrate' it in detail!

The first windmill attacked is home-colonization. One touch of his magic lance of course overthrows this project; for if the whole globe is too narrow for the supply of our increasing wants, so *à fortiori* must be our little speck of an island. The object of the next encounter is the supposed increase of employment to be obtained by an extension of trade. And here the Doctor discovers something very like 'a mare's nest,'—the principle, namely, that 'employment is productive of nothing but its own produce.' 'All,' he says, 'that a stocking-maker contributes to society is simply *stockings*.'—(p. 49.) And the same is true (strange as it may sound) with every branch of manufactures and commerce. 'None of these add anything to the means of subsistence at the disposal of the community, which would remain the same though they were all put a stop to.' Now the first of these propositions will be disputed by none. But the corollary which follows is not by any means a necessary consequence. Manufactures and commerce, it is true, only produce commodities of secondary importance, since they are not essential to the support of man; and, in a late article, we have ourselves endeavoured to call attention to the fact of the subordinate rank which these employments occupy, as compared with agriculture, by which we are supplied with the first necessaries of life. So long as there is an abundance of these, the mass of the community must always be in comfortable circumstances; even though there should be a comparative deficiency in their supply of manufactures and articles of luxury. But no abundance of the latter class of objects can at all compensate for a falling off in the production of food. On the contrary, such objects could in that case only encumber the market, the comparative scarcity and dearness of necessaries leaving the great body of consumers nothing to throw away upon superfluities.

Still,

Digitized by Google

Still, though considering it highly important that this broad distinction should be recognized between the two great classes of productions, necessaries and luxuries, we are far from stretching the argument to the length of declaring, that manufactures and commerce are of trifling importance, and might be put a stop to without any serious loss to society,—or that their increase is not productive of essential advantages. The stocking-trade, we willingly allow, produces only stockings; the clothing-trade, cloth; the wine-trade, wine; and so on. But just as 'trifles make the sum of human things,' so, in the aggregate, these several branches of trade produce all that there is in the country of wealth, comfort, splendour, taste, civilization—all that distinguishes us from a horde of barbarians, clothed in skins, and tolerably provided with coarse food. Moreover, the extension of commerce and manufactures reacts upon agriculture, and tends to increase the production of food. Our author admits that this was the case throughout Europe at the termination of the middle ages; and himself, in an able sketch after Adam Smith and Robertson, traces the economic change which then took place, in virtue of the new tastes and habits inspired in the owners and cultivators of the soil, by the presentation to their notice of those articles of splendour and luxury, which manufactures had produced and commerce brought to their doors. But he denies that the further extension of the arts of luxury can have any effect in the present day on agriculture. We think he is both inconsistent and wrong, for the stimulus is enduring. It is a constant principle of human nature, that our wants increase with the means of gratifying them. And well is it that we are so constituted. Were man the sober, chastened, and easily contented animal, which moralists have sometimes, with false views of human welfare, attempted to make him —did a mere shelter from the weather, and a sufficiency of wholesome food and coarse clothing, satisfy his wishes, 'content to dwell in decencies for ever,' his species would probably have forever remained in a condition little superior to that of the cattle he has domesticated. Art, science, literature,—all the pleasures of refinement, taste, and intellectual occupation, would have been unknown; more than this—the ingenuity by which the gifts of nature and the enjoyments of mere animal existence are multiplied and heightened, would never have been called into action, and the prospect which, in spite of local and temporary checks, seems to us continually brightening, of a progressive and indefinite amelioration in the circumstances of mankind, would have been closed at once. But it is not so. Every augmentation in the number and variety of the means of human gratification has the certain effect of increasing

Digitized by Google

the number of human wants and desires, and of stimulating industry and ingenuity to satisfy them by increased labour or skill in the production of those commodities, by exchange for which the desired objects may be obtained. Even if we admitted, which we are far from doing, that the improvement of our manufactures and the increase of our foreign and internal trade have no stimulating influence on our native agriculture, and, therefore, add nothing to our home supplies of food—yet it is impossible to deny that by offering novel and varied gratifications to the inhabitants of other countries, more fertile and less highly cultivated than our own, we must and do excite them to greater industry and energy in the creation of those agricultural products of which we stand in need. Should this operation likewise be too slow in its progress, and neither the advance of our own agriculture nor that of the foreign grower fully supply the demand of our increasing population for food, there remains the simple and obvious resource,—which our author's favourite prejudice alone hinders him from perceiving,—of enlarging the area of our own cultivation—of employing our own surplus labour and capital in raising the required food from the fertile soil of our colonies,—considering them, as we have a right to do, in the light of mere outlying portions of British territory. By the adoption of this resource, our agriculture, our manufactures, and our commerce might continue to extend themselves and mutually stimulate each other's increase, their joint progress effecting a continuous amelioration in our social condition, without any perceivable limit or hindrance to the process, but such as could proceed from wanton error and mismanagement alone.

All this, however, would by no means suit Dr. Chalmers's views. Therefore having disposed of trade, he goes on to consider whether the increase of *capital* holds out any promise of relief. This, of course, is easily negatived by virtue of the assumption upon which he set out: for *within a territory of limited extent and fertility*, where all but the very inferior qualities of land are already cultivated, the profits of capital must be kept down by the slow rate at which improvements in the productive powers of agriculture proceed; and this low rate of profit must check, in turn, the accumulation of capital. *Why* we are to confine our view of the field for the employment of capital within such narrow limits, is not mooted; but it is clear that such a limitation is purely imaginary, and that 'the margin of separation between the cultivated and uncultivated land,' the place to which Dr. Chalmers professes to bring all his propositions to be tested, may be indefinitely removed by the judicious outlay of capital upon some of the millions of acres of yet virgin land within our reach, without any falling

Digitized by Google

falling off in the profit derivable, but much more probably with a great increase, as is shown by the high rate of interest in all colonies and newly-cultivated countries. Standing, however, upon his narrow and 'slowly receding margin,' with the same faith as if he were fixed upon a rock of adamant, the Professor of Divinity triumphantly oraculizes in the following manner, *e. g.*—

'When the progress of agriculture becomes slow or difficult, or, most of all, when it touches upon the extreme limit, then the impotency of accumulation on the part of capitalists must be severely felt. Each new investiture, in fact, will then be followed up by an adverse reaction or recoil upon themselves. As they grow in capital, they will decline in revenue. There is no escaping from this consequence. . . . Capital is thus hemmed in on all sides by a slowly-receding boundary, which it cannot overpass; and beyond which, if it attempt to enlarge itself, it is broken into surges at the barrier by which it is surrounded.' —p. 105.

We need scarcely repeat that there is no such extreme limit to agriculture, except the distant and indefinite limit to the capacity of the globe, to which we are probably no nearer now, than we were five thousand years ago. Bound within the necromantic circle which Malthus has forbidden him to dream of overstepping, the doctor's predicament reminds us of the poor bird, whom a conjuror persuades that he has fastened him down to a table, by drawing a chalk line upon the board on which he rests his head.

'The next resource which dazzles the imagination of philanthropists and statesmen, is foreign trade. This is held to be a fountain-head of wealth and employment, which in the eyes of many are altogether indefinite.' So says Dr. Chalmers, and forthwith proceeds to break a spear against this doctrine, taking first the case of a country which imports no food. He combats, as before, 'the delusion' that anything else accrues from foreign trade to a nation, 'beyond a slight increase of enjoyment, the substitution of one luxury for another.'

'There is mysticism in the assertion that the wine-trade of Portugal confers any other benefit on the nation, than simply the benefit of wine, or the West India trade, than sugar and coffee, or the China trade, than tea. The East and West Indies are regarded as the two hands of the empire; and the imagination is, that were our connexion with these destroyed, Britain would suffer as much as from the lopping off of two hands, or, in other words, would be shorn of its strength and its capacity for action, in virtue of this sore mutilation. It would positively be shorn of nothing but its sugar and tea!' . . . . 'Should we consent to forego these enjoyments, then, at the bidding of our will, the whole strength at present embarked in the service of procuring them, would be transferred to other services; to the extension

Digitized by Google

of home-trade—to the enlargement of our national establishments—to the service of defence, or conquests, or scientific research, or Christian philanthropy.'—p. 191.

This is quite M. Purgon in the 'Malade Imaginaire'—'Vous avez la un œil droit, que je me ferais crever si j'étais en votre place. Ne voyez-vous pas qu'il incommode l'autre, *et lui dérobe sa nourriture?* Croyez-moi, faites-vous le crever au plutôt, vous en verrez plus clair de l'œil gauche.' But Argan's answer, 'Cela n'est pas pressè,' will be that probably of our merchants to the assurance of Dr. Chalmers, that 'our commerce, though lopped off by the hand of violence, would leave untouched the strength and stamina of the nation.' (p. 228.) 'It would be as great and flourishing a community as before—as competent to all the purposes of defence and national independence; and, *though shorn of her commerce and colonies,* though bereft of these showy appendages, as available, and, we think, *more so,* for all the dearest objects of patriotism.' (p. 230.) These doctrines, we fear, will not be more popular on 'Change, than will be the proposal to commute all the taxes for one upon rent, in Parliament. Whether in time Dr. Chalmers's eloquence will persuade us to realize his Utopia of a 'self-contained' nation,—producing all it consumes within its own limits, shutting itself out from all communication with the rest of the world, and sedulously keeping down its population by 'virtuous efforts,' considerably within the number which its internal resources are calculated to maintain in plenty,—we know not. This, however, we know, that if our first parents had acted on these principles, their descendants would never have spread beyond the boundaries of Mesopotamia.

Our attention is next called to the case of a country which imports agricultural produce. The doctor begins with drawing a distinction between the 'natural' population of a country, that which is chiefly supported on food the produce of its own soil, and the 'excrescent' portion of its population, which, when a country possesses any superior advantages for manufactures or commerce over its neighbours, is maintained chiefly on food imported from thence in exchange for its labour in those capacities. This is all right enough: we do not, however, agree with our author, when he deprecates this 'enlargement of our population beyond the limits of our own agricultural basis,' and says—

'The only effect is to foster an excrescence, which, if not mortal to us as to other commercial states, is just because, with the uttermost of our false and foolish ambition, we cannot overstretch the foreign trade, so far as they did, beyond the limits of the home agriculture. By thus seeking to enlarge our pedestal, we make it greatly

Digitized by Google

greatly more tottering and precarious than before; for, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image, it is composed of different materials, partly of clay and partly of iron. The fabric bulges, as it were, into greater dimensions than before; but while its original foundation is of rock, the projecting parts are propped upon quicksands; for the sake of lodging a few additional inmates in which, we would lay the pain of a felt insecurity, if not an actual hazard, upon all the family. We rejoice in the luxuriance of a rank and unwholesome overgrowth; and, mistaking bulk for solidity, do we congratulate ourselves on the formation of an excrescence, which should rather be viewed as the blot and distemper of our nation.'—p. 231.

We have quoted this passage at length both as a specimen of Dr. Chalmers's peculiarity of style, and because there is an apparent plausibility in the argument it contains against the allowing, if we could help it, any increase of our population beyond what our own soils will supply. But, in the first place, not being believers in the efficacy of the Malthusian specific, we do not admit that we have the power of trimming and squaring our population as we may think fit; and, when at any time they have increased, or threaten to do so, beyond what the agricultural produce of our own soils will support, it is surely better to allow the surplus to maintain themselves in independence by working up manufactured commodities which they can exchange with foreigners for the food they require — than, by prohibiting or throwing restrictions in the way of such an exchange, to drive them to consume, *in unproductive pauperism*, a portion of our home-growth, already, by the supposition, but barely sufficient for the remainder of the population. Secondly, our author's argument, which is only the old one, (dressed up in a new and more flowery fashion,) of the danger of depending for a portion of our food on foreigners—even if conceded with regard to them, is not applicable to the principle of *colonial* supply. It is not considered unwise to allow the growth of an 'excrescent' population in Middlesex or Birmingham, beyond what the county or parish could sustain; or to encourage the dependence of numerous families in Lancashire upon provisions imported from Ireland. Nor can we see that it would be a whit more imprudent to extend the division of labour in the same manner throughout the empire at large, and to employ our Canadian fellow-subjects in growing on their rich soils the corn which is needed for the support of a portion of our English or Scotch population, who are in their turn occupied in availing themselves of the peculiar advantages this country possesses in its coal and iron, mechanical inventions, manufacturing establishments, and consummate skill, in producing articles of clothing, utensils, or luxuries for the use of the Canadians. Our author

Digitized by Google

author commits a strange blunder when, in order to strengthen his argument, he endeavours to show that 'a given excrescent population betokens only half the amount of wealth or resources in a country which an equal natural population does.' (p. 234.) We have not room for the entire quotation, which, like most of his demonstrations, is rather prolix—but the *given* 'natural' population is reckoned by him twice over, once as a body of manufacturers and once as agriculturists, so that no wonder it appears to be double the given 'excrescent' population, which is only counted once. He proves, in short, that an artisan supported on home-grown food creates double the amount of wealth that is created by an artisan maintained on foreign-grown food, by reckoning as the creation of the former the produce of the agriculturist who feeds him—that is, of a *second* workman. By the same rule a man who, before the division of labour, spent half his time in providing himself with food and the other half in procuring clothing, was twice as productive as when, in the progress of improvement, he spends his whole time in one occupation alone, as growing food, and provides himself with clothing by exchange with another whose labour is equally confined to the production of that class of commodities.

In spite of this, Dr. Chalmers is by no means favourable to restrictions on the importation of foreign corn, but acknowledges that

'to this quarter we may look for a certain stretch or enlargement of external resources, whereby room and sustenance would be afforded for a greater number of families than we can now accommodate. Yet, after all, like every other augmentation in the outward means of support, it would but afford a temporary relief to the pressure under which we are at present labouring. As is usual with every increase, from whatever quarter of the means of subsistence, it would be speedily followed up by a multiplication of our numbers, and so land us in a larger, but not on that account a better-conditioned community than before. . . . . It is not by means of economic enlargements, but of moral principles and restraints, that the problem of our difficulties is at length to be fully and satisfactorily resolved. No possible enlargement from without will ever suffice for the increasing wants of a recklessly increasing population. We look for our coming deliverance in a moral change, and not in any or in all of those economic changes put together, which form the great panacea of so many of our statesmen. Without the prudence and virtue of our common people, we shall only have a bulkier, but withal as wretched and distempered, a community as ever.'—p. 239.

In short, the burden of the song—the assumed disease and the specific, the bugbear and the exorcism, are introduced to solve this question as well as the rest.

The next resource whose futility is demonstrated by the same logic,

Digitized by Google

logic, is the remission of taxes, which, far from being any gain to the working or middle classes, it is declared, would only be 'a sacrifice of the public good to the splendour and effeminacy of the upper orders of society; . . . . that the landed and the funded aristocracy may be more delicately regaled or more magnificently attired and attended.' (p. 260.) We have already shown by what process of reasoning the author thinks he has proved that all taxation, whether laid on income or on commodities is resolvable in its effects into a tax on the net rent of land;—namely, by the hypothesis, that both capital and population are possessed of such extraordinary elasticity, as to maintain profits and wages always at a minimum, so that 'any remission of taxes which bear upon the maintenance or employment of the industrious would be but the *momentary* loosening of a bondage, immediately followed up by a growth which will cause the pressure to be sensibly and really as great as before.' (p. 298.) And in the same manner, were any additional impost laid on the industrious classes, they would be *speedily* '*compensated by*' (what think ye?) '*a gradual process of decay!*' 'Through this we should be at length landed in a smaller society, and a smaller capital for conducting its business than before.' Our author admits, that this *compensatory* process would be 'a melancholy one'—that 'taxes on industry and capital *do* operate just as a blight on the quality of the soil'—that 'it is only by a lessening of the country's food, and through a midway passage of penury and distress, they lead to a lessening both of capital and population;' while a removal of taxes from the industrious classes to the landed and monied, *would* cause 'a subsequent enlargement of the wealth of the former classes, *until* they were overtaken by the increase of capital and population.' (p. 300.) In other words, taxes on the industrious, it is acknowledged, *are* paid by them *until* they are starved and ruined into absolute insolvency; and the remission of such taxes *would* proportionately raise both profits and wages, until both capitalists and labourers had, 'in the heyday of their prosperity,' *so multiplied their wealth and numbers*, as by the effect of competition once more to lower the returns to them! And *these* are the grounds upon which, in the same page, it is asserted, that the direction of taxation is a matter of indifference—that all taxes are paid by the landlords alone, and none by the other classes of society, who are accused of entertaining 'a misplaced antipathy to taxation,' and a doltish ignorance of the advantages that accrue to them from every increase of the public burthens!

The fallacy by which our author is led into such gross inconsistencies evidently lies in his assumption of ultimate for immediate effects, jumping over the intermediate processes of decay or prosperity,

Digitized by Google

prosperity, by which he believes the supply of capital and labour to be contracted or expanded on the imposition or removal of a tax, as 'ephemeral,' and not worth taking into account. These processes, the 'consummation' of which is by him supposed to be instantaneous, *can*, however, in truth only be arrived at, with regard to *labour*, after the lapse of a generation *at least*, but in all probability never, owing to the interference of the numerous disturbing causes which so long a period of time always introduces. And this is upon his own hypothesis of a limited agricultural area. With the unlimited field for the utilization of labour and capital which the world really affords, there is evidently no tendency whatever in the increase of either to bring about a reduction in their remuneration.

The subject next considered is tithes; and we are happy to be able to coincide in much of what the doctor urges, in impressive and forcible language, upon this topic. He denounces them, to be sure, in their present form, as 'an incubus on agriculture,' preventing a wide enlargement of the field of cultivation; and is clear that they should be commuted for a rent-charge, or for land, in which case they would be precisely on the footing of rent—and all the vast benefits of a church establishment would be placed in security at no expense or sacrifice whatever to the community. We do not think it necessary to enter into this part of the subject here:—it is one that could not be adequately discussed in a short space—but we are happy to quote the following just and sagacious general remarks of a Presbyterian bystander:—

'The support of a priesthood has been set in opposition to the general comfort of families. Its only opposition is to the greater wealth and luxury of landlords. The men who do something are eyed with jealousy, because in possession of an interest and a property, which, if not theirs, would but serve to enlarge the affluence and useless splendour of the men who do nothing. Never were the feelings of generous and high-minded patriotism more egregiously misplaced, or the public good more in danger of being sacrificed to the mere semblance of a principle. We often hear of the omnipotence of truth; and that the prejudice of many ages, the deep-laid institutions of many centuries, must, at length, give way before it. If the ecclesiastical establishments of our land shall be of the number which are destined to fall, and that because the temporalities which belong to them have been pronounced, by the oracles of our day, as an oppression and a burden on the general population, then, instead of truth being their judge or their executioner, they shall have fallen at the hand of cunning and deceitful witnesses—they shall have perished in the midst of strong delusion, at the mandate, and by the authority, of a lie.

'When power gets into the hands of the multitude, the danger is, that it may be exercised not for guidance, but for destruction. They generally

Digitized by Google

generally act by impulse, and not by discernment; and, if only possessed with the idea, or rather with the watch-word, that the church is an incubus on the prosperity of the nation—no voice of wisdom will arrest the determination of sweeping it utterly away. We hold that a church establishment is the most effective of all machines for the moral instruction of the people; and, that, if once taken down, there is no other instrumentality by which it can adequately be replaced. We are aware that it may be feebly, and even corruptly, administered; but the way to rectify this, is, not to demolish the apparatus, but to direct its movements. We should hail the ascendency of the popular will, if it proceeded on this distinction; and, instead of deprecating, should rejoice in the liberalism of the present day, did it but know how to modify so as not to extinguish. It is because democracy, instead of a regulating power, is a sweeping whirlwind, that we dread its encroachments. It is hers, not with skilful fingers to frame and adapt the machinery of our institutions; but with the force of an uplifted arm, to inflict upon them the blow of extermination. Whatever the coming changes in the state of our society may be, there is none that would more fatally speed the disorganization and downfall of this great kingdom, than if a hand of violence were put forth on the rights and revenues of the church of England. Even with the present distribution of her wealth, it will be found, that the income of her higher, as well as humbler clergy, has been vastly overrated; and nothing, we believe, would contribute more to soften the prejudices of the nation against this venerable hierarchy, than a full exposure of all her temporalities, grounded on the strictest and most minute inquiry. And, certain it is, that, with the best possible distribution of this wealth, it will be found hardly commensurate to the moral and spiritual wants of the now greatly increased population. If all pluralities were abolished, and the enormous overgrown towns and cities of the land were adequately provided with churches, it would be found, that the whole of the existing revenues would hardly suffice for a requisite number even of *merely working ecclesiastics.* We cannot imagine a policy more ruinous, than that which would impair the maintenance of a church that has so long been illustrious for its learning, and that promises now to be the dispenser of greater blessings to the people, than at any former period of its history, by the undoubted increase of its public virtue and its piety.'

We are surprised that Dr. Chalmers should adopt that silly cant phrase of 'working clergy'—as if a faithful bishop were not in truth a more hardly-worked man than any parish priest in his diocese;—but making allowance for this slip, the passage which we have quoted appears to us well worthy of careful meditation.

We next arrive at a discussion of the question, whether the interests of a community can be advanced by a greater or less subdivision of its landed property, through the laws of inheritance. Our author's opinion rests upon the peculiar theory he espouses on

Digitized by Google

on the incidence of taxation; and indeed his reasonings tend to make it appear the perfection of policy, for the government of a country to be its sole landlord, with a dependent aristocracy of placemen and *gens de bureau*. We heartily agree with him in deprecating a minute subdivision of landed property, 'in which case there would be few, if any, of the landed proprietors that could command any of the higher enjoyments of life,' and in the belief, that 'in virtue of elegance, luxury, and leisure, being an inheritance, there is a blessing in the present system of things to the whole mass of society;' that 'from this higher galaxy of rank and fortune, there are droppings, as it were, of a bland and benignant influence on the general platform of humanity.' But 'why mistake reverse of wrong for right?' why forget that the sole choice does not lie between two extremes? Because an agrarian partition of the land would be an injury to all classes, it does not follow that the smaller the number of landed proprietors the better. He recommends, that 'instead of *letting down the peerage of our realms to the external condition of our peasantry*, we should rather go forth among the peasantry, and pour such a moral lustre over them, as might equalize them, either to peers or princes, in all the loftiest attributes of humanity.'—(p. 370.) This, with reverence, is the figure of speech styled flummery. It is not thus that the great question is to be argued, as to where lies the happy medium between the extremes of subdivision and concentration of landed proprietorship, and by what modification of the laws of inheritance it is to be secured. We have not space here even to touch upon this subject, but it must be obvious to all, that if there are great evils in the agrarianism of France, there are likewise some attendant on the excessive accumulation of landed property into few hands, which has been in gradual progress in this country during the past century, to the almost complete extinction of those two most valuable classes, which once formed the staple of English society, the minor resident country-gentleman and the independent yeoman.

The last (but one) of all the expedients for restoring the distempered community to health, which our author discusses and dismisses as inefficacious, is emigration. Now we submit that he would have acted more wisely, by taking this *first*, because the arguments by which he has attempted to prove the inadequacy of every other resource, whether increase of employment, of commerce, of capital, or the remission of taxes and of tithes, were all based on the assumption of a necessarily limited area, whence our increasing population could supply themselves with food; and it, therefore, surely behoved him to begin by proving the existence of such a limitation, and the impossibility of widening it by emigration.

Digitized by Google

gration. The fact, however, is, as indeed we have already made it appear, that his entire work, precisely like that of his great master, Malthus, with the exception of this very scanty chapter on emigration, has reference only to a country absolutely limited, in its supply of food and the disposal of its population, to its own soils, and those already in a high state of culture. When such a country can be pointed out to us, we may think it worth while to enter more at large than we have done into the arguments with which the doctor has been labouring to destroy shadows of his own creation.

Let us now see in what manner, when obliged at length to face the question of emigration, and acknowledge that no country, least of all this, is surrounded by an impassable wall, he contrives to avoid perceiving the clue it affords to all the embarrassments which the assumption of a limited area has enabled him to draw around a labouring population given to the heinous offence of 'marrying and being given in marriage' without an accurate previous calculation of all the circumstances likely to affect the demand and supply of labour in the course of the ensuing generation.

'When the agriculture of a country arrives at its limit, there is a pressure that would not be felt, but for the tendency of the population to increase. But long before this limit is reached, is the pressure felt; because the tendency to an increase in the population exceeds the rate of enlargement in the agriculture.'

Agreed; and now for the conclusion from these premises:—

'The probability, then, is, that even emigration will not eventually alleviate the distresses of our land. The same cause which outstrips the enlargement within, may also outstrip the efflux abroad.'—p. 379.

Was there ever such a *non sequitur*? Is it not like saying, that because a man is thirsty, the probability is, he would drink the Tweed dry; or that it were vain to give liberty to a captive, because the same cause which makes him find his cell too confined for his wishes, will lead him, like Alexander, to think the world all too narrow likewise! The limit to the agriculture of a country, under the circumstances of Great Britain, is a receding, not a stationary limit. Granting that it recedes less slowly than the population increases, and that there is a consequent pressure, is there any reason to presume from this that the pressure would continue, if the whole uncultivated world were opened to the agriculture of the same population? But our author says, 'the question may be made a matter of computation.' Certainly it may; and we wish he had attempted the calculation—not by a piece of mathematical jargon, about 'geometrical and arithmetical ratios,' as imposing and almost as correct as Mr. Jenkinson's discourse upon cosmogony in

Digitized by Google

in the Vicar of Wakefield,—but by a fair estimate of the quantity of cultivable soil at our disposal on the surface of the globe, and of the millions which it would maintain in comfort. Nothing of this sort has been attempted by our author. We will, however, endeavour by a brief sketch to supply his deficiency.

The extent of *land* in our colonial territory of North America, including the British provinces, Hudson's Bay territory, and Western or Indian territory, but exclusive of the North Polar region, reaches, according to Mr. Bouchette, to about 2,700,000 square miles. But if we reckon only the one million of square miles which lie south of the latitude of London, this will give us a surface *eight times as large as that of all the British islands*, and not a whit inferior to them in climate or, it is believed, in soil. With regard to the Cape and Australia, so little is known of the interior of these two great continents, that it is difficult to form any judgment as to the extent of land at our disposal in them. But if we only count upon a belt of land averaging a hundred miles in depth from those parts of their sea-coasts which we have surveyed and taken possession of, this will give us in these two quarters of the globe a surface of more than twenty millions of square miles. Here then, without going further, is an area of twenty-one millions of square miles, the population of which at present is a mere fraction, not worth speaking of. Now the actual population of Great Britain and Ireland is about two hundred and five to the square mile, and supposing one-fortieth to be 'excrescent,' or supported on foreign-grown food, it will appear that every square mile in the British kingdoms, deficient as is our agriculture in many districts, especially throughout Ireland, supports two hundred souls. We have no reason to suppose the proportion of cultivable to non-cultivable surface to be less in our colonies than at home. We know, indeed, many of their extensive savannahs and primeval forests to be more fertile than our very best soils in Britain, and able to bear many repeated croppings without manure. But allow that they are, on an average, only equal in fertility, and it will be seen that the application of our yet very imperfect agricultural processes to our colonial soils would provide support for at least 4,200,000,000 of persons at the present British standard of maintenance, or about one hundred and seventy times our present numbers; so that if our increase were to continue at the rate of a doubling in fifty years, which it has pretty steadily maintained during the present century, (under the stimulating influence in England of a badly-administered poor-law, offering a direct premium to parents on the birth of every additional child,) nearly *four centuries* must pass away before there could be a greater scarcity of food felt than at present, even upon the

Digitized by Google

the incredible supposition, that our agricultural skill should in the mean time remain unimproved. We may therefore feel ourselves tolerably safe as yet.

If it be asked what room there is for a similar development of the other nations of the earth, we answer, first, that there is but too much reason to fear that their misgovernment, disturbances, want of security for property, and frequent exposure to the scourges of war, pestilence, and famine, will yet for many generations to come prevent their making much progress in population. But should a more favourable state of things turn up, Europe alone has, we are convinced, a sufficiency of surface-soils to support, if duly cultivated, a hundred times her present population; and in Asia, Africa, and the two Americas, with the exception of a small part of China and India, the resources of the soil are as yet hardly entered upon. Look, for example, at the almost boundless plains of South America, which intervene between the Andes and the Atlantic—plains chiefly composed of deep alluvial soil, fertilized and intersected in every direction by the most magnificent navigable rivers and a rich maze of tributaries. Look at Asia Minor, Persia, Central Asia, and the vast extent of Asiatic Russia,—can it be doubted that these districts, under a government which protected industry from unjust exaction, would afford sustenance to very many times their present number of inhabitants? Of the capabilities of Northern Africa for colonization, an experiment is now, we hope, in course of trial. It is known that a great extent of its surface was once highly cultivated, and supported a dense population; and we can see no reason for doubting that, with the aid of modern skill and science, it might again be brought to at least an equal state of fertility. Of the central parts of that vast continent, south of the Sandy Desert, too little is known for us to speak with any confidence of its resources; but harassed and brutalized as its inhabitants are, for the most part, by the odious traffic in slaves, oppressed by predatory tribes, and subjected to the tyranny of atrocious despots, it is impossible to believe that their numbers have as yet made anything like an approach to the limits of the capacity of the country for their support. So far, therefore, from its being true, that the population either of the British kingdoms, or of the world at large, is already as numerous as can be maintained off the soils which are at their disposal, we believe it does not reach the one-thousandth part of the number which these soils would feed, were the agricultural skill, and science, and other resources which the most advanced among the nations even now possess, judiciously applied to their cultivation; and we can see nothing to prevent those resources being, in the course of time, themselves multiplied a thousand-fold by future discoveries and

Digitized by Google

and improvements. It has been calculated, that one square mile now may be made to maintain as many human beings as could live upon a thousand square miles of hunting ground, in an age when man lived by the chase alone. Can we presume to assert, that in the progress of husbandry, agricultural chemistry, and vegetable and animal physiology, other improvements may not carry us as far forward again, so that, if need were, even the thousandth part of a square mile might support as many as the mile does now? Strange as this may sound in the present state of our knowledge, things that sounded as strange to our forefathers have already been brought about.

But it is said, we *must* be brought to a stand-still *at length*, for the surface of the globe will afford elbow-room for but a limited number! Dr. Chalmers seriously adduces this ultimate prospect as an argument, and shudders at the risk of men becoming as thickly packed 'as mites in a cheese!' Now, in the first place, the predicted calamity does not appear to us so very fearful—the mites, for aught we can see, have a very happy time of it. In the next, we submit, that when there appears any near prospect of such an over-peopling as that—of a deficiency of standing-room for the inhabitants of the world—it may be time to consider the propriety of crying 'hold hard' to the young men and maidens who are rashly inclining to be connubial. And it ought to relieve the anxiety of these philosophers for the fate of such as may have their lot cast in those distant times, that in the works of Mr. Malthus and Dr. Chalmers, of which doubtless that remote posterity will possess the ten-thousandth edition, they are provided with a specific—*infallible*, by their account, in its effect of 'upholding a well-conditioned state of society,' by checking the rate of increase at any point where it may be considered desirable—within 'the limit' of comfortable arm's length for example, or the proportion of square feet of stowage that is allowed to each individual on board a man-of-war! The very confidence the Malthusians possess in the excellence of their specific ought to be enough to convince them, that no ultimate injury need be apprehended from the over-increase of population, with so obvious and easy a resource at hand. But to persuade us to have recourse to it NOW, is indeed right midsummer madness—the *ne plus ultra* of moonstruck, Laputan philosophy. Some member lately objected in the House of Commons to any reduction in the duty on coals exported, on the ground that we ought to husband our stock, since it is limited, and, according to the calculation of experienced geologists, not more than enough to last us, at our present rate of consumption, about 6600 years! We should take this 'prudential' gentleman to be a Malthusian philosopher. And our only wonder is,

Digitized by Google

is, that these expansive philanthropists—who would starve the present race of man in their benevolent care for the comfort of his posterity in the hundredth generation—do not likewise preach a crusade against artificial fires, as robbing the atmosphere of its oxygen; stint us of spring water, lest we drink the heavens dry, or shrink the level of the ocean; and call for a prohibition of dark colours, as tending by their absorption to exhaust the sun of his light. Air, light, and water—like the food-producing powers of the earth—have their ultimate limits; and we are about as near to the one as to the others.

But Dr. Chalmers has an objection to emigration peculiar to himself, and strongly characteristic of his style of reasoning. 'Emigration is *injurious*, in spite of *its effects in relieving the evils of a crowded population, because* it stimulates population.' Still if, at the same time that it stimulates the growth of population, it prevents all that is evil in that increase, where is the harm of such stimulus, allowing that it is one? But indeed, by our author's argument, it only stimulates population by increasing the comforts of life, and affording the means of plentiful subsistence to greater numbers; and if this be an evil, we are ready to face it, exclaiming, 'Evil, be thou our good!' On this ground, every invention tending to enlarge the powers of mankind for procuring subsistence or additional comforts, is a horrid mischief, to be deprecated and avoided with especial caution. The system of turnip husbandry and other late advances made in this country in agriculture admitted of the support of a larger population, and consequently encouraged its growth; these, therefore, come under Dr. Chalmers's ban. The labours of the Board of Agriculture must, in his eyes, be pestilent; nay, the very invention of agriculture itself, as well as all its subsequent improvements, should, in consistency, be stigmatized by him as an evil of the first magnitude. It was, to the full as much as emigration can be, 'a bounty on the multiplication of the species.' Mankind, therefore, has been all along under a grievous mistake in supposing gratitude due to those who have multiplied the productions of the earth. Mr. Coke and Mr. Curwen are plotters of evil, Ceres was the incarnation of a malevolent principle, and Triptolemus the true arch-enemy of his race!

If there is any one desire or design more manifest than another throughout the works of nature, or more worthy of the benevolence of nature's great Author, it is that there should be the utmost possible multiplication of beings endowed with life and capacity for enjoyment. We do not see that nature has contented herself with establishing little groups of organized beings in snug corners, to thrive there in security and content, through a nice adjustment of their

Digitized by Google

their numbers to the food within their reach;—whether proceeding from a mysterious adaptation of their procreative powers to their numerical state, as in Mr. Sadler's gratuitous hypothesis,—or, from a self-regulating power, dictated by instinct, or prudential intelligence, according to Mr. Malthus's equally unnecessary suggestion. No! abundance, extension, multiplication, competition for room, is the order of creation; and the only limit to the increase of each species, the mutual pressure of numbers on each other. But, if there is any one species of the animate world, whose multiplication we may venture to suppose an especial object of the Divine regard, can it be other than that which alone of all He has endowed with a particle of His spirit—with intellect, reason, speech, the faculty of *improvement*, and *an immortal soul?* Whilst every other species is taught to spread and multiply as widely as its relative powers allow, is MAN alone, though conscious of his sovereignty over all the rest of living creation, to confine himself carefully within a limited area,—alone to apply his energies to *prevent* the increase of his numbers, the enlargement of his resources, and the extension of his dominion? How blinded to the ONE GRAND OBJECT OF CREATION must he be, who would so limit the expansion, and annihilate the bright future of his race!

Our author is wrong when he asserts of emigration, that 'the longer it is prosecuted the more impracticable it becomes.' (p. 381.) On the contrary, experience has always proved, that it is the first commencement of a colony which alone presents any serious difficulties, and that the further its settlement advances, the more easily may it be extended. Even Mr. Malthus admits this; and that it must be so is obvious enough. Again, Dr. Chalmers errs sadly when he assumes that emigration can only take place as a consequence of 'extreme general destitution and distress,' and that, on this account, the continual spreading of population must be a process of continual suffering. It is quite sufficient that there should be a certain preponderance of wealth, comforts, or enjoyment of any kind, to be met with abroad, to tempt to a continual efflux, provided the means are not wanting, and the institutions of society do not interfere as a check. It is not 'the experience of great distress and destitution' which causes the annual flitting of thousands from the eastern states of America to the western. It is not merely the most wretched among our paupers who can be persuaded 'to forego all the recollections of their boyhood, the scene and the dwelling-place of their dearest intimacies,' by migrating to Canada or Australia. On the contrary, it is notorious that capitalists, persons possessed of thousands, are continually moving off to settle there. And, if a double profit

Digitized by Google

profit overcomes the repugnance to 'voluntary exile' in the wealthy capitalist, will not a double wage do as much for the labouring class? Their condition in the mother country may be *good;* and yet to induce them to remove to the colony, it may be sufficient that they have a prospect of its there being *better*—perhaps twice —perhaps ten times as *good.*

But, may we not turn the tables upon those who would substitute for the natural, ancient, and easy resource of emigration in the case of a state which is, or threatens to be, crowded, an unnatural, and we believe, impracticable, restraint upon marriage? When they urge that it must be 'no light evil' from which the emigrant makes his escape, may we not retort, that it is no inconsiderable sacrifice to forego the *domus et placens uxor*—the sweets of domestic happiness—the pleasures of marital and paternal affection? While they accuse the advocate for emigration of urging the poor to break the natural ties of home and kindred, they are themselves striving to prevent the formation of those ties which are of all the strongest, the most virtuous, and the most joy-dispensing—those of the father and the husband. If the emigrant quits his parental roof, the wound soon heals, for it is in the course of nature that he should do so, and he exchanges for it a roof-tree and a family of his own, *of which the Malthusians would deprive him.* In fact, their scheme is merely to substitute one privation for another, a greater for a less, with the additional disadvantage of a general narrowing of the numbers of mankind, and the aggregate happiness, through the selfish desire of a few to monopolize the bounties provided by nature for the whole race, and a sordid and short-sighted doubt of their sufficiency. The conduct recommended by these writers as the acme of human virtue, and the great end of Christian instruction, is, in fact, precisely that of the man in the parable who wrapped his talent in a napkin, instead of putting it out where it might multiply.

The last expedient of which Dr. Chalmers professes to demonstrate the inefficacy, is a legal provision for the poor. Our readers are already aware of the deeply-rooted hostility he has always manifested to such an institution—an hostility which, like all his other economical errors, springs directly from the unhappy and unreasonable persuasion of the want of room for man upon the earth. We have lately said so much upon this subject that we shall abstain from further comment on his mistaken preference of what he calls 'the ministrations of spontaneous and individual benevolence,—the fortuitous and free gratuities of the philanthropist,'—that is, in plain words, a system of mendicity and vagrancy, over one of regulated and legalized relief: but, passing this, and other propositions, which he reiterates as if they had not been

Digitized by Google

over and over again exposed and refuted—such as the bold assertions, in the face of the contrast presented on all these points by Ireland and England,—the one with, the other without a poor law—that an institution of that nature *necessarily* impoverishes a country!—deepens the wretchedness of the peasantry!—deadens charity!—and destroys the security of property!—we will merely notice one fatal mistake which alone would render Dr. Chalmers incompetent to reason on the subject: we speak of his imagining a poor law to be merely 'legalized or compulsory *charity*.'

'The virtue of humanity ought never to have been legalized, but left to the spontaneous workings of man's own willing and compassionate nature. Justice, with its precise boundary and well-defined rights, is the fit subject for the enactments of the statute-book; but nothing can be more hurtful than thus to bring the terms or the ministrations of benevolence under the bidding of authority.'—p. 415.

The truth, however, on the contrary is, that the poor have a decided claim, in justice, to a support from off the land on which Providence has placed them, if that land is capable of affording it to their exertions. Such a provision, therefore, instead of being a matter of charity and benevolence, 'a thing of love, not law,' is but the legal concession of a right antecedent even to that of the owners of the soil—a divine right—a right based on the eternal and immutable principles of intuitive justice. And its necessity may be equally proved on less high grounds. The only mode of preserving the peace of society, is to afford to every one suffering the extremity of want, some resource short of plunder and violence. The expediency of a poor law, as a mere measure of *preventive police*, may be easily demonstrated. It is in truth called for as imperatively by policy as by humanity, and by justice still more clearly than by either.

Dr. Chalmers, however, is only consistent in his opposition to it. Under the assumption on which he reasons, of its being impossible to keep subsistence level with population, he is quite right. Only he should not have stopped short of the conclusion to which his premises will necessarily conduct him—the propriety of passing a law to put out of their misery, at once, those 'for whom there is no room on the earth;' seeing that they must perish by inches, and during this process inflict much evil on the rest of society by encroaching on the bare sufficiency it possesses for its own wants. Private charity is quite as injurious and as nugatory in this light, as a poor law. It can only relieve one individual at the expense of another; and we refer the doctor to Mr. Malthus himself, who declares expressly, what indeed is a necessary consequence of his principle, that a poor man cannot by charity be enabled to live better than before, without proportionately depressing

Digitized by Google

pressing others of the same class.* We submit, therefore, that the true policy deducible from the Malthusian premises, is, that we should not merely abolish the poor laws, but go on to despatch the surplus population as fast as it appears. Malthus was decidedly wrong in hesitating to follow his principle up to its full extent. He contents himself with recommending that relief should be administered 'sparingly.' This is execution by slow torture. Dr. Chalmers, on the other hand, dwells with delight on the 'fullness of relief' afforded by spontaneous charity, forgetful that, on his own principle of a limited quantity of food, what is given to beggar Paul, must be taken from labourer Peter. This slight discrepancy between the professors is, however, no more than what has often appeared in the modes of 'fortuitous and free philanthropy' of other ages—

> 'God cannot love, says Blunt, with tearless eyes,
> The wretch he starves,—and piously denies.
> While the good bishop, with indulgent air,
> Admits and leaves them Providence's care.'

Having thus gone through the whole list of political expedients for securing the well-being of the community, and 'demonstrated their futility' in succession, by help of the postulate which declared it from the first,—our author brings us in triumph to the '*argal*' at which he has been all along straining, viz. that since nothing can make food keep pace with population, all our efforts should be turned to make population keep pace with food; and the only specific for this is 'prudential restraint upon marriage,' self-imposed by each individual, and inculcated by a Christian education.

Now we will not yield even to Dr. Chalmers, in a fervent zeal for the spread of 'moral and Christian education.' We need scarcely say, that we agree wholly with him in the vast benefits derivable from national endowments for this purpose. But we cannot agree in the opinion, that it is any part of the duty of a moral and Christian pastor, to interfere with the dictates of nature, as to the proper period for marriage. We do not, in short, recognise any necessary connexion between religion and celibacy—virtue and abstinence from wedlock. We desire general education as a means, not of proportioning the numbers of mankind to their food, but of providing them with that intellectual aliment, which, at the same time that it enlightens them on their true physical interests, adds to their mental and social gratifications; and while affording them the prospect of eternal happiness in another world, equally assists them to secure their welfare in the present. None shall go beyond us in anxiety to inculcate universally the

* Book iii. chap. 4.

Digitized by Google

principles of 'prudence and foresight.' We only differ from our author as to the true application of those principles, which we should prefer directing towards the means of procuring a sufficiency for the maintenance of a family in respectability and comfort, rather than towards the avoidance of the burthen of a family, lest their maintenance should not be procurable. We know where it is said, 'He feedeth the ravens who call upon him.' And, though blaming as much as any an indolent and careless reliance on Providence,—though assenting, in its *moral* sense, to the truth of 'Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera,'—the 'prudence' that we recommend, is an active, not a negative one—a judicious struggle against threatening evils, not a cowardly and Fabian retreat before them—a determination to push back by all imaginable means the apparent barrier to our onward progress, not a timid shrinking within ourselves, lest we haply receive a rub or two against it. And since we are quite confident that the barrier is in truth imaginary, or rather conventional, the offspring of our voluntary arrangements, and to be kept at any distance we please—that

——'spatium Natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti'—

that the foresight of the members of a civilized community, judiciously directed, and uninterfered with by mistaken laws or officious advice, will enable them to procure a plentiful subsistence for all their possible numbers, either from within or without the geographical limits of the district they at present inhabit—we do think it no part of the duty of a Christian minister, to endeavour to give a different direction to the 'prudence and foresight' of his fellow-citizens, and we are quite sure, that by so doing, he will only be fighting against nature, and must do far more harm than good. By discouraging matrimony, he will probably but encourage illicit indulgence—

'Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret;'—

at the very best, he enforces a needless amount of privation, and checks the production of a large increase of human happiness.

The moral tendency, indeed, of this doctrine, we consider indescribably pernicious. By holding out to all, that improvements of any kind are useless, and even mischievous, for that 'every enlargement of our resources only tends to land us in a larger, it is true, but a more straitened population,' it directly discourages all attempts at the amelioration of our condition, whether public or private; and fosters in all classes a selfish and apathetic indolence, a mean distrust of our own powers, instead of that confident resolution to employ them to the utmost, which, under fair play, is almost certain of overcoming every obstacle. We need

no

Digitized by Google

no stronger illustration of the proof of this than the book we are reviewing. Here are half-a-dozen resources canvassed for raising the condition of the body of the population—each of them is *admitted* to be more or less efficacious towards that end, but because it is assumed that there is an ultimate limit to the efficacy of each, they are all dismissed as unprofitable, deceptive, and even hurtful, and we are gravely told to cease our efforts for enlarging our resources, and direct them wholly to limiting our wants!

Again: by this doctrine the wealthy and the powerful are completely absolved from the duty of contributing to relieve the distresses of their poorer neighbours, either by direct charity, or a just and wise attention to the economical means for improving their condition; since all such attempts are declared to be not only fruitless but mischievous. It absolutely frees a government from all responsibility for the sufferings of the mass of the community, by throwing the blame entirely on *Nature* and the improvidence of the poor themselves, and declaring the evil to admit of no remedy from any possible exertions of the legislature. We cannot imagine any theory more destructive than this would be, were it generally received, whether among the higher and more powerful, or the lower classes themselves; and we must consider those who labour to propagate it, though including, we are well aware, many of the most ardent and benevolent philanthropists of the age, to be, unconsciously, the enemies of their kind.

We hope Dr. Chalmers, in particular, will pardon the freedom of our remarks. We cannot sit by in silence and see the weight of his authority and the force of his eloquence exerted on the side of what we consider a most portentous and abominable doctrine. We implore him to re-consider his opinions. The welfare of existing millions—the existence of future myriads, depends on the destruction of the miserable sophism, which lies at the bottom of his whole economical system.

ART. III.—1. *Franckii Callinus, sive Quæstionis de Origine Carminis Elegiaci tractatio critica.* Altonæ et Lipsiæ. 1829.

2. *Poetarum Græcorum Sylloge,* curante Io. Fr. Boissonade. Tom. III. Parisiis. 1830.

IN a work lately noticed in this journal it is remarked, with reference to the peculiar character of the Iliad and the Odyssey,—

'that they may be looked upon as the embodied spirit of heroic poetry in the abstract, rather than as the poems of any particular poet. In them we can discover no peculiarities of thinking or feeling, no system, no caprice. All is wide, diffused, universal, like the primal light

Digitized by Google

light before it was gathered up, and parcelled off into greater and lesser luminaries to rule the day and the night. Look at the difference in this respect between the Homeric and all the Greek poetry of the following ages. It is no longer the muse speaking, but a Theban, or an Athenian, or a Sicilian poet. The Individual appears, the temperament of the man is visible. Poems become unlike each other. As the nation grows older, and the rights of citizens and the habits of civil society become more precisely defined, the poet's compositions are more or less stamped with the mark of his own character; his spirit, in ceasing to be universal, waxes more intense and personal. A man who had not read a line of the works of Milton or Waller, could not fail to perceive distinct authorship in any two pieces that might be selected from their poetry. So it is with the Greek poets after the Homeric age.' *

This is substantially true, at least as to the Greeks; and it is curious to trace the truth of it in that remarkable coincidence of chronologic with philosophical classification, which seems to evince an instinctive obedience to this law of progress in the poetic imagination of that people. In Homer—it matters little whether we regard that mystic word as the name of any one transcendant genius, or as the concrete term for the heroic rhapsodies on the tale of Troy divine—in Homer there is no subjectivity or mental self-beholding whatever: the character of the author is merged in the character of the age; and we see, as it were, a clear and beautiful stream, which reflects the heavens above, and the flowers and the trees and the men upon its banks—everything, indeed, but its own self. With Homer, we may believe, arose—with Homer, we are certain, set—the sun of the Greek heroic poetry; all subsequent attempts, though in respect of each other greatly differing in style and merit, failed, totally failed, it must be allowed, to waken the strong and blithesome and music-breathing spirit of the Iliad. The most successful passages in the Orphic Argonautics, in Apollonius, in Nonnus, in Tryphiodorus, &c., are precisely such as differ essentially in kind from the Homeric tone, and which owe their prominence to the very circumstance, that their authors ceased for the moment to study to imitate an inimitable antiquity, and gave vent to their own great talents in the genuine manner and direction of their own age alone. Heroic poetry—the poetry of Homer—could hardly be the spontaneous growth of any subsequent age in Greece: for the spirit of the nation must no doubt have greatly changed with the nearly universal adoption of republican institutions, and have become more and more alien from the temper and feeling of the olden times, in proportion as city habits, city interests, and city pleasures increased in the range

* Introductions to the Study of the Greek Poets. By H. N. Coleridge. p. 177.

and

Digitized by Google

and intensity of their dominion. With the exception of the early European, more especially the Moro-Castilian, feudalism—such as we see it, for example, in that immortal specimen, the poem of the Cid—the world never saw, and in all probability never will see, any other state of society so remarkably favourable to the production of such poetry as that of the Iliad;—a state in which a religious, a music and verse-revering barbarism lay interfused, in harmonious contrast, throughout a fierce but honourable, and as yet unhackneyed civilization.

The Homeric hero—*Ἥρως*—left no genuine descendants; the Knight, the Campeador, was, we think, in most points his equal, perhaps more than his equal, but he was not of the same kindred; and so much do we think the poetry of the Iliad to have been the untransmissible, incommunicable product of the heroic age, that we almost believe that a poet, who to the splendid chivalry of Scott should add the moral majesty of Wordsworth and the subtile harmonies of Coleridge, would even, in this our day, do greater things with the Morte Arthur, than lay, or could lie, in the power of any Greek, after the Persian invasion, to effect for the Seven before Thebes or the Thessalian Argonauts; and with our conception of the Iliad, even Æschylus was no exception.

Thus the spirit of heroic poetry in the specific guise of epic verse failed in Greece, and for the next three or four centuries the muse took another shape. The primary or mother-form of this second epoch was what we vulgarly call Elegy,—upon the right definition and history of which we shall enter into some details in this article; the later, but subsequently collateral form, was the Ode. It must not, however, be supposed that there was any total break or discontinuance between these two epochs; on the contrary, the connexion between Homer and Pindar, though exquisitely fine, is entire, and the joining links are the warlike strains of Callinus and Tyrtæus. In them we can very distinctly perceive the same old heroic spirit, though narrowed by the feelings of the individual poet, and modified by the exigency of the particular occasion, but not as yet volatilized into the laments of Mimnermus, nor condensed into the passion of Sappho. They are, in truth, specifically neither of the first age, nor the second, but between, and dovetailing with each,—on the one hand, recalling, as by an echo, the epic rhapsody that had preceded them, and on the other, breathing an earnest and a prophecy of the lyric hymn which was to follow them. Within this second age, which commences with Callinus, the probable contemporary of Hesiod, and ends with Pindar, we must place the Works and Days,—justly so, we think, upon the ground of the essential character of that poem, although with an apparent anomaly on the score of its measure.

The

Digitized by Google

The truth is, that between the genuine Hesiod and the Gnomic elegy there is the closest connexion, and his exclusive use of the hexameter only demonstrates his priority in order of time; besides which, we profess to be only marking what may be called the onward steps of the poetic mind of the Greeks, and not taking any account of the miscellaneous mass of heroic verse which grew up, indeed, in abundance on the banks, as it were, of the running stream, the more or less successful fruit either of rhapsodic imitation of Homer, or sometimes of the necessity felt by early philosophy for a popular vehicle of communication, before the introduction, or at least before the familiar use, of compositions in prose. It is with respect to the writings of this age that the lovers of the antique muse of Greece have the heaviest, the most irretrievable losses to deplore; time and barbarism * have here swept away more than their usual share of the great and the beautiful; and when we take up a modern collection, and see what is now left us even of the mightiest of this throng of great poets—their mutilated vigour, their disjointed melody, their objectless passion—we feel our hearts swell with that melancholy and vexation of spirit, which we know not that the sight of the shattered temples of Athens itself should more worthily call up, than this mournful exhibition of the torsos of Archilochus, of Sappho, and of Simonides!

* See the account given by Alcyonius in the person of Leo X. of the solemn burning of sundry Greek poets, in MS., by the Byzantine priests: 'Audiebam etiam puer,' says Giovanni, 'ex Demetrio Chalcondyle, Græcarum rerum peritissimo, sacerdotes Græcos tanta floruisse auctoritate apud Cæsares Byzantinos, ut *integra* (illorum gratia) *complura* de veteribus Græcis poemata combusserint, imprimisque ea ubi amores, turpes lusus, et nequitiæ amantium continebantur; atque ita Menandri, Diphili, Apollodori, Philemonis, Alexis fabellas, et *Sapphus*, Erinnæ, *Anacreontis*, *Mimnermi*, Bionis, *Alcmanis*, *Alcæi* carmina intercidisse;—tum pro his substituta Nazianzeni nostri poemata, quæ, etsi excitent animos nostrorum hominum ad flagrantiorem religionis cultum, non tamen verborum Atticam proprietatem, et Græcæ linguæ elegantiam edocent. Turpiter quidem sacerdotes isti in veteres Græcos malevoli fuerunt, sed integritatis, probitatis, et religionis maximum dedere testimonium.'—*De Exilio*, p. 69. Gravina says, 'De' lirici (da Pindaro, ed *Anacreonte* in fuori [?]) non sono a noi rimasi, che pochi frammenti, per essere state da' vescovi e sacerdoti Greci le loro opere bruciate, ed estinte con esse le oscenità e gli amori, che contenevano; in luogo delle quali, con maggior vantaggio della religione, e della pietà, furon sostituiti i poemi di San Gregorio Nazianzeno.'—*Ragion Poetica*, p. 57.

Foster says, 'It was their piety, not their ignorance, which induced them to burn most of the old lyric poems on account of their impurity. This loss a Christian scholar will hardly object to them.'—*Essay on Accent, &c.*, p. 138. This last sentence is almost the only weak remark in that admirable book, of which Eton might be more proud, and certainly should *know* more. These pious priests, who must needs burn Mimnermus and Sappho, took very good care not to deprive Christianity of the benefits likely to arise from the preservation of the Lysistrate and the Dialogi Meretricii. The cause of those great men—the Greek exiles of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—Dem. Chalcondyles, Bessarion, Chrysoloras, Lascaris, &c., is not connected with the barbarous bigots who burnt the exquisite strains of poets, the very fragments of whose works modern bishops have rejoiced to illustrate.

The

Digitized by Google

The proper and specific age of lyric poetry terminated with Pindar; but it did not terminate abruptly. Precisely as the heroic rhapsody passed into the ode by an easy transfusion through the war elegies of Callinus and Tyrtæus, the ode itself gave birth to that histrionic chorus which finally ended in the regular drama. Accordingly, the last exclusive lyrist, and the first writer of the regular dramatic dialogue, were contemporaries; and one of the first theatrical pieces we have,—the Persians of Æschylus,—is little beyond a grand triumphal ode in commemoration of a war, and even of a battle, in which the poet himself had fought and conquered. The dramatized ode, or lyric drama, was necessarily in its inception serious, figurative, tragic—and indeed the plays of Æschylus are universally such; but that tendency to the artificial habits of social life which, under the vast impulse given to it by the glory and security resulting from the Persian defeat, first prompted the adoption of the feigned dialogue as a fuller and more exact representative of individual rights and feelings,—that tendency, we say, in its rapid development, forcibly modified its own creation, diminishing the infusion of the poet's own soul in the lyric chorus, and augmenting the complication and importance of the plot and the imagined actors. Sophocles was the middle point between the predominance of the Ode and the Comedy, and the connecting links on either side were Æschylus and Euripides. In the first of these there was an overbalance of the lyric vein, in the last there was a deficiency of the heroic; in Sophocles alone it is that all the constituents of the Greek Tragic Ideal met, united, and became vocal. But it could not so remain; the City —we cannot say the state, for that term would introduce an alien impression—the City, with its restless interests, continued to press upon the poetic imagination, till it had made the conception of tragic beauty impossible, or the exhibition of it incongruous, and then vainly sought in the opposite pole of dramatic poetry the humiliation of that Demus, to the passions and caprice of which it all too late discovered that it had irrevocably subjugated itself. This is a curious history; first in the Heroic verse the universal mind of all men, as men, absorbing, or, as it were, catholicizing the minds of particular men;—then, in Elegy and Ode, the individual mind emerging, and by an antagonist effort drawing the minds of all other men to itself;—then, in course of time, society demanding and causing in the Tragic Drama a projection of the individual into the representative *personæ* of its nobler classes and more serious feelings: and in the elder and the later Comedy respectively, the poet, identifying himself with a party or a school, lashing the delinquencies and denouncing the names of political adversaries, or laughing at the follies and moralizing on the vanities of mankind at large.

One

Digitized by Google

One more original shape the spirit of the Greek muse took, before the last lingering sparkle of national independence was for ever extinguished; and it was almost the only new shape which, as far as we can judge, *could* have been assumed. The resentment of Achilles, the graces of Nanno, and the glory of the Games, had been worthily sung; the inherited Curse and the inexorable Destiny, the Assembly, the Dicast and the Demagogue, the Slave, the Spendthrift and the Courtezan, had been each and all exhibited in imperishable relief upon the stage;—but the Shepherds and the Goat-herds still remained unsung; and it is not uninteresting to remark in this instance how all that remained of original and creative strength in the Greek poetic mind betook itself to the cultivation of this new field of imagination, till, in the result, that magnificent strain of verse, which in its prime had been the most spirit-stirring and immediate to the bosoms of all men, ended peacefully in a system, the frame work of which was the most entirely artificial of any that had till then ever existed.

The Greek poetry, like all the Greek literature, was strictly original and self-evolved. Hence, perhaps, we may reasonably impute to the order in which its several kinds appeared, a degree of philosophical regularity which either does not exist, or is but faintly discoverable, in other national literatures principally derived from the Greek, or successively and under subsequent modifications from each other. The Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, and other modern European poets, had the complete roll of Greek verse lying open before them at once; and in some instances congeniality of temperament in particular individuals led, although in a very different stage of national development, to an imitation of some particular branch of Greek poetry. Nevertheless, we feel persuaded that those who are thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the earliest ages of poetry in modern Europe, whether it be in the strains of Provence, Spain, England, or Germany, will agree with us in thinking that the catholic, uniform, and, if we may venture so uncouth a compound, the individual-merging character of the poetry of the Iliad is, in various degrees, perceptible in them all; and it is worth remarking, that so far as our own literature is concerned, almost the first English poet of great eminence, of whose name and habits we know anything—Chaucer—is, beyond all comparison, the most purely and essentially Homeric that we possess.

We have said a word or two more than we intended upon the career and character of the Greek poetry in general; our principal design, however, is to give a slight sketch of that form of it which is commonly called Elegy—but which, to avoid mistake, we will at present simply designate as the couplet of the hexameter and

Digitized by Google

and the pentameter. It will be seen, by what follows, that the term Elegy is comparatively modern, and, with reference to the ordinary subject matter of the true elegy, most improperly applied to the earliest poetry contained in elegiac metre. No one acquainted with the manner of the Iliad can peruse the fragments of Callinus and Tyrtæus, without recognizing in them a strong infusion of the old heroic spirit; and the metre is so very naturally formed by simply omitting the latter half of the third and sixth feet of a dactylic hexameter, that the connexion of form appears even closer. Indeed it seems clear that the hexameter and pentameter are exactly isochronous;—the pause of the voice after the metrical *arsis* of the third and sixth feet in the pentameter being musically equal to the expression of the *thesis* of the same feet respectively in the hexameter. A Latin elegiac couplet would accordingly stand thus in musical notation:—



The foot raised on the utterance of the last syllable of *Hæmonio* must necessarily have fallen before it could be raised again at the first syllable of *Laodamia;* and the same remark holds equally true as to the falling of the foot after the last syllable of *viro* before the *arsis* of the next verse. This is obvious to the eye, and it would be equally so to the ear, if we would, or perhaps *could*, pronounce the verses of the ancients with that exact mensuration of syllabic time which they knew how to conciliate with a just expression of the accent. It is, indeed, rather amusing to hear the leaders of most of our great schools declare that they teach pronunciation of the classic languages entirely by quantity, and that an attempt to pronounce by accent as well is ridiculous; whereas the fact is, that, with the single exception of an old but, as we remember, condemned mode at Eton of reading Greek Anacreontic verse, the modern pronunciation is exclusively regulated by the rules of the Latin accentuation, in absolute disregard of quantity altogether, excepting so far as the quantity of the penultimate is the criterion of the place of the acute in all polysyllables.

By the rules of the Latin accentuation, which, as we know from Quinctilian, were the simplest imaginable, the acute fell on the

Digitized by Google

the first syllable of all dissyllables, and on the penultimate of such polysyllables as had their penultimate long, and on the antepenultimate of those wherein the penultimate was short. Thus, 1. déus, músa, béllum, béne; 2. deŏrum, musārum, bellōrum; 3. óptĭmus, trépĭdus, pertérrĭtus, impertérrĭtūs, &c. This mode of accentuating, though not identical with the rules of accent common to the principal languages of modern Europe, is yet so very easily observable by modern nations, especially the Italians and English, that the correct pronunciation of Latin, so far as accent is concerned, is no doubt generally attained, by simply leaving boys to utter a Latin word pretty much as they would an English one, preserving the quantity of the penultimate. But then, Quinctilian tells us, that besides the accented syllable, there was also the long or the short syllable, and that no recitation of verse could be endured in which the quantities were not accurately expressed. Here is our difficulty; we say *ŏptimus* well enough, because the acute falls on the long syllable; but we also say *trĕpidos*, in precisely the same time—not merely in the total time, for of course the rhythmus of a dactyl and an anapæst must be musically equal—but we utter the syllables in the same *order* of times, and thereby change the anapæstic into the dactylic series. So much for Latin. But in pronouncing Greek, we attend neither to quantity nor to accent,—the Greek accent we mean, which was regulated by laws totally dissimilar to those of the Latin, and was infinitely more various, more complicated, and more melodious;* instead of which we apply the rules of the Latin accentuation rigidly, and by consequence, never, in fact, express the quantity, excepting, as in Latin, when the long syllable coincides with the place of the Latin acute. Thus, take the first three words of the Iliad:—

Μῆνιν ἄειδε θεὰ—

in the first of these words, the Greek and Latin accents coincide with the long quantity, and the common pronunciation is therefore true; but in the second word the Greek and Latin accents fall on different syllables, in which case, we follow the Latin rule, leave the first syllable grave which ought to be acuted, and acute the second syllable which ought to be grave; in the third word, the accents vary again, and here where the Greek acute actually coincides with the long quantity, we still follow the Latin rule, by which no last syllable can be acuted, and, as every one knows,

* Sed accentus quoque cum *rigore* quodam, tum similitudine ipsa minus suaves habemus, quia ultima syllaba nec acuta unquam excitatur, nec flexa circumducitur, sed in gravem, vel duas graves cadit semper. *Itaque tanto est sermo Græcus Latino jucundior*, ut nostri poetæ, quoties dulce carmen esse voluerunt, illorum id nominibus exornent.—Quinct. xii. c. 10. s. 33.

say

Digitized by Google

say Θέα, instead of Θεά, as in this instance, without the least difficulty, and with marked increase of musical effect, we might do. However, it is clear, that upon the supposition of the ancient poetry having been *sung*, and not merely *recited*, to music,—which latter position is maintained by Ilgen—the time of the pentameter was exactly equal to that of the hexameter, and accordingly, upon the same supposition, the change of metre from the simple heroic verse was very slight indeed,—certainly much less than we are apt to think it to be, with reference to the modern unmusical mode of reading.

Boettiger, a venerable German, equally distinguished for classical scholarship and the elegance of his native style, has conjectured that the elegiac couplet owed its origin to an attempt to adapt the heroic verse to the double Lydian flute, or rather pipe, commonly called in Latin *tibia dextra et sinistra*.* According to this fancy—for it is no more—the hexameter was sung to the sound of the tibia dextra or larger pipe, the pentameter to the sinistra or smaller, where the instrument consisted of unequal pipes—tibiæ impares—which was not always the case. The supposed authority for this position, is a passage in Herodotus, who, speaking of Alyattes, king of the Lydians, says (Clio. 17):—Ἐστρατεύετο δὲ ὑπὸ συρίγγωντε καὶ πηκτίδων καὶ αὐλοῦ γυναικηίου τε καὶ ἀνδρηίου;—where, no doubt, the masculine and feminine pipe means the *tibia dextra* and *sinistra*! and Boettiger imagines that the warlike Ionian elegies of Callinus were composed with reference to this style of military music; and he notices the conceit of Herder, that in these early elegies, the pentameter is like a warrior maiden married to the heroic verse as to a husband. It is, perhaps, not worth while to discuss this matter gravely:—it may be enough to suggest the gross improbability, that a new style of poetry should be invented to suit an instrument, instead of the converse;—that even if we had any right to appropriate the elegy to the masculine and feminine pipes, exclusively of the other instruments mentioned in the same passage, no authority can be shown for the assertion, that elegiac verse was ever peculiarly associated with the double pipe, though the Simonidean or lugubrious species of elegy certainly was so associated with the single traverse flute or πλαγίαυλος, a different and more modern instrument; that it is a mistake to suppose that the elegies of Tyrtæus (for the argument rests upon an analogy drawn from them) were sung or recited in the beginning of actual conflict,—the truth being, that these poems were addressed to the chiefs and soldiers previously and in the camp—whilst the ἐμβατήρια, or marching songs, were reserved for the very eve of action; and

* Attisches Museum I. fasc. 2. p. 293 and 335.

finally,

Digitized by Google

finally, that the most probable date of the existence of Callinus is 782 B.C., whilst the reign of Alyattes is placed by Eusebius, 612 B.C., and by the Arundel marble, 605 B.C., constituting, under any circumstances, a priority in point of time for Callinus, that destroys the very ground upon which Boettiger's conjecture, so far as Herodotus is any authority for it, rests.

The discussion as to the mode and character of the invention is altogether modern; but the dispute as to the inventor himself was familiar to the ancient critics. Horace's notice of the controversy is well known :—

> Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,
> Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos;
> Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
> Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

The poet alludes to the grammarians of Alexandria, the loss of so many of whose works has been to Greek philology, what the destruction of so many great works of Varro—who was himself a school—has been to the Latin—a deep and incurable wound. It sounds odd at first, to say, that a point in the history of ancient literature, about which Horace could not make up his mind, has been very satifactorily set at rest by a modern German; and still more so, that on another point, upon which Horace seems to have had no doubt at all, that accomplished critic was mistaken. Yet so we think it is. Franck, in the work named at the head of this article, has, in our judgment, fully demonstrated, that neither Mimnermus—who seems to have been the favourite with Horace—nor Tyrtæus, nor even Archilochus, the most serious competitor,—but Callinus of Ephesus was the first poet of whom we know, or the ancient *critics* knew, anything, that used the elegiac couplet,—for, of course, that is all that can be meant by saying, that Callinus was the inventor;—and also, that so far from that metre having been primarily devoted to plaintive or amatory strains —(*querimonia—voti sententia compos*)—such appropriation of it was long subsequent to its first known association with warlike themes in the verses of Callinus. The essay in which Franck discusses and disposes of this old question, is an eminent instance, no less of that overflowing erudition and sagacious insight, which so honourably distinguish the German critic—the disciple and fellow-countryman of Hermann—than of that strange and afflicting style of Latin composition, which is an almost equal characteristic of German scholarship, and which perhaps we flatter, when we say, that it holds about the same relation to the critical style of Porson, that Ammianus Marcellinus does to Cicero. Nevertheless, Franck's dissertation is one of those efforts which set a point at rest; at all events, like Wolf's Prolegomena, it is one which *must* be

Digitized by Google

be read and noted by every student, whose ambition it is to get a thorough understanding of the history and character of the very early Greek literature.

It may, perhaps, be considered as the result of all the authorities on the subject, that the precise term—Elegy—was unknown in Greece, before the age of Simonides, the son of Leoprepes or the younger, and its commonly received, though not unquestionable, etymology—ἓ ἓ λέγειν,—(i. e., *to cry Alas!*)—denotes the tone which that celebrated poet impressed upon the couplet of the hexameter and pentameter. Previously to the flourishing point of his life, perhaps about 519 B.C., verses of every description—the Homeric hexameters—the iambics of Archilochus—the couplets of Callinus, Mimnermus, and Theognis,—were uniformly called by the generic name ἔπη,—and it was only after specific names had been invented and appropriated by the Attic writers, in and about the æra of the Pisistratidæ, that heroic verse began to be peculiarly known by a designation which had originally belonged to it only in common with every other kind of poetry. Hence the term passed to the Romans, and from them to modern Europe, as exclusively applicable to that species of poem *supposed* to be of the same kind with the Iliad. The distinctive names relative to elegiac poetry, which came into use in the age of, and were very probably invented by Simonides, were, with their classical definitions, as follows :—

1. Ἔλεγος—a poem of a competent length upon some lugubrious or funereal subject, composed in couplets of hexameter and pentameter verse. A few such couplets together did not constitute an ἔλεγος, but an ἐπίγραμμα,—a distinction which, although well established, seems, where the shorter poem was not strictly inscriptional, very arbitrary and difficult of application. For instance, the twelve or fourteen lines in the Andromache were an ἔλεγος, although, in fact, constituting a part of the following choric ode, and its anomalous dialect is to be accounted for on that ground ;—whilst the six exquisite lines of Callimachus

Ἐξαί τω, Ἡράκλεισι, τιὸν μέρον. κ.τ.λ.

were an epigram.

2. Ἐλεγεία—a poem in elegiac metre beyond the measure of the epigram, without limitation as to the nature of the subject.

3. Ἐλεγεῖον—the elegiac distich.

4. Ἐλεγεῖα—in the plural—any given number of such distichs on any subject, short of the complete poem. The Romans disregarded the distinction between ἔλεγος and ἐλεγεία, and designated as elegies compositions in elegiac metre upon any subject whatever, warlike, amatory, melancholy, historical, or even antiquarian. The following classification, therefore, of the ancient Greek elegiac

Digitized by Google

elegiac poetry may approach to the truth, or, at least, help to some useful distinctions in its history and character. First then, both in priority of time and, as we have ventured to suggest, in the order of philosophical development, we have the war poems of Callinus, and, with a difference of colour and age, those of Tyrtæus. The essential diversity of feeling between these fragments—more especially the fragment of Callinus—and all the poetry in the same metre of subsequent ages, whether Greek or Roman—will not escape the attention of the discriminating critic. In a word, there is nothing whatever *elegiac* in them, as we moderns understand that term; they are rather the mode and appearance of the heroic spirit—that of the Iliad—passing off, but not as yet sublimed, into the lyric transport of the ode. Perhaps an example will illustrate our meaning with more clearness than any abstract analysis can do, and for that purpose we solicit something of a scrutinizing attention to the mood of mind and poetic manner evinced in the well-known passage where Hector and Ajax respectively exhort their troops to stand firm and fight it out to the last:—

Τρῶες καὶ Λύκιοι καὶ Δάρδανοι ἀγχίμαχοι καὶ,
ἀνέρες ἔστε φίλοι, μνήσασθε δὲ θούριδος ἀλκῆς,
νῆας ἀνὰ γλαφυράς. κ.τ.λ.*

"Trojans and Lycians and Dardanians bold—
The ships!—Be men!—be valiant as of old!
But now I saw where Jove's pernicious blow
Blasted our foeman's arrows and his bow.
Clear to discern His great auxiliar arm,
For some a glory, and for some alarm,
As now he brings the Grecian spirit down,
That Troy and us with triumph He may crown!
On therefore to the ships! and if ye chance
To meet or feather'd shaft or brandish'd lance,
Die as ye may!—no shame to die in fight
For wife, for children, for your country's right;—
So, saved from spoilers, shall they bless your name,
What time the Greeks shall fly the way they came!"
He spake and fir'd each soul:—on th' other side
To all his crowding heroes Ajax cried,
"Shame, Argives! stand!—Better we here expire,
Or save ourselves from death, our ships from fire!
Think ye, if Hector shall our vessels burn,
That back to Greece on foot ye can return?
Hear ye not Hector shouting to his host—
His ship-destroying, flame-invoking boast?
Not to the dance he calls;—he calls to fight!—
Be this then ours;—no other course more right—

* Il. O'. xv. 486—513.

Better

Digitized by Google

Better for us in one determined close
At once to die, or triumph o'er our foes,—
Than, baffled still by an inferior band,
Here ling'ring on the shore in conflict vain to stand!" '

With these lines, which the old critics used to say contained the essence of all that Tyrtæus ever wrote, we compare the fragment of Callinus, in our judgment the most ancient specimen of the elegiac metre now existing,—perhaps we should not much err if we said the most ancient piece of Greek poetry of any kind after the Iliad and the Odyssey. Franck does not hesitate to place Callinus before Hesiod, and we think the intimate connexion between the Works and Days and the Gnomic elegy of Theognis goes far to warrant the position. Strabo * expressly says that Callinus must have lived before Archilochus—that Hercules or Hermes Trismegistus of poets, to whom not only the invention of his proper iambic, but also that of the elegy and even of the hexameter has been attributed by some—because the latter mentions the destruction of the Magnesians by the Cimmerians, whilst Callinus refers to them as then flourishing and maintaining themselves in war against the Ephesians; and Strabo says that in the verse—

νῦν δ' ἐπὶ Κιμμερίων στρατὸς ἴσχεται ἀβρομιόων—†

Callinus refers to some more ancient irruption of the Cimmerians. Franck supposes this line to belong to the existing fragment, and amongst other arguments tending to show the erroneousness of the vulgar opinion of the poem's having reference to the war of the Ephesians against the Magnesians—in which war it is clear that the former had generally the advantage—he very acutely notices the implication, arising from the tone of the fragment, that the poet was exhorting his countrymen to a vigorous resistance to the attack of some superior, and probably very formidable, enemy, but not to a war of invasion,—of which last character the hostility of the Ephesians towards the Magnesians seems generally to have been. Herodotus, indeed, places ‡ a capture of Sardis by the Cimmerians, in the reign of Ardys, the successor of Gyges, B.C. 634; and to suppose this invasion to be the one mentioned by Callinus would certainly be to place him after Archilochus, who was, indisputably, a contemporary with the greatest part of the reign of Gyges: but, independently of the arguments alleged by Franck upon other grounds, we think the express opinion of Strabo—that Callinus alludes to a former invasion—well supported by the great probability, that in the very early times the Scythian hordes on the Euxine repeatedly made plundering incursions into

* xiv. 958. † Cited by Strabo ubi supra. ‡ Clio, s. 15.

Digitized by Google

the rich, and, for the most part, defenceless provinces of Asia Minor. Ἐξ ἐπιδρομῆς ἁρπαγή is the characteristic description of a Cimmerian irruption given us by Herodotus.*

But now for the fragment itself, and we take it as it appears in Stobæus, without adopting the probable emendations of Franck.

Μέχρις τοῦ κατάκεισθε; κόσε θ' ἅλκιμον ἕξετε θυμόν,
ὦ νέοι; οὐδ' αἰδεῖσθ' ἀμφιπεριστενόμενοι,
δδε λίην μεθίεντες; κ.τ.λ.

How long will ye slumber? when will ye take heart,
And fear the reproach of your neighbours at hand?—
Seems, comrades, ye think ye have Peace for your part,
Whilst the sword and the arrow are wasting our land!

Shame!—grasp the shield close!—cover well the bold breast!
Aloft raise the spear as ye march on the foe!
With no thought of retreat—with no terror confest,
Hurl your last dart in dying, or strike your last blow!

Oh! 'tis noble and glorious to fight for our all—
For our country—our children—the wife of our love!
Death comes not the sooner!—no soldier shall fall
Ere his thread is spun out by the Sisters above!

Once to die is man's doom!—rush, rush on to the fight!—
He cannot escape though his blood were Jove's own;—
For awhile let him cheat the shrill arrow by flight,
Fate will catch him at last in his chamber alone!

Unlamented he dies—unregretted!—not so
When, the tower of his country, in death falls the brave,
Thrice hallow'd his name amongst all, high or low,
As with blessings alive, so with tears in his grave!

There has been a world of learned obliquity of judgment exercised in discussing the age and authorship of these celebrated lines. They have been attributed to Tyrtæus—to some imitator of Tyrtæus—and by Camerarius—who addressed them to all Christian princes by way of adhortation to a crusade against the Turks—to Callimachus; but this last apparent absurdity, we believe to be no more than a confusion of names in the excellent Joachim's mind. He had heard nothing of Callinus, and a great deal about Callimachus,—and both names began with the same syllable. The fragment itself, as commonly printed, is found in Stobæus, where it is attributed to Callinus; and with reference to the estimation in which Callinus was held by the ancients relatively to Tyrtæus, it is worth noticing, that in the well-known Alexandrian canon of the classics, drawn up by Aristophanes of Byzantium, Callinus is named as first of the

* Clio, s. 6.

Elegiac

Digitized by Google

Elegiac poets, and Tyrtæus omitted altogether. It must be confessed, however, that this canon is a very arbitrary and injudicious collection in some instances, and reflects but little credit on the poetical sensibility of its otherwise most justly celebrated author.

Tyrtæus, the son of Archimbrotus, was subsequent, we incline to think long subsequent, in time to Callinus. Without attempting to fix the year of his birth, we have good grounds for assigning the commencement of the second Messenian war, and the appearance of the poet in it, respectively to the fourth year of the twenty-third, and the first year of the twenty-fourth Olympiad, B.C. 685-4. We suppose him to have been almost throughout life contemporary with Archilochus. He was an Athenian* of the ward or district of Aphidnæ, lame in one foot, thought to be none of the soundest in his wits, but nevertheless, a creditable teacher of letters. Perhaps διδάσκαλος γραμμάτων at Athens, in the age of Tyrtæus, might import something more and something less than a modern schoolmaster. There can be no doubt of his doing honour to the rod, and we were pleased to hear that the modern Society of Schoolmasters sanction the authenticity of the account of Pausanias †, by having enrolled his name on their venerable—we may say awful—list, and by drinking his memory in solemn silence at their anniversary dinners. We see no reason for doubting the accuracy of the received story, which is in the spirit of the times, and not more paradoxical than many other probable anecdotes of the manners of the early Greeks: but it must be noticed that Pausanias gives no warrant for the vulgar addition of the Spartans being commanded by *General* Tyrtæus; his word is σύμβουλον, and his narrative is, that the Athenian deputy strictly confined his exertions to raising the drooping courage, and composing the dissensions of the Lacedæmonians by his verses,—for which sort of work, the discreet men of Athens very likely thought a schoolmaster as well fitted as any other man they could send. He left three kinds of poems behind him;—1. his well-known military elegies;—2. his Eunomia, or subsequently made collection of elegies, exhorting to order and legal government—of which, according to Franck, we now have some twenty verses remaining; and 3. as it is said, five books of marching songs—Embateria—of which we have now six verses remaining, composed entirely in what was called the Messeniac metre,—in fact of parœmiacs of an anapæstic system. This short fragment of a lost species of Greek poetry deserves quotation; it is in the Doric dialect, in which, or in the Æolic, all the lyric

* Tyrtæus has been called a Spartan, and a Milesian; both opinions are now, we believe, entirely abandoned by critics.

† Messen. iv. c. 15, p. 315—6.

Digitized by Google

strains of ancient Greece are couched. The elegiac verses of this same poet, addressed at the same time to the same people, who were Dorians, are all pure Ionic, according to the law of metrical appropriation of dialect, to which we have formerly alluded:

ἄγιτ', ὦ Σπάρτας ἐυάνδρου,
νεῦροι πατέρων, πολῖται,
λαιῇ μὲν ἴσην προβαλέσθε,
δόρυ δ' ἐυτόλμως πάλλοντες,
μὴ φειδόμενοι τᾶς ζωᾶς·
οὐ γὰρ πάτριον τᾶς Σπάρτας.*

Ye men of Sparta bold,
Worthy your sires of old,
On the left the shield advance,
In the right hand poise the lance,
Your dear lives sparing not;—
For such of yore the Spartan's lot!

It may, perhaps, seem pushing comparative anatomy pretty far, when we pretend to point out the characteristic differences of the poetry of Callinus and Tyrtæus from the few fragments of the last, and the single fragment of the former, which we now possess. But still, ex ungue leonem. True it is, that with the exception of a few lines supposed to belong to his Eunomia, the existing remains of Tyrtæus are all warlike; but the warlike remains of Tyrtæus differ from those of Callinus, as shadow from substance. In Callinus every word is addressed to the actual occasion; the pressure is immediate, the advice practical, the exhortation direct and personal. Your city and all it contains are in danger,—the terrible enemy is at hand; there is no alternative between courageous resistance to the uttermost, and ignominious destruction; you must live or die like heroes! Now in Tyrtæus—his elegies, we mean,—for the Embateria exhibited a striking contrast,—this life and actuality are much diminished; the praise of valor and of patriotism is vague, unapplied, and, as it were, *poetical;* the lines are less distinct, the colouring less vivid, the tone less peremptory. Tyrtæus had time for imitation; he imitates Homer; he imitates Callinus—and in every such instance he draws out, and dilutes the original. What is direct address in Callinus, becomes maxim in Tyrtæus; the political poet of the Eunomia is discovered—and we may easily see, that as the Works and Days led the way to *all* the sententious didactic poetry of the Greeks, so the elegies of Tyrtæus—themselves in no small degree participating in the spirit of the Hesiodic poem—gave immediate birth to the Gnomic elegy of Solon and Theognis.

Tyrtæus obtained at Sparta the honours and the popularity which

* These marching songs were also called ἐνόπλια and μέλη πολεμιστήρια.

his

Digitized by Google

his good counsels, or his good verses, or both deserved. It is probable, however, that his poems were not for a considerable time much heard of beyond Laconia, where they were indeed almost universally known. But they were brought to Athens, and there recited by the rhapsodists, a little before the time of Solon, and, in all likelihood, were committed to writing in the age of Pisistratus. That the existing fragments, as a whole, are genuine, was never doubted by any one that we know, except Thiersch,* who himself subsequently receded from his scepticism†; but that they were much interpolated and much transposed by the Attic rhapsodists, we think well proved by Franck. There is no reason for doubting that the civil or political elegies of Tyrtæus—those constituting the Eunomia—were recited at Athens as well as the warlike ones; and we recognize the apparent probability that Solon may have early imbibed from their recitation, not only the style of his poetry, but something of the spirit of his legislation.

But before we proceed to a sketch of the character of the Gnomic elegy, we must say a word or two about Archilochus of Paros, whom we have already supposed the contemporary of Tyrtæus. His chief glory rested on his odes and his satiric iambics; but he was a poetical Proteus, and tried his hand at every kind of verse, and succeeded in all. We have a few fragments of his elegies—deeply stamped with the strong individual character of the man—vigorous and racy, and graphic; but at the same time unheroic, betraying, like the elegies of Tyrtæus, the increasing influence and habit of the sententious manner of the following age. Archilochus was a very Churchill at a lampoon, as it is said that Lycambes and poor Neobule experienced to their cost; yet he was a discreet calculator of the value of a good poet's life and limbs in actual conflict, and not at all ashamed to save both the one and the other from harm in any way he best might. He himself has recorded with some humour, his exit from a battle with the Saians, a people of Thrace, or, as some say, of Samothrace:—

ἀσπίδι μὲν Σαίων τις ἀγάλλεται, ἣν παρὰ θάμνῳ
ἔντος ἀμώμητον κάλλιπον οὐκ ἰθέλων.
αὐτὸς δ' ἐξέφυγον θανάτου τέλος· ἀσπὶς ἐκείνη
ἐρρίτω· ἐξαῦτις κτήσομαι οὐ κακίω.

That shield some Saian decks, which 'gainst the grain
I left—fair, flawless shield!—beside the wood.
Well! let it go! I and my purse remain;
To-morrow's bullskin may be just as good.

* Specim. edit. Sympos. Platon. p. 39.
† Actis Philol. Monac. Tom. i. Fasc. ii. p. 214.

Alcæus

Digitized by Google

Alcæus and Horace did the same, and they were neither the first of lyric poets to do so, nor have they been the last; yet the Spartans, who thought a pretty verse no excuse for a white feather, resented the recreant avowal so much as to banish the mighty poet from their city. But Paros was justly proud of her son, and was more famous in after times for her Archilochus, than for her marbles or even her partridges.

The ancient world thought Archilochus a prodigy, and reckoned him with Homer, as twin stars of the first magnitude in the poetical firmament: Cicero notices Homer, Archilochus, Pindar, and Sophocles, as the four greatest poets that had ever lived; and the Emperor Adrian said, that the Muses, jealous for the supremacy of Homer, put it into the head of Archilochus to compose chiefly in iambic, rather than in heroic verse. But, in fact, he composed in all the existing metres, and invented many new ones; he assumed all tones with a personal versatility equal to the unbodied universality of Homer; and, in the scanty gleanings which time has spared us from the rich harvest of his poetry, we may still see a sufficient warrant for the boundless admiration of antiquity;—we can remark the *validæ, breves, vibrantesque sententiæ,*—the *plurimum sanguinis atque nervorum,* of which Quinctilian speaks—and may with ease distinguish in him the possession and the exercise of much of the force and variety of Homer, the passion of Sappho, the majesty of Pindar, and even of the wit of Aristophanes.

The warlike or heroic elegy was immediately followed by the gnomic elegy of Solon and Theognis, and almost contemporaneously by the love elegy of Mimnermus. A few words to each of these.

The most approved date of Solon's birth is B.C. 638. As some zealous lawyers—we think Francis Hargrave was one—have regretted that Lord Bacon should ever have been diverted from the study of the science of law to that of the laws of all science, so we, not being Athenians, may perhaps pardonably regret that Solon did not devote more time to poetry, for which it is evident that he possessed a great genius;* or, at least, wish that time had left us a larger share of what he did write in his *horæ subsecivæ.* In particular, the poem, mentioned by Diogenes Laertius, illustrative of the constitution and laws framed by himself for the Athenians, would have been a treasure. Still we have some considerable fragments of his poetry, from which his style

* Plato gives it as his opinion, that if Solon had seriously applied himself to poetry, neither Hesiod, nor Homer, nor any other would have been more celebrated:—οὔτε Ἡσιόδου, οὔτε Ὁμήρου, οὔτε ἄλλου οὐδενὸς τῶν ποιητῶν, εὐδοκιμώτερος ἂν γένοιτο ἢ τοῦτ αὐτοῦ.—Timæo. init.

and

Digitized by Google

and general power may be pretty accurately ascertained; and, judging from these remains, we are inclined to rate Solon the poet much higher than has commonly been done by the world, to which he has almost exclusively appeared in the character of a venerable lawgiver. If we except his famous elegy entitled Salamis, by which, Tyrtæus-like, he successfully excited his countrymen to one more attempt at the recovery of that important island, all his poetry in elegiac metre seems to have been of the gnomic or sententious kind; but for the most part distinguishable from the Theognidean elegy by a predominant *political* direction, and a regarding of men rather as citizens and members of a municipality, than as individual agents in simply social life. There is accordingly a dignity of manner—a plain grandeur in his sentiment, that seems to flow from a mind reposing in conscious satisfaction after the honest performance of the most difficult and solemn duty which can fall to the lot of man,—the new modelling of a political constitution for his country; in doing which he had not been unmindful of the genius and utility of the ancient institutions of the state, nor had played a base game for personal power and the aggrandisement of a long catalogue of relations or connexions, by degrading the executive and debauching the legislative powers of the government; but, alike unseduced by aristocratic influence or mob adulation, had impartially assigned to all orders such measures of power as reason and experience taught him to believe the most conducive to a total result of good:—

δήμῳ μὲν γὰρ τόσον (says he) τέρας, ὅσσον ἐπαρκεῖν,
τιμῆς οὔτ' ἀφελὼν, οὔτ' ἐπορεξάμενος·
οἱ δ' ἔχον δύναμιν, καὶ χρήμασιν ἦσαν ἄγητοι,
καὶ τοῖς ἐφρασάμην μηδὲν ἀεικὲς ἔχειν.
ἕστην δ' ἀμφιβαλὼν κρατερὸν σάκος ἀμφοτέροισι·
νικᾶν δ' οὐκ εἴασ' οὐδετέρους ἀδίκως.

I gave the people freedom clear—
But neither flattery nor fear;
I told the rich and noble race
To crown their state with modest grace;
And placed a shield in either's hand,
Wherewith in safety both might stand.

And he concludes,—

δῆμος δ' ἂν ἄριστα σὺν ἡγεμόνεσσιν ἕποιτο,
μήτε λίην ἀνεδὴς, μήτε πιεζόμενος.

The people love their rulers best,
When neither cringed to nor opprest.

Yet Solon lived to see much of the good which he had laboured to effect frustrated by the perverseness and infatuation of his countrymen, and popular licence producing, as it always eventually will

Digitized by Google

will produce, the despotism of some armed protector of the public peace. The fragment,—

ἁμετέρη δὲ πόλις. κ.τ.λ.

deserves great attention; for fluency of rhythm, terseness of phrase, and for an almost Machiavelic force of remark, it has no equal; this character indeed applies to every verse of this great man now remaining, and enables us to see how early the characteristic neatness and pungency of Attic poetry manifested themselves. Good government, he says, will keep things in order, and throw fetters upon the turbulent:—

τραχέα λειαίνει, παύει κόρον, ὕβριν ἀμαυροῖ· κ.τ.λ.

It smooths the rough, keeps down the proud,
And quells sedition in the crowd.

There is a striking little piece among the fragments of Solon, in which the poet carries man from his cradle to the Psalmist's term of seventy years, by ten stages of seven years each. It is found in Philo Judæus, who ascribes it to Solon; but Porson* had a strong opinion against its genuineness, which may be well grounded, though the peculiar usage of a single Homeric phrase—ἕρκος ὀδόντων—seems a slight foundation for the conclusion. There is, however, in it a tinge of that inexpressible something which more or less colours all the writings of the Jewish and Christian Greeks, or those who were acquainted with the Scriptures of the Old Testament, without being either one or the other. At the same time the evidence is not strong enough to induce us to pronounce the poem spurious, although a good deal of doubt must hang over it. It should be observed, that Clemens of Alexandria, as well as Philo, quotes it as Solon's; and, if any one should object its *completeness* as a probable argument against its being genuine, we would answer, that in the first place Solon's long prayer or address to the Muses is apparently perfect; and next, that from the frame of the little elegy in question, it would evidently be very unlikely that it should be preserved or quoted in fragments. Its merit and its noticeableness, such as they are, consist in its *whole*, and not in any particular distich.

In Solon's Prayer to the Muses he walks more in the path of Theognis, but with much greater dignity and philosophical elevation; he inculcates the paramount and sacred obligations of justice, and the supremacy of an avenging Deity, but does not descend to maxims of personal prudence or directions as to diet and dress. The congeniality between the more sustained parts of the Works and Days and this elegy cannot escape the attentive reader, although the difference of age will be indicated by superior

* Gaisford. Poet. Min. Græc.

polish

Digitized by Google

polish and an increased action of individual feeling. There is one simile in this elegy which, for its picturesque force and truth, we must venture to extract before we pass on to Theognis:—

—— ἐξαπίνης δὲ
ὥστ' ἄνεμος νηφίλας αἶψα διεκίδασιν
ἠνίκ', ὃς πόντου κολυκύμονος ἀτρυγέτοιο
κυδάλιμα κινήσας, γῆν κατὰ κυρτοφόρον
δηώσας καλὰ ἔργα, θοῶν ἴδος, αἶψα δ' ἀνὰ
οὐρανὸν, αἰθερίην δ' αὖθις ἔθηκεν ἰδεῖν·
λάμπει δ' ἠελίοιο μίνος κατ' ἀπείρονα γαῖαν
καλὸν, ἀτὰρ νηῶν οὐδὲν ἔτ' ἐστὶν ἰδεῖν.

Sudden, as when the winds of Spring
Rush forth at once with hurrying wing;
Scatter the stagnant fogs, and urge
To foam and storm the ocean surge;
Lay waste the farmer's toil, and rise
Thro' the dense cloudage to the skies;
Lit by the sun outshine again
The sinking billows of the main,
And the blue ether, fair to see,
Sleepeth in deep tranquillity!

Theognis was a native of Megara in Greece.* He was born B.C. 583, and lived to be eighty-eight years old. He was a considerable traveller for those days, a warm politician, a man of the world, and, as it should seem, of pleasure too; and his pithy maxims upon public factions and private quarrels, debtors and creditors, drinking, dressing, and spending, seem the fruits of personal experience, the details of which other parts of his poetry very sufficiently celebrate. If we understand Suidas correctly, there existed in *his* time three collections of Theognidean verse:—1. Miscellaneous gnomic elegies, to the number of 2800 lines. 2. A gnomology of the same sort, addressed to Cyrnus. 3. Other didactic and admonitory poems. The total number of lines constituting the mixed mass, which we now have under the name of Theognis, inclusive of the 159 new verses discovered by Bekker in 1815, in a Modena manuscript, amounts to 1392, or thereabouts. They are all exclusively in elegiac metre, but are evidently a farrago huddled together from the voluminous originals anciently existing, and also in numerous instances ignorantly interpolated with passages from the elegies of Solon and Mimnermus. It must indeed be immediately obvious to the reader, that poems, or rather verses, consisting of so many hundreds of gnomic couplets like these, could

* It is remarkable that Plato should have supposed Theognis to be a native of Megara, in Sicily, in which mistake he has been followed by Suidas. The contrary appears evident from vv. 782. 771. 890. *Plat. l., De Legg. Suidas. Harpocrat. in voce.*

no

Digitized by Google

no more be expected to go entire down the stream of time than a ship without bolts; quotation alone would infallibly break the continuity, or rather collocation of the lines; and intentional compilations of passages having a generally similar tendency, would almost ensure the loss of such parts as were not included in any of the larger selections. In the now existing Theognis, Cyrnus is certainly the person principally addressed; but Polypædes is also not unfrequently named, and Simonides, Onomacritus, Clearistus, Democles, Academus, and Timagoras are mentioned; it is clear, therefore, that there has been a thorough confusion—a literary hotchpot—and we must now take it as it is, without vainly endeavouring to pick out and sort the different ingredients which enter into its composition.

A species of poetry in which there is no imagination, very little fancy, and no narrative of events, does not seem at first mention to be very poetical; and indeed the greater part of the verses of Theognis would be as utter rubbish as certain religious poems, as they are called, of the present age, were it not for Greek taste, Greek simplicity, Greek words, and Greek metre. These attributes difference the gnomic elegy of the poet in question from the trash in which there is no taste, nor simplicity, nor grammar, nor metre, to compensate for the total absence of all imagination, all fancy, all truth of action, and all justness of sentiment. Theognis is perhaps the completest teacher and exemplar we have of the practical philosophy of the old Greeks before the Persian invasion; —a philosophy without metaphysics—in sight of which, although some things were disgraceful, and some hurtful, nothing was sinful; a philosophy which recognised mind as governing and guiding the body, but not as a separable and indestructible essence of itself; and which proposed, as the main scope of its lessons, the fitting a Greek freeman to *hold his own* safely in the centre of an ingenious and turbulent democracy, fermenting within the narrow precincts of an independent borough state, and at the same time to gratify every one of his bodily senses with the intensest gust compatible with preservation of health and maintenance of purse. Hence a philosophy of Prudence, to which no word or deed was indifferent which might be dangerous, or could be pleasurable, to that rare and super-subtle animal, the heathen Greek; and hence also a dignity of manner, a solemnity of detail, which, in any other age, or under any other circumstances, would have been vapid or ridiculous, but which here are rendered delightful by a sleepless taste which extinguishes all vulgarity, and by a neatness and point of style which are not attainable in any other language known to men. It is not the least noticeable feature in this system, that it admitted just, and even sublime views of the divine power and justice, without

Digitized by Google

without apparently refining,—and, on the other hand, the foulest perversion of human instinct, without degrading—the man who might be the subject of these contrary tendencies. It is difficult —almost impossible—so to put aside the Christian atmosphere which every one of us, with howsoever differing degrees of purity, momentarily breathes, as fully and feelingly to conceive this old Greek Ideal; we are apt to pronounce the mood of mind, the expression of thought and desire, the habits and tastes, to be conflicting and incongruous—to think such a mass of heterogeneous ingredients could never have produced, or been compatible with, moral harmony or personal unity, and to conclude that either the extreme points or the connecting links must be fictitious. Nevertheless we believe the fact to have been otherwise; the proofs of the possible variety of lights and shadows co-existing in perfect unity of character in the old philosophic Greek, are too clear and numerous to allow a reasonable doubt upon the subject; and a thoughtful perusal of the commencement and the end of this Theognidean miscellany, might well make us moderns, living under such manifold and fundamental differences of belief, thought, and manners, cautious how we dogmatize in sweeping theories, too often founded on imaginary parallels and misleading associations. To enforce the rules of justice and to teach how to get comfortably drunk—to love Megara better than all the world, and to execrate its inhabitants in particular—to praise the gods, and to *pet* Cyrnus—seems a difficult, an impossible combination of humours; yet wonderful as it is in our eyes, *there* it actually is—the consummate pagan who knows not God—sharp in feature, dexterous in motion, graceful in gesture; speechless, though not lifeless; smiling as statues smile, whilst it looks upon us from within that separated Goshen of classical scholarship—the *antique* poetry of Greece.

To translate Theognis into modern verse is impossible; no living language affords the means. Do what you will, you will find the version is either too poetical or too prosaic; we have no instance in our literature of that intermediate style possible to Greek taste and diction, in which the poet neither walks on the earth, nor flies in the air, but skims along like the ostrich or cassowary, in a line compounded of the separate motions of beast and bird, and skims along rapidly and gracefully enough withal. Hesiod's sentences are in general not much the worse in prose; but a prose version would in kind be as great an injury to Theognis as to Homer; such is the rhythmic fluency, the metrical neatness, the music and the dignity of the old Megarensian's verse! In general reverence for the gods he is not inferior to Hesiod or Solon—beginning and ending, first and last, and in the middle, will he sing of them; and pray

Digitized by Google

pray to them, says he, for their power is great, and without them nothing, either good or evil, happens to men. Nevertheless, at other times he shows a touch of Job's humour.

'Ζεῦ φίλε θαυμάζω σε—I marvel, Jupiter, at your manner of governing the world; for aught I can see, a rogue and an honest man are all one in your sight; or rather it is bad policy to be virtuous, when knavery seems, as a matter of course, to beget riches and honour, and virtue to be the fruitful mother of rags and misery.—This Megara is evidently with child; what will come of it?—the men seem crazy, and not to be able to see the good things before them. For my part, had I plenty of money as, O Jupiter, I ought to have, I should love Megara better than all the rest of the world; but I cannot bear to stay here in such miserable poverty. I shall run. One ship will carry all the honest men you will find, by the most diligent search, in this place.—Too much wine is a bad thing; but it is a good creature if a man drink with discretion.—Don't get drunk; the art is to be neither entirely sober, nor altogether intoxicated. Drink and converse quietly without brawling; refuse the bottle when you feel yourself overcome; take a nap or rise, as seems meet to each. In this way a party passes off pleasantly,—

οὕτως συμπόσιον γίγνεται οὐκ ἄχαρι.'

Yet Theognis sometimes writes with a fancy and a feeling which bespeak the true poet and man of tender and melancholy temperament. Witness those sweet lines:—

σοὶ μὲν ἐγὼ πτερὰ δῶκα, σὺν οἷς ἐπ' ἀπείρονα πόντου
πωτήσῃ. κ.τ.λ.

I've given thee wings o'er boundless earth and sea
To speed thy easy flight;
And thou, for ever dear, shalt voiced be
'Mid banquets of delight.
The mellow flute, by fairest youths inspired,
Shall sweetly breathe thy name;
And when within earth's covert dim retired,
Thou'rt lost to heaven's pure flame,
Glory shall wait thee in thy native home—
Alive though in the grave!
Through Greece and all her islands thou shalt roam
Above the ocean wave—
Not borne on steeds, but by the Muses led,
Whose temples violets wreathe;
For whilst earth lasts, and day's glad light is shed,
This song of thee shall breathe.—
Yet—yet by thee I'm treated like a child,
With fond, vain words, for ever thus beguiled!

But instances of this sort of feeling are very rare in the remains of Theognis; and it is almost impossible not to remark, with some little suspicion, the striking similarity of the manner and tone of these

Digitized by Google

these verses to those of the sentimental epigrams of the Anthology. However, there is no authority for doubting their genuineness; and we must therefore take them as a specimen of what our poet could have done, if morals, politics, and prudence, would have given him time or inclination. He enjoyed a very high reputation in the classical ages of Greece, and few ancient writers have fallen into such general neglect or disesteem; we think, undeservedly, although no doubt his verses must be read with caution.

Athenæus has preserved * two or three rather remarkable fragments of Xenophanes of Colophon, who died B.C. 520. He seems to have written chiefly in the same gnomic style of which we have such copious examples in Theognis, although, if we may judge from what now remains of his poetry, there was a spice of singularity and humour in his constitution, which would raise him, in gentle relief, by the side of the more *generic* character of his contemporary of Megara. Indeed, he is grievously suspected of having been a professed philosopher,† and, what is more, to have ventured a book against Homer, on the score of his gods and goddesses; and really to have done this, in that early age, and in the face of a town which set up a very respectable claim to the old bard as its own, seems to us a tolerable proof that Xenophanes was a man of some considerable vigour of mind, and as considerable a lack of imagination. The very pretty verses in which he describes his banquet confirm the latter part of this remark;—'Give me,' says he, 'a man who can take his wine and talk sense! I cannot away with long stories about the Titans, and the Giants, and the Centaurs,—a pack of lies of our ancestors' coining,—pleasant rubbish, perhaps,—but there is no *useful knowledge* in them!'—

πλάσματα τῶν προτέρων,
ἀνωφελίας φλυάρους, τοῖς οὐδὲν χρηστὸν ἔνεστι—

A thorough-bred Utilitarian,—and so long before the time! 'Verily there *is* nothing new under the sun;' the grand invention of the nineteenth century,—that a man ought to be useful to himself,—the signet on the forefinger of Mill, and the very crown on the jurisprudential head of Austin,—this,—yes, this abstruse, difficult to be conceived, not likely to be thought of, discovery,—was discovered before!

Observe, too, his political economy. There seems a scruple of Asiatic indolence in the utter contempt which he expresses for athletic exercises.

---

* L. x. c. 6; L. xi. c. 7; L. xii. c. 31.

† If the poet Xenophanes was the same man of Colophon who migrated to Velia, and there founded the Eleatic School of Philosophy, leaving Parmenides his disciple and successor, his originality and vigour of mind need certainly not be doubted.

ἀλλ'

Digitized by Google

ἀλλ' εἰ μὲν ταχυτῆτι ποδῶν νίκην τις ἔχοιτο,
ἢ πενταθλεύων. κ.τ.λ.

Unwisely doth the vulgar deem,
While they philosophy esteem
A thing beneath their scorn!
Can all your pugilistic skill
Govern the multitude, or fill
Our granaries with corn?

We have noticed the three principal poets of the Gnomic Elegy as they succeeded each other; but, in fact, Theognis and Xenophanes were both preceded by Mimnermus, B.C. 590, the much more celebrated author of that beautiful variety, or, perhaps, only true form of elegy, the theme of which is Love. In the love elegy Mimnermus of Colophon reigned supreme throughout all antiquity:—

'Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero,'

says Propertius, no mean craftsman himself; but neither Propertius, nor any other of Roman blood, ever expressed,—perhaps ever felt,—that exquisite passion,—the meeting ground of mind and body,—in the tone, and under the associations, which so deeply and peculiarly distinguish this early poet of Asiatic Greece. His great work,—three books of love elegies to Nanno,—is lost, or all but lost;—the Byzantine inquisitors burnt it; a few precious shreds alone remain. He is believed to have been an unfavoured suitor, as poets sometimes are,—the more's the pity! and it may be that disappointment in so tender a desire helped to deepen the shade of melancholy which pervaded his views of life and man's lot on earth. We find great difficulty in crediting the charge made against him of extreme licence of thought and language in his poetry. He mournfully notices, but does not complain, that youth is short as a dream, and that old age is a burthen and a pain without remedy but in the grave; be careful, therefore, he writes, of the fleeting hour which returneth not; let no flower of the spring be unrifled; be crowned with the rose-buds before they be withered; for this, alas! is our portion, and our lot is this! Yet there is no gloom, no sulky affectation of misanthropy in Mimnermus; it is melancholy,—voluptuous melancholy,—which knows how sweet, yet how short,—how short, yet how sweet,—the enjoyments and the gust of mortal youth! Without a religion which might exalt,—without a philosophy which might harden,—with exquisite sensibilities, but unchecked passions,—the pagan lover saw, in the decay of bodily vigour and beauty, an utter extinction of all delight,—a dreary blank of unloveliness and contempt. He might use the exquisite words of Coleridge:—

'Dew-drops

Digitized by Google

'Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
Which only teaches us to grieve,
When we are old,—
When we are old,—ah! woful when!'

Such a temper may have had its outbreaks,—those dallyings with the thing we despise, because we cannot have the thing which we would worship; but until the Byzantine gentlemen shall produce a complete copy of the Nanno in court, we will never believe that the soul of Mimnermus could foster, or his hand indite, anything approaching to the rampant indecencies of Aristophanes, or the frigid filth of Martial. Hear the sweet poet himself, even in our bald English, and judge, those who know how, whether he or Moore,—who, could he, amongst other translations, have translated the Greek simplicity, might more properly and more honourably have been known by the name of Mimnermus than that of Anacreon,—whether it is credible that the Colophonian or *Milesian* minstrel,—Mimnermus, too, sang, and played to his own verses,—could ever have condescended to feed the lowest appetite of our species, and to mar the precious gift of the Muses by straining verse into a pandar of lust:—

τίς δὲ βίος, τί δὲ τερπνὸν ἄτερ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης;
τεθναίην ὅτ' ἐμοὶ, κ.τ.λ.

What were life, and where its pleasure,
Golden Venus, wert thou flown!
Ne'er may I outlive the pleasure
Giv'n to man by thee alone,—
Honied gifts and secret love,
Joys all other joys above!

Quickly stripling, quickly maiden
Snatch life's blossoms ere they fall;
Age, with hate and sorrow laden,
Soon draws nigh to level all,—
Makes the man of comeliest mien
Like the most ill-favoured seen!

Youth and grace his path declining,
Gloomy thoughts his bosom tear;
Seems the sun in glory shining
Now to him no longer fair,—
Joys no more his soul engage—
Such the power of dreary age! *

* There is an inexpressible charm in Burns's early verses on the same theme—'When ance *life's day* draws near the gloamin,' &c. They were often, we have been told, in Lord Byron's mouth in his latter days.

Our

Digitized by Google

Our classification closes with Simonides of Ceos, grandson of the author of the satiric poem on Women, which has been so often printed among the fragments of the former. He lived from B.C. 558, to B.C. 467, and measured the Greek mind from Theognis to Sophocles. He must have been to the Greek literature what Serjeant Maynard was to the political history of England during the seventeenth century, and it may be refreshing to such of our readers as have the fortune to be poets or lawyers, to speculate on the goodly longevity of these two congenial spirits. In an age like the present, when the press has fallen off from the literature of the nation,—when all that is great and dignified in that literature keeps itself aloof from a mob-managed legislature, and a degraded government—in such an age it is pleasing, though not without pain, to look back upon a time and people, in and among which a wise and divine poet—so Plato called him*—was the friend and venerated counsellor of Pittacus and Hiero, of Pisistratus and Themistocles—the companion of Anacreon, the preceptor of Pindar, and the patron of Sophocles. In the mercurial character of the Greeks there were many faults; but at least they never brutalized their literature; *that* was a common divinity, before which the most violent factions fell in equal prostration, and to which they all appealed as to an impartial recorder of the truth. We hear of no wretched coxcombs—vulgar in spirit and sciolists in intellect—scoffing at the wisdom of *their* ancestors; the Greeks of the age of Pericles never imagined that the perfection of their alphabet, the improvement of their architecture, the increase of their trade, or their advance in the arts, gave them any reason or right to set themselves up as superior to the great men that had gone before them in the science of government, or in the knowledge of human nature—much less to sneer at the authority of those great men as of short-sighted seers in a dark age. The greatest demagogue that ever swayed at will a fierce and brilliant democracy—in comparison with whose dexterity, eloquence, and power, the petty faculties of the miserable mischief-makers of our debased community sink into as profound insignificance as can ever attach to the qualities of creatures which are known to be poisonous,—even he—Demosthenes—bows down before the name of Solon, and never speaks with such confidence of the truth, as when basing his argument on the authority of a wise man of the olden time. This was natural and habitual in the Greeks,—it was natural and habitual in the Romans; it used to be natural and habitual in the English; and it is only within a very short space of time that a race of Anthropoids—neither Raleigh nor either Sidney would have called them Men—has wormed itself into the dominion of the *letter-press*—

* Σιμωνίδῃ γε οὐ ῥᾴδιον ἀπιστεῖν, σοφὸς γὰρ καὶ θεῖος ἀνήρ.—De Rep. p. 331.

not

Digitized by Google

not the literature, of England, and given vogue through its thousand vents to a feeling or to a cry, which is as base in its origin, as it is false in its substance and pernicious in its effects to the refinement, to the honour, and to the majesty of the nation.

But enough of this for the present. To Simonides we attribute the invention, or, more properly, the establishment of the elegy in its last received sense of a funereal poem. The term Elegus does not appear to be older than the age of this poet; and, after his time, it was always classically applied in Greek to a poem, not being an epigram, of a sepulchral or lugubrious character, in hexameters and pentameters. We have still a good many of the epigrams of Simonides, but a very few lines indeed of what can properly be called his elegies. He was, past dispute, the favourite all Greece over for an inscription, and such as are preserved—chiefly on those who fell in battle against the Persians—most fully justify his popularity in this line. They are all characterised by force, downrightness, and terse simplicity—ἀφελεία—in the highest degree of any to be found in the Anthology. It is recorded that Æschylus failed in a competition with Simonides for the prize inscription at Thermopylæ. A single couplet was approved. Go and stand in the rocky pass—bring to mind the Spartan character for military obedience and brevity of speech—and remember that Leonidas and his band are buried under your feet,—and try to mend it.

Ὦ ξεῖν' ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῇδε
κείμεθα, τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

We are ashamed of our attempt to render the words—

Stranger! let Lacedæmon know
That we obeyed, and sleep below.

The style and tone of the Simonidean elegy are very well expressed in a fragment which Franck has with great skill compounded into one from two passages commonly printed in a reverse order as epigrams. They are most evidently the remains of an elegy on a youth carried off prematurely by disease:

Αἰ αἰ νοῦσε βαρεῖα, τί δὴ ψυχαῖσι μιγαίρεις
ἀνθρώπων, ἰφθῇ πὰρ νέοντι μένειν;
ἦ καὶ Τίμαρχον γλυκερῆς αἰῶνος ἄμερσας
ἥβιον, φρὴν ἰδίην κουριδίην ἄλοχον·

* * * * *

φῆ τόνδε Τίμαρχος, πατρὸς περὶ χεῖρας ἔχοντος,
ἡνίκ' ἀφ' ἱμερτὴν ἔστιεν ἡλικίην·
ὦ Τιμαγορίδη, παιδὸς φίλου εὔφρονι λήσῃ,
οὗτ' ἀρετὴν πρεπίων οὔτε σαοφροσύνην.

Digitized by Google

Grievous disease! why enviest thou to men
In lovely youth to stay?—
Amercing young Timarchus of his life
Before his nuptial day?
* * * * *
He in his father's arms embraced
Thus gasp'd with failing breath,—
'O Timenorides, forget me not,
Thy virtuous child, in death!'

Here we close this imperfect sketch of the Greek elegy. The readers of Athenæus—that delightful Boswell of the ancients—will see how imperfect the sketch is—how many great names we have passed over in silence, and how many fragments of elegiac verse we have forborne to criticise. We might have mentioned Phocylides of Miletus, and Ion of Chios—the Lyde of Antimachus, and the Leontium of Hermesianax—the two latter poets both of Colophon, the favourite school of elegy, and both of them, as it should seem, emulous of the fame, but not equally inheritors of the spirit and genius of their great fellow-townsman, Mimnermus. We might have speculated on Philetas of Cos, of whom we know nothing, but that he was famous and little, that he was jilted by his mistress, one Madame Bittis, and that he was blown away by the wind,—against a recurrence of which species of attack, he devised a scheme of ballasting his shoes with lead;—and we might have expressed our wonder at the vast reputation which Callimachus enjoyed amongst the ancients, especially the Romans, although it might be thought unjust to do so in the total loss of his Cydippe. That poem, or collection of poems, must surely have possessed more truth of feeling, and simplicity of manner, than the Lavacrum Pallados—which still exists—to have induced the uncommonly high praise implied in Ovid's well-known couplet:

Callimachi numeris non est dicendus Achilles;
Cydippe non est oris, Homere, tui.

We might have done this and more; but our limits forbid, and our chief object was rather to take a view of the inventors and first cultivators of Greek elegy in its various kinds, than to exhibit a complete catalogue of all the names of elegiac poets which the industry of collectors has preserved. That catalogue would be almost endless; so numerous were Greek poets, and so favourite a measure was the elegiac couplet. It became nearly as favourite a mode of composition with the Romans; but in the handling of their most popular poets, the rhythm was almost entirely altered. Even in those instances in which the Greek rhythm is very sedulously

Digitized by Google

lously imitated, as in the greater part of the elegies of Catullus and Propertius, the different genius of the language made the Latin couplet a very distinct measure to the ear, from the Greek. It may be remarked in particular, that, in consequence of the condensed character of the Latin, the elegiac measure in that language lost the power, so graceful in Greek, of linking the pentameter to the following hexameter, as the necessity of adequate expression, or the call for variety might require. This never became natural, or even bearable in Latin elegy, and the effect is, that the successive couplets read very much like so many separate epigrams without continuity and flowing—and a very heavy monotony, a sing-song repetition of short, alternating sounds, is the disagreeable consequence. Nevertheless, inferior as we must ever think the most finished elegy of the Romans to the specimens we have of that of the Greeks in the fragments of Mimnermus, we are not insensible of the very high and peculiar, though varying, merits of Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius, and consider that, with the single exception of their satire, the Latin poets succeeded better in their elegy, than in any other department of verse.

It has long been a popular wish with the devoted lovers of Greek literature—we think Cumberland first uttered it—that if Time would restore to us any of his spoils, it might be a complete play of Menander. We should receive such a present with gratitude; but we must own that, if our choice were limited to works of the imagination, we should rather decide for some of the lost monuments of the great elegiac and lyric geniuses of the age which we have been noticing in this article. Perhaps, indeed, to us, in possession, as we are, of Plautus and Terence—a play of Cratinus or of Eupolis would be more valuable than any production of the new comedy; their handling of Pericles would, no doubt, be as interesting as Aristophanes' manipulation of Cleon; and we should like very much to know whether Aristophanes really was such a complete cock of the walk in the old comedy as he seems to us, when we have no rival to compare him with. But these poets, curious and precious as they are in their fragments, were not poets of the highest range of imagination; a greater gap in the history of Greek genius would be filled up by a restoration of some of the extraordinary productions of the sixth century before Christ, than exists anywhere in the subsequent literature of that marvellous people. We would say with Wordsworth,—

'O ye who patiently explore
The wreck of Herculanean lore,
What rapture, could ye seize
Some Theban fragment, or unroll
One precious, tender-hearted scroll
Of pure Simonides!'

Digitized by Google

But this is vain wishing. They made clean work at Constantinople! Every divine verse of Sappho and Mimnermus, which we now do possess, is only ours, because it was enshrined in the unobnoxious manuscripts of collectors or critics. Every shred of their mantles—every string of their lyres, was *meant* to be burnt; and we were to dry our tears with Gregory Nazianzen! We do not know that the darkness of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was ever made more visible than by the light of that bonfire.

ART. IV.—1. *The Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M., &c.* Published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL.D., F.R.A.S. 5 vols. 8vo. London. 1830—32.

2. *Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.* By John Greene. London. 1831.

WE have not, of late years, undertaken a task of greater difficulty than this, of laying before our readers our opinion of Hall and of his writings, and the grounds upon which it has been formed. On the one hand there is to be taken into consideration the dignity of Hall's talents, for they were surpassed perhaps by those of very few men in his time; the reverence we naturally feel for one who, so gifted, was content, for conscience sake, to occupy a far lower station in society than seemed his due; the reserve which we would most sincerely desire to exercise in dealing with a noble mind in which there was a flaw—a flaw extending perhaps farther than met the eye; and the allowance which ought, in fairness, to be made for the defects of an author, no longer alive to superintend the publication of his own works, to revise, to reconcile, above all, to withhold. On the other hand, we cannot forget, that the editor has been acting a deliberate part towards the memory of his friend, whether a discreet one or otherwise; that the sentiments of such a man as Hall, so vividly conceived, so eloquently expressed, (for he is an absolute master of English,) cannot fail of producing powerful effects; and that, whilst they are often tributary in the highest degree to patriotism, to liberty, to morals, to all the graces of a Christian life, they often again breathe a spirit so fierce, so dogmatical, so impatient of fair opposition, so studiously offensive to every honest member of the Church of England, that, though quite unconscious of party feelings, and certainly having opened these volumes with many prepossessions in favour of the writer, we cannot altogether submit to charges so intemperate, and lick the hand upheaved to lay what of earthly institutions we most estimate low. If, therefore, Dr. Gregory has allowed himself, from whatever motive, to give to the public essays composed at distant intervals, under different circumstances, in the fervour

in

Digitized by Google

of youth and the circumspection of age, at seasons of extraordinary ferment and of calm repose, of bright hope and of bitter knowledge—regardless of the inconsistencies they betray, which are many and grievous—on him and not on us be the blame. We are unwilling to pronounce that there is anything in the condition of the times, which stimulates the principles of dissent to unwonted and ungenerous activity—that they are working just now, as they *have* done in times past (to use Mr. Southey's illustration), because there happens to be thunder in the air—but if it be so, we advise them to be still a little longer, lest eagerness should get the better of discretion—lest that which is probably meant 'as a menace should be taken as a warning; and the temper already shown, should only suggest the caution, if it be such in the green tree what will it be in the dry?

Hall, at the age of seven and twenty, publishes a pamphlet, entitled, 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom.' It is impossible to read the works of this extraordinary man without perceiving, that his passions in his youth were turbulent in the extreme—that the energies of his mind were then scarcely under his own control—that years of reflection and dear-bought experience were wanting to him, above all men, in order to tame his spirit—that, like Milton's lion, he was a long time before he could struggle out of earth. 'I presume,' says he, in one of his letters, 'the Lord sees I require more hammering and hewing than almost any other stone that was ever selected for his spiritual building,' and that is the secret of his dealing with me.'* 'Tranquillity,' he writes in another letter, 'is not my lot; the prey in early life of passion and calamity, I am now perfectly devoured with an impatience to redeem the time.'† Why then will Dr. Gregory disturb his repose by a republication, to which Mr. Hall would never consent, he tells us, during his life; doubtless condemning, in his more sober years, the bitter temper which spake in this youthful effort; for of the ability with which it is writen even Hall could never have had any reason to be ashamed. It is a poor apology, as seems to us, to the wounded spirit of Hall, if his spirit can now be wounded, to say, that surreptitious editions of the work had been printed and must be met. What if they had? These editions, some or all of them, must have been known to Hall himself, yet they did not provoke him to republish. He had unhappily suffered words to escape him which he was not able to revoke, and he made all the atonement he could to his own sense of right and wrong by refusing to repeat them;—we cannot but think that it would have been the office of a true friend, to respect his self-accusing silence, and set upon it his seal. For, after all, the treatise, now that it is once again

* Vol. v., p. 479. † Vol. v., p. 424.

the

Digitized by Google

before the public, as compared with Hall's subsequent writings, is full of contradictions; so that whatever honour it may reflect on the genius of the man is at the expense of his judgment—a poor compensation. Thus, he calls the maxims of Mr. ——'s sermon, to which the tract is an answer, 'servile,' because Mr. —— thinks it better that ministers of the gospel should not turn politicians, or if they do depart from their natural line, that it should be 'to defend governments, to allay dissensions, to convince the people that they are incompetent judges of their rights.'* Yet, 'servile' as was this counsel, the time came when Hall himself was 'determined to have as little to do as possible with party politics, and in the exercise of his professional duties nothing at all.'† And again, at a later period, he expresses a reluctance to appear as a political writer, from 'an opinion, whether well or ill founded, that the Christian ministry is in danger of losing something of its energy and sanctity by embarking on the stormy element of political debate.'‡ Mr. —— had said no more.

'Our author,' writes Hall in the same treatise, 'expresses an ardent desire for the approach of that period, when all men will be Christians. I have no doubt,' he adds, 'that this event will take place, and rejoice in the prospect of it; but whenever it arrives it will be fatal to Mr. ——'s favourite principles, for the professors of Christianity must then become politicians, as the wicked, on whom he at present very politely devolves the business of government, will be no more; or perhaps he indulges a hope, that even then, there will be a sufficient number of sinners left to conduct political affairs, especially as wars will then cease, and social life be less frequently disturbed by rapine and injustice. It will still, however, be a great hardship, that a handful of the wicked should rule innumerable multitudes of the just, and cannot fail, according to our present conceptions, to operate as a kind of check on piety and virtue.'—vol. iii., p. 18.

Now, to say nothing of Hall misrepresenting his antagonist—for Mr. ——, if we understand right, was confining his observations to ministers of the gospel, and restricting them, and them only, from taking an active part in matters of state—to say nothing of this—we confess that we do not discover aught, in this irreverent badinage on the fulfilment of prophecy, which should recommend the divine to descend to the politician, and mingle hot blood and devotion.

Again; Mr. —— had presumed to quote the example of our Lord in favour of his view of the question:—

'On this ground,' replies Hall, 'the profession of physic is unlawful for a Christian, because our Lord never set up a dispensary; and that of law, because he never pleaded at the bar.'—vol. iii., p. 40.

---

* Vol. iii., p. 7. † Vol. i., p. 83. ‡ Vol. iii., p. 81.

And

Digitized by Google

And in the same vein, in another passage in this treatise, Hall takes advantage of what he considers an obscure allusion to the Birmingham riots, in a turn of Mr. ——'s sermon, and imputes the obscurity to that 'mystic sublimity which has always tinctured the language of those who are appointed to interpret the counsels of heaven;' * and recurring to the same figure in the next page, declares himself 'no longer surprised at the superiority he assumes through the whole of his discourse, nor at that air of confusion and disorder which appears in it,' both of which Hall imputes to 'his dwelling so much in the insufferable light, and amidst the coruscations and flashes of the divine glory.' † Surely this is ground on which angels should fear to tread.

Accordingly, we find Hall on this, as on the former occasion, living to see the day when he stood self-corrected—when this very flippancy on sacred subjects became a just offence to him, and was thought worthy of receiving a chastisement, which no man knew better how to administer. Thus, in allusion to an article on Methodism that appeared in the Edinburgh Review, he talks with great indignation of 'the poison of impiety,' (for such he discovers in that paper,) 'prepared, it is generally understood, by hallowed hands,' (we pretend not to know whose,) 'and distributed through the nation in a popular and seducing vehicle, which had met with a powerful antidote and rebuke from Dr. Gregory, who, himself a layman, will be honoured,' says Hall, 'as the champion of that religion which a clergyman has insulted and betrayed.' ‡ And, in another place, the author of 'Zeal without Innovation,' having talked of a certain class of preachers holding their hearers by '*prosings* on the hidings of God's face,' Hall now says, and says well, that 'to good men it will be a matter of serious regret, to find a writer, from whom different things were to be expected, treat the concerns of the spiritual warfare in so light and ludicrous a manner.' §

In the same youthful essay Hall maintains, that the Revolution in France may be defended on its *principles*, against the friends of arbitrary power, by displaying the value of freedom, the rights of mankind, the folly and injustice of those regal or aristocratic pretensions by which those rights were invaded, and that accordingly in this light it had been justified with the utmost success; or, again, that it might be defended upon its *expedients*, by exhibiting the elements of government which it had composed, the laws it had enacted, and the tendency of both to extend and perpetuate that liberty which was its ultimate object. ‖ Yet the days were at hand, when Hall could commend Mr. Gisborne as

* Vol. iii., p. 31. † Vol. iii., p. 33. ‡ Vol. iv., p. 179.
§ Vol. iv., p. 112. ‖ Vol. iii., p. 22.

the

Digitized by Google

the individual to whom the country was *under unequalled obligations* for discrediting this very doctrine of *expediency*, which threatens, says Hall, ' to annihilate religion, to loosen the foundation of morals, and to debase the character of the nation.' * And for the *principles*—the real principles—of the French Revolution, Hall lived to lay them bare in one of the most eloquent and philosophical sermons ever preached in any pulpit in any country—a sermon, for which England was most grateful at the time, and the extraordinary merit of which renders it painful to us at this moment to unveil the earlier errors of so great a man, which, but for this republication of them, might, for us at least, have slept till doomsday. Mark then the *principles* which the mature Hall discovers to have been actively at work in the French Revolution :—' Among the various passions,' says he, ' which that Revolution has so strikingly displayed, none is more conspicuous than *vanity*' —vanity, both in those whose business it was to lead, and in those whose lot it was to follow—infusing into the former—into those entrusted with the enaction of laws—' a spirit of rash innovation and daring empiricism—a disdain of the established usages of mankind—a foolish desire to dazzle the world with new and untried systems of policy, in which the precedents of antiquity and the experience of ages are only consulted to be trodden under foot :' † vanity, predominating among the latter, the million, by reason of—

' political power, the most seducing object of ambition, never before circulating through so many hands; the prospect of possessing it never before presented to so many minds—multitudes who, by their birth and education, and not unfrequently by their talents, seemed destined to perpetual obscurity, being, by the alternate rise and fall of parties, elevated into distinction, and sharing in the functions of government; the short-lived forms of power and office gliding with such rapidity through successive ranks of degradation, from the court to the very dregs of the people, that they seemed rather to solicit acceptance than to be a prize contended for. Yet, as it was still impossible for all to possess authority, though none were willing to obey, a general impatience to break the ranks, and rush into the foremost ground, maddened and infuriated the nation, and overwhelmed law, order, and civilization with the violence of a torrent.'—vol. i., p. 39.

Here was one of the *principles* of the French Revolution, but not one on which it could be defended. Another was, that *ferocity* of character which was the effect of sceptical impiety, the life of a man being very differently estimated by the Christian and the infidel: its extinction appearing to the one the summons of an immortal being to the bar of its judge; to the other, the diver-

* Vol. iv., p. 139. † Vol. i., p. 38.

sion,

Digitized by Google

sion, perhaps, of the course of a little red fluid. Let those who doubt of the close connexion which subsists between atheism and cruelty, 'recollect,' says Hall,—

'that the men who, by their activity and talents, prepared the minds of the people for that great change—Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, Rousseau, and others—were avowed enemies of revelation; that in all their writings, the diffusion of scepticism and revolutionary principles went hand in hand; that the fury of the most sanguinary parties was especially pointed against the Christian priesthood and religious institutions, without once pretending, like other persecutors, to execute the vengeance of God (whose name they never mentioned) upon his enemies; that their atrocities were committed with a wanton levity and brutal merriment; that the reign of atheism was avowedly and expressly the reign of terror; that in the full madness of their career—in the highest climax of their horrors—they shut up the temples of God, abolished his worship, and proclaimed death to be an eternal sleep; as if by pointing to the silence of the sepulchre and the sleep of the dead, these ferocious barbarians meant to apologise for leaving neither sleep, quiet, nor repose to the living.'—vol. i., p. 47.

Here was another of the *principles* of the French Revolution, but one on which it could not be defended.

There was a third—that unbridled *sensuality* to which infidelity is favourable, by releasing the strongest instincts from the strongest restraints, in a manner which Hall analyses and exemplifies in a spirit of the truest philosophy, and with an eye to that wreck of the household virtues with which the continent was at that time strewed.* Now, we submit that it was not well or wise to involve Hall in these contradictions, by the republication of the unripe speculations of his youth, even though they did contain, (what it might no doubt be a pang to forego,) many valuable sarcasms upon the church and churchmen; though they did speak of the 'liberality of bishops, if *ever such a thing existed*,'†—compare in a note (for even this note was too tempting to resign) one Mr. Martin, who had been so unfortunate as to incur the notice and friendship of several of this interdicted brotherhood, to Judas who had 'no acquaintance with the high-priests till he came to transact business with them;'‡ though they did describe the articles of the church, as 'the ladder of promotion with the clergy, the cant of the pulpit and the ridicule of the schools,' § and as for a long time treated by churchmen themselves with contempt, or if maintained at all, 'maintained with little sincerity and no zeal.' We can most truly say, that we have no pleasure in the line of criticism we are now pursuing, which we feel to be, under other circumstances unworthy of our subject, but we are forced upon it in self-defence—Hall's friend and editor not allowing it to be otherwise.

* Vol. i., p. 48. † Vol. iii. p. 14. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 47. § Vol. iii. p. 51.

The

Digitized by Google

The 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press,' is another essay of the same class and character as the last; published, however, some three years later, when its author was now thirty. Again, Hall appears to have had some misgivings as to the propriety of his conduct in sending this forth to the world; but as he did consent, ten years before his death, to its republication, Dr. Gregory may be here supposed to stand excused in comprising it in the complete edition of his works — still some regard might have been had to the reluctance which Hall manifested to comply with the loud and repeated importunities of his friends, in this instance also,* and, though certainly he did at length yield to their wishes, afraid lest his reserve should be mistaken, and imputed to a change of opinions (which he had indeed undergone in many respects, but which he was loth to confess, and of which, perhaps, he was not himself fully conscious), still in the advertisement to his new edition he puts forth an apology, such as it is, for the acrimony and vehemence of the work in general, and, in particular, suppresses altogether one memorable passage of the original preface, we will not say 'delineating,'† but mangling the character of Bishop Horsley. It was a passage, which, 'on mature reflection, appeared to the writer not quite consistent either with the spirit of Christianity or with the reverence due to departed genius.' It might well, indeed, appear so, even upon less than mature reflection. Terms like those applied by Hall to Horsley, in the paragraph in question, were such as any man professing to be governed by Christian principles, and reflecting upon them in cool blood, might well regard, not only with sorrow, but shame,—and pity it is for his own sake, far more than for Horsley's, that the compunction which caused him to blot out a part, and apologize for more, did not prevail with him to extinguish the whole. But though this was not so, it would have been, we think, only an act worthy of the editor, who was the friend, to aid this faltering sense of duty in Hall, which did impel him to a half measure of penitence, and by omitting what was merely abusive in the preface, and retaining, if he pleased, what was argumentative, to have withdrawn our attention from that false pride in Hall, which taught him to be so very frugal in the acknowledgment of an injury. As it is, the venomous vituperation (with the exception we have mentioned) is retained and repeated; and there Horsley still stands, blasted by Hall's wrath, as 'the Bonner' of his time, as the man to 'recognize in every persecutor a friend and brother,' as 'a picture of sanctimonious hypocrisy and priestly insolence' (we are giving Hall's own words), to be quitted with disgust.‡ This might have been spared—such personalities were unprovoked;—Hors-

* Vol. iii., pp. 80, 184, 202. † Vol. iii., p. 82. ‡ Vol. iii., pp. 77, 78.

ley's

Digitized by Google

ley's only offence having been to preach a sermon before the House of Lords, the sentiments of which Hall did not approve, being hostile, as he thought, to liberty and dissent. And if further warrant was wanted for the omission, the editor would have found it in the concession, ungracious as it is, which the author had actually made, and the disposition which it argued in him to relent; as well as in the reluctance which every right-minded man must feel, to revive such language of the dead, as they would, themselves, no doubt, now wish forgiven and forgotten. And, indeed, independent of other considerations, we should be disposed to say of this 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press,' as we said of 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' that the more prudent guardian of Hall's fair fame would have hesitated to reproduce a piece, of which, if we compare it with other works of the same hand, or sometimes even with itself, the contradictions are not less remarkable than the talent. And whatever may be the secret satisfaction with which Hall is here again heard to calumniate the church of England,—whether by asserting, as he does, in one place, that 'there is a disagreement between its public creed, and the private sentiments of its ministers,'*—or, as he puts it in another place, still more offensively, that she exercises 'a discipline of fraud, compelling her ministers to subscribe what few of them believe;'† or, as he insinuates in a third, that those ministers are 'an army of spiritual janizaries;'‡ whatever gratification these and many other passages of the like kind may afford to some, still such gratification ought to be considered as too dearly bought at the price of the writer's reputation for consistency in other matters connected with these; and regard for him should at least have taken precedence of aversion for others,—but it is not Love only that should be represented as born blind. For instance—in the advertisement to this publication on the 'Freedom of the Press,' Hall bespeaks the reader's indulgence for its imperfections, the warmth of his expressions, and so forth, on the ground that it is an 'eulogium on a *dead friend*.'§ The freedom of the press, then, it seems, had expired—accordingly, in the course of its pages we are told, that Mr. Pitt is distinguished by a 'fatal pre-eminence in guilt;' that he is 'a veteran in frauds while in the bloom of youth; betraying first, and then persecuting his earliest friends and connexions; falsifying every promise, violating every political engagement;' that he was to be despised for 'his meanness and duplicity;' 'dreaded for his machinations;' 'abhorred for his crimes;' and that whilst the nation regards with so much indifference the iniquities of his administration, it is not in a condition to reproach the Romans, for 'tamely submitting to the

* Vol. iii., p. 144.
† Vol. iii., p. 166.
‡ Vol. iii., p. 147.
§ Vol. iii., p. 67.

tyranny

Digitized by Google

tyranny of Caligula or Domitian.'* In the same treatise (the Freedom of the Press, be it remembered, extinct!) religious establishments are represented as 'nurseries of *Bonners and Horsleys*;'† and the relation in which dissenters stand to the church, is compared with that of the early Christians to their Pagan persecutors, when the latter lifted up the ruthless cry of *Christianos ad leones.*‡

Yet gross as are these libels upon the most powerful minister of the day,—upon the most distinguished and perhaps the most irritable bishop of the bench, and upon this most hateful and intolerant church,—we believe that they were suffered to pass with impunity, productive of no other inconvenience to Hall, than as they serve to tarnish his character by becoming monuments of his self-contradiction—and this they are in more ways than one. For independently of the ludicrous contrast presented between his allegation of grievance and his practical illustration of it, the individual sentiments expressed both here and in other parts of this treatise are not easily to be reconciled with those that occur elsewhere in the works of Hall. For instance, 'at this season,' says he, in a good and temperate sermon delivered in 1803, at a general fast, entitled 'Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis'—

'At this season, especially, when unanimity is so requisite, every endeavour to excite discontent by reviling the character, or depreciating the talents of those who are intrusted with the administration, is highly criminal. Without suspicion of flattery, we may be permitted to add, that their zeal in the service of their country cannot be questioned; that the vast preparations they have made for our defence claim our gratitude; and that if in a situation so arduous, and in the management of affairs so complicated and difficult, they have committed mistakes, they are amply entitled to a candid construction of their measures.'—vol. i. p. 144.

It is true that Mr. Addington was now at the helm, and not Mr. Pitt, but neither was he of the party that Hall favoured; and if there could be anything in a *season* to make unanimity especially requisite,—anything, in a difficult position of affairs, to make mistakes excusable in the minister,—surely Mr. Pitt had these arguments to plead in 1793, quite as strongly as Mr. Addington ten years later.

How changed again his language, by implication, towards Horsley! 'Admirable consistency in a Protestant bishop'—had been his exclamation in an evil hour in the Apology§—'to lament over the fall of that antichrist, whose overthrow is represented by unerring inspiration as an event the most splendid and happy!'

* Vol. iii., p. 65.
† Vol. iii., p. 77.
‡ Vol. iii., p. 150.
§ Vol. iii., p. 77.

and

Digitized by Google

and this, forsooth, because Horsley had ventured to recommend to the charity of his countrymen the exiled priests of France, whom a frantic mob had driven to seek shelter upon our shores. Admirable consistency, it might indeed have been replied, in Jesus to weep over Jerusalem, that had stoned the prophets! This, however, is not our reply. Turn we to Hall himself; let our appeal be only from Philip to Philip; from Hall, boiling under turbulent passion and casting up his scum, to Hall soothed by the influence of a Christian spirit, and delivering himself as the advocate of a Christian cause. Then does he too evince a generous pity for these forlorn fugitives, as Horsley had done before him,—'a Christian priesthood' they, too, after all; an expression, which as he frankly applies it to them, so does he fearlessly defend against the narrow-minded censures of a party, who then, as in Hooker's time, were offended at the notion, that heaven might enlarge her gates for sincere men, though they might happen to be mistaken men too.

Moreover, having occasion to speak in his maturer years of the Socinians (a subject to which we shall again refer), he tells them, it is time for them to know themselves; the world being perfectly aware, whether they perceive it or not, that 'Socinianism is now a headless trunk, bleeding at every vein, and exhibiting no other symptoms of life, but its frightful convulsions;'* a tribute, which, whether so intended or not, most persons will assign to Horsley, for surely his was the arm by which Socinianism was bereft of its head.

Such sentiments, be it observed, we consider greatly to Hall's honour, but then they speak a very different language from that either of 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' or 'An Apology for the Freedom of the Press;' and we are disposed to think, that they would have consulted better for the integrity of his memory, who had withdrawn the hasty effusions of his youth from the public altogether (for these are they which chiefly give occasion to charges of inconsistency), and rather commended to them the fruits of his more dispassionate meditations only. How changed again his language towards the church! Its cry, he had told us, was in spirit, if not in letter, *Christianos ad leones*, to the lions with the Dissenters. Yet in a sermon on 'Counting the Cost,' Hall inadvertently admits, that 'violent persecution is not an event, under the present circumstances of the Christian profession in this country, within the range of probability;'† and in his controversy with Mr. Kinghorn, on Free Communion, he acknowledges, that 'a disposition to fair and liberal concession on the points at issue, is almost confined to members of established churches.'

* Vol. iv., p. 183.

† Vol. v., p. 193.

Digitized by Google

churches.'* And in Letters from Cambridge to his friends, some of them, by the way, dated about the time of his bitter invectives, he tells them, that 'he has free access to all the libraries gratis,'† —that 'he was upon very comfortable terms with the church-people at present; and that never was less party spirit in Cambridge.'‡ Expressions which we leave it to Mr. Greene to reconcile with 'the persecuting church-and-king men' in that place, of whom he takes pains to tell us, in his Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, and with 'the supercilious airs of consequence and lordly superiority over God's heritage,' exhibited, according to him, in the same seat of learning, to which Mr. Hall, says he, 'was by no means insensible.'§

But we have not yet done with this 'Apology.' In his former essay on 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' the praises of Dr. Priestley were sung with little reserve—his religious tenets, it is true, appeared to Hall erroneous in the extreme, but Hall was not the man to suffer any difference of sentiment to diminish his sensibility to virtue, or his admiration of genius—he tells of his enlightened and active mind—of the light he had poured into every department of science—and in reference to Mr. ——'s supposed allusion to Priestley, 'as a busy active man in regenerating the nations,' he remarks:—

'distinguished merit will ever rise superior to oppression, and will draw lustre from reproach. The vapours which gather round the rising sun and follow it in its course, seldom fail at the close of it to form a magnificent theatre for its reception, and to invest with variegated tints, and with a softened effulgence, the luminary they cannot hide.'—vol. iii. p. 28.

Again, Priestley is the man he delights to honour in the 'Apology,' and he laments—

'the ever-memorable æra in the annals of bigotry and fanaticism (*i. e.* the Birmingham riots), when Europe beheld with astonishment and regret, the outrage sustained by philosophy, in the most enlightened of countries and in the first of her sons.'—vol. iii. p. 151.

For those were displays of loyalty in which the dissenters must acknowledge themselves utterly defective:—

'They have never,' he continues, 'plundered their neighbours, to show their *attachment to the king*, nor has their zeal broken out into oaths and execrations. They have not proclaimed their respect for regular government, by a breach of the laws, or attempted to maintain tranquillity by riots. These beautiful specimens of loyalty' (he then adds, *O mens cæca hominum!*) 'belong to the virtue and moderation of the *high church party alone, with whose character they perfectly coincide.*'—vol. iii. p. 153.

* Vol. ii., p. 160.
† Vol. v., p. 409.
‡ Vol. v., p. 422.
§ Vol. v., pp. 23, 26.

But

Digitized by Google

But it will be said that Hall, in the passages to which we have referred, praised the philosopher only in Priestley: still we are of Hall's later and more mature opinion (however opposed to his first), which will be found recorded in a review of Dr. Gregory's Letters*, that 'the fame and science of Priestley procured from the Christian world a *forbearance and complaisance* to which he was ill entitled;' moreover, that the doctrine of *fatalism*, which he grafted upon primitive Socinianism, by representing the human mind as perfectly passive in its operations, annihilated all distinction between virtue and vice, the very foundation of rewards and punishments in a future world—and that, when Priestley maintained that a perfect Necessitarian, or 'in other words a philosopher of his own stamp, had nothing to do with repentance and remorse,' he was actually 'subverting the whole fabric of society;'† nay more, that his doctrine of *materialism*, which was further superinduced upon the original tenets of his sect, rendered the hope of another state of existence a mere delusion, for that as the material particles of which any individual is made up are said by physiologists to undergo an entire change in the course of seven years, their flux is such, that a man of forty-nine would lose his identity no less than seven times, and which of these seven beings was to be the subject of reward and punishment in another life, as responsible for *his* actions in this, is a problem which it would be difficult to resolve, nor indeed of much concern to that individual, to his present self, if resolved ever so ingeniously. No wonder, therefore, that Hall, now at length alive to the tendency of Priestley's tenets, should represent them as differing from those of Socinus only as sedition or sacrilege differs from theft, and should consider the terms 'anti-scripturalists,' 'humanitarians,' 'semideists,' '*Priestleians*,' as convertible terms;‡ or that he should contemptuously speak of Mr. Belsham as 'a mere train-bearer in a very *insignificant procession*,' that procession being, as we infer from a preceding sentence, 'Lindsey, *Priestley*, Hartley, and Jebb.'§

But if Hall's sentiments on the subject of Priestley underwent a change, the contradictions in which he involves himself are confined, it will be said, to this one topic, and it would be too much to expect that a clever treatise should be withheld from the world for lack of consistency in a single instance. Such, however, is not the case; there are other questions, both of a general and a personal nature, here started or pursued, equally irreconcilable with Hall's sentiments expressed elsewhere—questions so numerous, as to lead us to no conclusion but this, that as yet Hall's speculations must be confessed to be crude; passionate rather than

* Vol. iv., p. 183. † Vol. v., p. 44. ‡ Vol. iv., p. 185. § Vol. iv., p. 219.

Digitized by Google

than patient; and that, where there is no formal recantation of his past opinions (as there is not) on the part of the author, it would have been better that there should be no exposure of them on the part of the editor, lest it should be supposed that the errors which Hall's understanding would not allow him to persist in, his pride would not suffer him to retract. Thus we have seen the name of Hartley introduced, as making one of a very insignificant procession of Socinian worthies; it is not therefore without surprise that we find him represented on another occasion as 'a profound and original reasoner,' of whose labours Dr. Gregory had done well to avail himself.* So again, Paley, of all men in the world, is said, in the 'Apology,' to be 'a courtly writer in the main.'† Yet, in other passages of Hall's writings, he is the subject of his generous and unreserved commendation,—'that venerable writer'‡—'that great man';§ Paley, for whose talents he entertained 'high reverence;' to whose 'great services to religion he bore a willing testimony; and the errors of whose moral system he was reluctant to expose.'‖ Then again, could the spirit, which a few years afterwards animated the sermon on Modern Infidelity, depicting with such masterly effect the desolation it was calculated to work in society, and drawing its examples from the hideous scenes which had been acted in a neighbouring nation, be supposed to be one and the same as that which was now pronouncing certain tenets of Burke, as to natural rights, only not 'abject and contemptible,' because Burke was their author;¶ which was now defending Dr. Price, 'whose talents and character were revered by all parties;'** and, to a certain extent, Tom Paine, whose system was but a structure built upon the foundations laid by Sidney and Locke;†† Tom Paine, in whom Hall might surely have discovered more symptoms of a 'rooted aversion to the gracious truths of revelation' than in Watson, his antagonist, had it not been the misfortune of the latter to be a bishop:‡‡ nay, which could pay a compliment to Miss Wolstonecraft, 'the eloquent patroness of female claims,' with something about 'the empire of the heart,'§§—whose work, if it was not so bad as some have represented it, was at least not one for Hall, a severe moralist, to go out of his way to sprinkle with sarsenet terms; terms, which, if he remembered them, would probably smite him when he rose up, some years later, to rebuke the lewdness of the times in which he lived.‖‖

Do we then upbraid Hall with his change?—very far from it. He grew in wisdom and moderation as he grew in years; and we

* Vol. iv., p. 155. † Vol. iii., p. 107. ‡ Vol. i., p. 170. § Vol. iv., p. 28.
‖ Vol. i., p. 170. ¶ Vol. iii., p. 123. ** Vol. iii., p. 55. †† Vol. iii., p. 122.
‡‡ Vol. iv., p. 166. §§ Vol. iii., p. 133. ‖‖ Vol. i., p. 48, *et seq.*

are

Digitized by Google

are doing him, we trust, no ill turn in pointing out the process or the symptoms of his regeneration; but as the editor has thought fit to give fresh circulation to his early tracts, fraught, as they especially are, with intense mischief to institutions and opinions which we hold dear, and in the absence of all positive recantation, we must take leave to neutralise the effect they might produce were they to go forth as the exposition of Hall's calm and deliberate judgment; more particularly, as Dr. Gregory gives us to understand that *his political principles remained the same through life.* *

We must draw upon the patience of our readers a little longer, whilst we still pursue this path of thorns; a path, however, which introduces them to a survey of Hall's opinions, perhaps as well as any other we could adopt, though in a spirit, they may think, of less deference than is due to so great a name. We can only repeat, that we should have been well content to be spared the invidious office we are discharging, but the re-publication of his works, without any reserve or restriction, leaves us no alternative, and we know not how to reply to Hall more ably than by making him his own antagonist.

In his 'Apology,' as indeed in other of his writings, he expresses great aversion to formularies of faith of human authority;† they are useless, for their subscribers neglect or despise them;‡ they are suicidal, for those who refuse subscription are often the most sincere in their support of the principles which those very articles impose; they are unreasonable, for a belief in divine revelation is all that is wanted to cement a church;§ they are unjust, for no persons have a right to prescribe, as indispensable conditions of communion, what the New Testament has not enforced as a condition of salvation.‖ Does it then appear from his own works that he was prepared to follow out his own principle; to fraternize, for instance, with those who, admitting the authority of scripture, still refused their assent to the doctrines of our Lord's divinity and of the atonement, as not contained in scripture; doctrines which he considered as lying at the foundation of the true system of vital religion?¶ We apprehend not; for he very often expresses himself with peculiar acrimony against the advocates of such opinions; and, in the very last letter which he wrote, in allusion to the recent schism in the Bible Society, he declares his satisfaction that 'attempts were making in London to dissolve the union between the orthodox and Socinian; and wishes them most heartily success, it being, as he holds, a most unnatural and preposterous union.'** Yet this is,

* Vol. iii., p. 202. † Vol. iii., p. 144. ‡ Vol. iii., p. 51. § Vol. iii., p. 144.
‖ Vol. ii., p. 4. ¶ Vol. v., p. 403. ** Vol. v., p. 568.

Digitized by Google

in fact, a surrender of the principle which would make a simple profession of belief in the scriptures the only bond of church-membership;* and the adoption, in its stead, of another principle, which would make a profession of belief in the scriptures, according to a certain scheme of human interpretation, the bond. Now this latter is all that can be charged upon the Church of England; so that the question between Hall and the establishment seems after all to resolve itself into a mere question of degree, and whether the articles shall be three, or nine, or thirty-nine in number.

Moreover, were we to judge of the question by its practical merits, and did we desire instances of the disastrous effects of these latitudinarian principles which Hall upholds, we still know not where we could find better than in Hall's own pages. A dissenting academy is established at Daventry; and Priestley, who resided there, assures the world that nothing can be more favourable to the progress of free inquiry, since the tutors and students were about equally divided between the orthodox and Arian systems; arguments were marshalled on all sides—the theological professor held the balance with an even hand, careful to betray no predilection for one set of opinions rather than another: what could be more fair? Yet the result of the experiment was a general indifference to all religious opinions whatever on the part of the students, and an incidental confession on the part of Hall, that the school was a 'vortex of unsanctified speculation and debate.'† The tale is told in a memoir of Mr. Thomas Toller, who was educated there; and the natural rectitude of Hall's mind (as it appears to us) reprobates what his theory would have required him to approve. But he had at length learned that a 'benevolent solicitude to comprehend, within the pale of salvation, as many as possible, may sometimes lead us to extenuate the danger of speculative error too much.'‡

We cannot indeed but think, that the character of Hall's own mind greatly suffered by the accident of his lot; that it wanted consolidating; and that had it been subjected to the wholesome restraint of liberal, but not lax, formularies, such as would have served to check the mere capricious excursions of a mercurial fancy, it would have been more true to itself, and we should not have been now called upon to expose the numerous contradictions into which it was betrayed.

We have seen the effect of liberal principles upon a system of education,—Hall himself being our witness. We are not aware that he recommended them more successfully as the foundations of a church, using the term in its most enlarged sense. He con-

* Vol. iv., p. 74. † Vol. iv., p. 307. ‡ Vol. iv., p. 337.

trasts,

Digitized by Google

treats, it is true, the lofty bearing of the Protestant dissenter, whose free and unfettered mind spurns at the shackles of authority, with the abject spirit of those who are content 'to receive their religion from the hands of their superiors in a mass, and relinquish the liberty of thinking for themselves.'* But let us try conclusions with him. Now, certainly, we never remember to have seen a controversy between churchman and dissenter, much less between churchmen, one with another, conducted in a temper of greater bitterness than that displayed by Hall towards his brother Baptist, Mr. Kinghorn, on the subject of free communion. He is shocked at the illiberality of Mr. Kinghorn; he is almost tempted to say, of such societies as his, 'my soul, come not thou into their secret:'† he would have him bethink himself of the enormous impropriety of investing '*every little Baptist teacher*' with the prerogative of repelling from his communion a Howe, a Leighton, or a Brainerd;‡ he admires the modesty of his opponents in not laying direct claim to their loftiest distinction, which consisted in 'their societies being *more select than heaven*, and its being more difficult to become a member of a Baptist church than to be saved;'§ he conjectures that they are afraid of losing their title to the appellation of 'a little flock,' and that they perhaps consider the Baptist denomination as an order of *nobility or knighthood*, whose dignity is impaired in proportion as it is diffused;‖ he speaks of Mr. Booth, another Baptist minister, as a 'sturdy saint,' and says that he perfectly reeled and staggered under the weight of an objection with which he was now plying Mr. Kinghorn;¶ moreover that both of them were 'great authorities,' to whom he looked up with profound admiration, but at the same time must give it as his 'humble advice,' that neither of them should be believed.** It should seem, therefore, that dissent does not secure toleration, and that a lack of mutual charity is not to be objected to different parties *in* the church only.†† On the contrary, it appears to us that the liberty of 'thinking for themselves' upon every question, which Hall claims for the dissenters with so much triumph, is an advantage of equivocal value if it generates angry altercation, and that the cause of truth is likely to lose more by the passion of the disputants than to gain by the freedom of the dispute.

The same liberty leads to another inconvenience, of which Hall complains; an evil from which the established church is not altogether free, but to which, by its construction, it is far less exposed;—a taste for spiritual criticism in the hearers. In most dissenting congregations, we are told, there are one or more per-

* Vol. ii., p. 467. † Vol. ii., p. 299. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 482. § Vol. ii., p. 484.
‖ Vol. ii., p. 492. ¶ Vol. ii., p. 317. ** Vol. ii., p. 385. †† Vol. iv., pp. 87, 88, 99.

Digitized by Google

sons who value themselves on their skill in detecting the unsoundness of ministers; and who, when they hear a stranger, attend less with a view to their own improvement than to pass their verdict, which they expect shall be received as a decree. It is almost needless to add, says Hall, that they usually consist of the most ignorant, conceited, and irreligious part of the society. * Yet does not Hall perceive that the principle he commends so loudly—the encouragement which dissent gives to every man to think for himself, whether qualified for doing so advantageously or not—is precisely that which multiplies such profitless hearers?

Neither is this liberty of thinking for themselves shown to be productive of more harmony in the discipline of a church than it is in its doctrines; for again we learn from Hall, though again incidentally, that the removal of a pastor, who has long been the object of veneration, 'generally places a church in a critical situation, exposed to *feuds and dissensions*, arising out of the necessity of a new choice.'† It may be a question, therefore, whether the interests of religion would not be better consulted were the congregation to be passive, and the minister to receive his appointment from other hands. And another grievance, which escapes from Hall, confirms this opinion. In the economy of modern dissenters, it seems, the church, properly so called, is merged in the congregation; its professed members in its fiscal subscribers; and that, accordingly, the management of its spiritual concerns devolves, in great measure, upon those who are actuated by pecuniary considerations only.‡ Now bad as may be the alliance between Church and State, is it worse than the alliance between Christ and Mammon?

Neither does this liberty of thinking for themselves, on every occasion, seem to assist those who enjoy it, in their spiritual labours abroad better than at home, for we find Hall, in a letter to the Baptist Missionary Society, taking violent, but apparently not unjust offence at the conduct of their brethren at Serampore; alleging it to be a proceeding scarcely paralleled in the history of human affairs,—that a 'set of men, in the character of missionaries, *after disclaiming the authority of the Society which sent them out, and asserting an entire independence*—after claiming an absolute control, whether rightfully or not, over a large property which that Society had always considered as its own—should demand an annual payment from those from whom they had severed themselves, and thus attempt to make their constituents their tributaries.'§ Here again it may be thought, that less latitude in the principle would have secured more effectual co-operation in the cause.

* Vol. i., p. 476. † Vol. iv., p. 309. ‡ Vol. iv., p. 320. § Vol. iv., p. 416.

But

Digitized by Google

But it should seem that this liberty of thinking, which Hall asserts so stoutly for the dissenters, he would deny to others; a dogma which certainly he would not deliberately advocate, and the semblance of which in his writings, for a semblance of it there is, must be therefore imputed (as we have already imputed so much else) to the disadvantage under which a man labours, whose works, entire as well as fragments, are exposed to the public—the posthumous outpourings of his multifarious common-place books, with all their imperfections on their head. For whilst we are told, in one of these hasty and unfinished essays, that 'the unfortunate Charles' was undone chiefly by 'his religious intolerance,' it is said too, that 'nothing contributed so much to support the precarious authority of Cromwell, and to produce an artificial calm in the midst of so many raging factions, so many stormy elements, as a *general liberty of conscience.*'* General liberty of conscience! Why was it then that the conscientious members of the Church of England had to meet by stealth, in order to mingle their prayers and tears together—that the use of the Prayer Book was proscribed—that the Protector prohibited, by edict, all ministers of the Church of England from preaching or teaching schools or administering the sacrament, on pain of imprisonment or transportation—that Evelyn, and his wife, and a whole congregation, on a Christmas-day, whilst they were in the act of celebrating the Lord's supper, were surprised by a body of Cromwell's soldiers—the miscreants actually presenting their muskets at the communicants as if they would have shot them at the altar! Is Hall's meaning to be explained by a passage in another 'fragment,' where, in touching upon the same subject, he says, that Cromwell supported his usurpation 'by granting to *rival sects* a general toleration;'† that is, to all sects but the Church of England;—and were they alone to be excluded from the privilege, because they were supposed to have no consciences to wound?

We shall now dismiss this portion of our subject, and betake ourselves to a less ungrateful task; drawing, however, at parting, this moral from what has been said already, that when a spiritual person addicts himself to party politics and sectarian disputes, he is apt to become, whatever may be his talents, shorn of his strength, and to be 'as another man.'

Besides the political tracts, of which mention has been so often made already, the volumes before us consist of sermons, of notes for sermons, of charges, of biographical sketches of Baptist worthies, of polemical treatises, a few reviews, and many letters. The notes for sermons swell the bulk, without very much increasing, we think, the value of the publication. Hall's powers show them-

* Vol. iii., p. 378. † Vol. iii., p. 392.

selves

Digitized by Google

selves far more in filling up an outline than in forming it, and here we have outline only. It is ever thus with men of fervent imaginations. Milton's rude sketch of 'Paradise Lost,' in the argument of a play, is valuable, because it is a sketch of 'Paradise Lost,' and it is interesting to trace the genius of the poet who could raise such a superstructure upon such a scaffolding; and, in like manner, if the notes which served as elements for Hall's sermon on Modern Infidelity, had been given, they would have had their value too, but only because so noble a discourse came of them. In sketches like these, considered independently, there is little worth, for there is little characteristic. The bold diction, the majestic gait of the sentence, the vivid illustration, the rebuke which could scathe the offender, the burst of honest indignation at triumphant vice, the biting sarcasm, the fervid appeal to the heart, the sagacious developement of principle, the broad field of moral vision,—all, in short, which distinguishes Hall, evaporates; and whilst we are looking for his picture in the mirror of works so imperfect, we find it indeed, but (to use one of his own metaphors) as if it had lain in a *damp place*. On one occasion, Dr. Gregory, assisted by the memoranda of Hall's hearers, himself undertakes to fill up the chasms of a sermon on the vicarious character of the Redeemer, which Hall had left unfinished—*ausus magna quidem.** But he does not walk gracefully in Saul's armour; his language breathes not the burning words of his original, nor are his thoughts, we suspect, as Hall's thoughts. For it is difficult to believe the substance of the interpolated passages correctly reported, or that Hall, conversant as he was with the argument of Butler, and emphatic as he is in his praise,† should have departed from it so widely, and particularly in a branch of it, satisfactory perhaps beyond any other. It is surely injudicious in Hall's friends thus to run him to the lees—to produce, first his youthful pieces, with their youthful faults; then his notes of sermons; then fragments of sermons, of which the editor has to supply the defects; and lastly, such is Mr. Greene's attempt upon the memory of Hall, sermons, of which neither note nor fragment affects to be of Hall's own writing, but the whole, the mere gatherings of a reporter, himself, we suppose, unpractised in his art, and Hall the most rapid of speakers. Alas, for Hall! the most fastidious of men, with regard to his own compositions—ever falling, in his own opinion, below his own elevated standard, and dissatisfied even with his most finished and perfect performances! Not that mere indolence oppressed him, but, as he says, a certain difficulty of being pleased, which rose to the magnitude of a mental disease.‡ One sermon, and that too of the first

* Vol. i., p. 490. † Vol. i., p. 322. ‡ Vol. v., p. 491.

order,

Digitized by Google

order, he is slow to publish, because 'it appears so contemptible under his hand.'* With another, he is, 'as usual, so much disgusted, that he can by no means let it appear, unless it is in his power greatly to improve it.'† A third, a funeral sermon, he calls 'a wretched oration, which it is his unalterable resolution never to print,' however his friends may continue to importune him—'he would not put off the public with a weakly or more deformed part of his intellectual progeny;' 'it would not be respectful to the public, nor justice to himself, to publish such a wretched piece of inanity,'—'let me, my dear sir, hear no more of the oration.'‡ What would a man of this sensitive spirit have said to so indiscriminate a production of his papers, both bad and good? Still it is only fair to mention, that in the Notes there certainly are occasional flashes of Hall, but they are few and far between; such are sometimes to be found in a metaphor: thus, on the subject of family prayer, to which some worldly-minded persons object, as taking up too much time, it is said, that 'what may seem a loss will be more than compensated by that spirit of order and regularity which the stated observance of this duty tends to produce,' for that 'it will serve as an *edge and border to preserve the web of life from unravelling.*'§ And again, of swearing, it is observed by Hall, in one of those bold figures which mark his style, that 'it is properly a superfluity of naughtiness, and can only be considered as a sort of *pepper-corn rent*, in acknowledgment of the devil's right of superiority.'‖ He is worthy of himself, too, in the following comprehensive definition of wisdom, also to be met with in the same Notes; a passage so remarkably in the style of Bacon or Barrow (for there is often a resemblance between these two great authors), that we almost suspect it is not altogether original, though we have no proof that it is otherwise.

'Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every inferior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It being the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act and when to cease; when to reveal and when to conceal a matter; when to speak and when to keep silence; when to give and when to receive; in short, to regulate the

* Vol. v., p. 471. † Vol. v., p. 486. ‡ Vol. v., p. 493.
§ Vol. v., p. 260. ‖ Vol. v., p. 339.

measure

Digitized by Google

measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end, pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle, to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune, and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand; but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendant is wisdom.'—vol. iv. p. 229.

But whatever may be the value of the Rough Notes, when Hall not merely hews out materials, but brings them too to an excellent work, excellent indeed it is; and his Sermons on Modern Infidelity, on War, on the Death of the Princess Charlotte, on the Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister, and, not least, the discourse entitled 'Sentiments proper to the present Crisis,' are all wonderful compositions; wonderful both for the scale and the variety of the powers they display; a head so metaphysical, seeming to have little in common with an imagination so glowing; declamation so impassioned with wisdom so practical; touches of pathos so tender, with such caustic irony, such bold invective, such spirit-stirring encouragements to heroic deeds; and all conveyed in language worthy to be the vehicle of such diverse thoughts, precise or luxuriant, stern or playful—that most rare, but most eloquent, of all kinds of speech, the masculine mother-tongue of an able man, which education has chastened, but not killed; constructed after no model, of which we are aware; more massive than Addison, more easy and unconstrained than Johnson, more sober than Burke: such are the features of Hall's deliberate compositions, and such is our most willing testimony to their worth.

The following is a passage in the Sermon on Infidelity, enumerating some of the advantages which society owes to religion; advantages which it scatters as blessings by the way, on its march to immortality.

'Religion being primarily intended to make men wise unto salvation, the support it ministers to social order, the stability it confers on government and laws, is a subordinate species of advantage which we should have continued to enjoy, without reflecting on its cause, but for

Digitized by Google

for the developement of deistical principles, and the experiment which has been made of their effects in a neighbouring country. It had been the constant boast of infidels, that their system, more liberal and generous than Christianity, needed but to be tried, to produce an immense accession of human happiness; and Christian nations, careless and supine, retaining little of religion but the profession, and disgusted with its restraints, lent a favourable ear to these pretensions. God permitted the trial to be made. In one country, and that the centre of Christendom, revelation underwent a total eclipse, while atheism, performing on a darkened theatre its strange and fearful tragedy, confounded the first elements of society, blended every age, rank, and sex, in indiscriminate proscription and massacre, and convulsed all Europe to its centre; that the imperishable memorial of these events might teach the last generations of mankind to consider religion as the pillar of society, the safeguard of nations, the parent of social order, which alone has power to curb the fury of the passions, and secure to every one his rights,—to the laborious the reward of their industry, to the rich the enjoyment of their wealth, to nobles the preservation of their honours, and to princes the stability of their thrones. We might ask the patrons of infidelity what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity?—Is it that they have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favourable? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher perfection than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind; or which embolden them to expect that we should trample upon the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies, in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendour of talents, which enrols amongst its disciples the names of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius? If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to those great names? Where are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and extended benevolence, that we should be in danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited; what distant climes have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness, and want, to diffuse principles of virtue, and the blessings of civilization? Or will they rather choose to wave their pretensions to this extraordinary, and in their eyes, eccentric species of benevolence,

Digitized by Google

nevolence, (for infidels, we know, are sworn enemies to enthusiasm of every sort,) and rest their character on their political exploits; on their efforts to reanimate the virtue of a sinking state, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury; and by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation, and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will at least have the discretion, if not the modesty, to recede from the test. More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parricidal zeal to extinguish a sense of deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect Ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which it is not shameful to avow? Eternal God! on what are thy enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of heaven must not pierce?—miserable men! proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease, only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world?'—vol. i. pp. 67, 70.

It is not the blaze of eloquence with which this passage burns so bright, that ought to turn to it our eyes; but the sound argument, the practical wisdom, which supplies the fuel, and lies buried in the flame. The great price of Hall's pearls continually runs a risk of being unobserved, through the lustre and richness of the setting. Declamation soon becomes wearisome and oppressive, beyond any form or fashion of speech whatsoever; yet Hall, who often resorts to it, never wearies; simply because with him it is always instinct with strong sense—there is the bolt as well as the thunder. As for the subject, the virtue which religion possesses to uphold society, it is one which Hall delights to handle; and he is never greater than when so doing. The conclusion to which he comes on one of these occasions, brings the matter so well home to every man, is so wholesome for these times, and is so beautifully expressed, that we will not withhold it. It occurs in his sermon on War. He had been speaking of the horrors of the French revolution and of their origin:—

'Our only security against similar calamities,' he then continues, 'is a steady adherence to religion—not the religion of mere form and profession, but that which has its seat in the heart; not as it is mutilated and debased by the refinements of a false philosophy, but as it exists in all its simplicity and extent in the sacred scriptures; consisting in sorrow for sin, in the love of God, and in faith in a crucified Redeemer. If this religion revives and flourishes amongst us, we may still surmount all our difficulties, and no weapon formed against us will prosper: if we despise or neglect it, no human power can afford us protection. Instead of showing our love to our country, therefore, by engaging

Digitized by Google

engaging eagerly in the strife of parties, let us choose to signalize it rather by beneficence, by piety, by an exemplary discharge of the duties of private life, under a persuasion that that man, in the final issue of things, will be seen to have been the best patriot, who is the best Christian. He who diffuses the most happiness, and mitigates the most distress within his own circle, is undoubtedly the best friend to his country and the world, since nothing more is necessary than for all men to imitate his conduct, to make the greatest part of the misery of the world cease in a moment. While the passion then of some is *to shine*, of some *to govern*, and of others *to accumulate*, let one great passion alone inflame our breasts, the passion which reason ratifies, which conscience approves, which heaven inspires, that of being and of doing good.'—vol. i. p. 110.

We are tempted to add to these passages a third, directing attention, as it does, to that portion of society in England, which at the present crisis cannot be watched too vigilantly, or ministered unto too carefully. The passage is found at the end of a sermon, on the 'Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes.'

'We congratulate the nation, on the extent of the efforts employed, and the means set on foot, for the improvement of the lower classes, and especially the children of the poor, in moral and religious knowledge, from which, we hope, much good will accrue, not only to the parties concerned, but to the kingdom at large. These are the likeliest, or rather the only expedients that can be adopted, for forming a sound and virtuous populace; and if there be any truth in the figure, by which society is compared to a pyramid, it is on them its stability chiefly depends; the elaborate ornament at the top, will be a wretched compensation for the want of solidity in the lower parts of the structure. These are not the times in which it is safe for a nation to repose on the lap of ignorance. If there ever were a season, when public tranquillity was ensured by the absence of knowledge, that season is past. The convulsed state of the world will not permit unthinking stupidity to sleep, without being appalled by phantoms, and shaken by terrors, to which reason, which defines her objects and limits her apprehensions by the reality of things, is a stranger. Everything in the condition of mankind announces the approach of some great crisis, for which nothing can prepare us but the diffusion of Knowledge, Probity, and the Fear of the Lord. While the world is impelled with such violence in opposite directions; while a spirit of giddiness and revolt is shed upon the nations, and the seeds of mutation are so thickly sown, the *improvement of the mass of the people will be our grand security;* in the neglect of which, the politeness, the refinement, and the knowledge accumulated in the higher orders, weak and unprotected, will be exposed to imminent danger, and perish like a garland in the grasp of popular fury.'—vol. i. p. 218.

The death of the Princess Charlotte was an event eminently calculated to call up in Hall all that was within him. It appealed at

Digitized by Google

at once to his imagination, his reason, and his heart. The dignity of the sufferer—the vast interests, positive and prospective, involved in the loss—the lesson of mortality which it read to a whole nation—the touching nature of the death she died—all combined to make it a subject in which Hall's varied powers might freely expatiate; and accordingly, in none of his sermons, perhaps, does the exuberance of his mind display itself to greater advantage than in this; every fresh position, as he successively occupies it, seeming to open to him a boundless field, and his only difficulty being to circumscribe his picture. Where all is so striking it is not easy to make a choice; but the following reflection is so fine in itself, and the wording of it so brilliant, that in spite of the number and length of the quotations we have already made, this must have a place:—

'Eternity, it is surely not necessary to remind you, invests every state, whether of bliss or of suffering, with a mysterious and awful importance entirely its own, and is the only property in the creation which gives that weight and moment to whatever it attaches, compared to which, all sublunary joys and sorrows, all interests which know a period, fade into the most contemptible insignificance. In appreciating every other object, it is easy to exceed the proper estimate; and even of the distressing event which has so recently occurred, the feeling which many of us possess is probably adequate to the occasion. The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret, at the sudden removal of this most lamented princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived by this visitation of its brightest ornament—sorrow is painted on every countenance, the pursuits of pleasure and of business have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress. But what, my brethren, if it be lawful to indulge such a thought, what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle? or, could we realise the calamity in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning and the heavens with sackcloth? or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for her to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?'—vol. i. p. 357.

The sermon, on the 'Discouragements and Supports of the Christian Minister,' is full of hints which no man engaged in the pastoral office can read without advantage. Hall is for a well-educated clergy;—he is of opinion that learning is no enemy to piety, and that the orthodoxy of a public teacher of religion derives no security from his professed ignorance on every other subject,—in his preaching, he would have him, not indeed personal,

Digitized by Google

sonal, but still characteristic, so that every individual of his congregation might know where to class himself, and feel that the hand of the preacher was upon him;—he would have him endeavour to *insulate* his hearers, to place each of them apart, and render it impossible for him to escape by losing himself in the crowd;—he would have him adapt his addresses to the different castes of his audience, and select his topics accordingly; remembering that some among them are only capable of digesting first principles; that some require more ample variety and a more comprehensive grasp of scriptural truths; that some are phlegmatic and can only be approached by cool argument, and though believers, indisposed to pay much attention to naked assertions; that some are of a softer clay and must be pricked at the heart; that some again are callous sinners, and must be subdued by the terrors of the Lord. Thus will he become all things to all men, that he may save some. He would not have him too formal or mechanical in the construction of his sermons, ever abating the edge of curiosity by making a point of proclaiming what is to come next; method, indeed, he would have, but not such as comes of observation,—it being impossible to object a want of method to Cicero or Demosthenes, though it would be very difficult to dispose one of their orations under heads, without extinguishing its fire;—he would have him smite friendly, in order that he may smite effectually, not denouncing God's threats as if he took pleasure in the office, but with St. Paul, telling his people *weeping*, whenever he has to tell them such a truth, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ:—he would have *seriousness* a feature of his discourses, intending thereby not merely the absence of light or jocular topics, in which few would in these days be likely to indulge, but the use of that 'sound speech,' which St. Paul recommends to Timothy, a sober dignity of language and subject, so that in describing the 'pleasures of devotion, for instance, or the joys of heaven, there should be nothing weak, sickly, or effeminate,' 'no puerile exaggerations or feeble ornaments,' but rather that chaste severity which is ever found in the representations of the apostles;—he would have him draw his instructions immediately from the Bible, take them fresh from the spring;—he would have him seek to fix the attention of his hearers, not by any peculiar refinement of thought or subtlety of reasoning, much less by any pompous exaggerations of secular eloquence, but rather by imbibing deeply the mind of Christ, letting his doctrine enlighten, his love inspire the heart, thereby placing himself in a situation, which, in comparison of other speakers, 'will resemble that of the angel of the apocalypse, who was seen standing in the sun.' Above all, he would have him persuasive in his life, not indeed continually teaching from house to house, nor always having

Digitized by Google

having the subject of religion upon his lips, but so discharging the ordinary duties of the passing day, as to add weight to his ministerial functions, properly so called, and to give token that he is aware of the high trust reposed in him, and that 'moral delinquency in him produces a sensation as when an armour-bearer fainteth.'

In his polemical treatises, which are confined to the question of free communion, or the admission of pædo-baptists to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, Hall is the advocate of liberal principles, taking part against those who maintained the doctrine of strict communion, constituting, we believe, the great majority of the Baptist church, and considered its orthodox members. Here Hall shows himself a very powerful and very vehement reasoner, but not always a very candid antagonist, sometimes dexterously evading an argument which presses, sometimes resorting to weapons at the risk of piercing his own hand, rather than yield, and sometimes descending to arguments coarse and personal. Thus he considers the doctrine of regeneration in baptism, 'a pernicious error,' * but being aware that such a doctrine was held by all the early fathers of the church, he takes an opportunity to descant upon the tendency there exists in the human mind to sink from the spirit to the letter—from what is vital in religion to what is ritual,—and then he adroitly introduces the sentiments of the fathers, on the subject of baptism, in illustration of his theory. †

Again, Hall on one occasion considers, and with reason, as we believe, the future appearance of the Messiah, to be the great article of the *Jewish faith* ‡. Yet in the heat of controversy he will rather put this sentiment to hazard, than be worsted in the dispute. For, in arguing on the side of free communion, he contends that there can be no ground for insisting on baptism at all, previous to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, since this latter sacrament itself was instituted before baptism. To this it is replied, true, but John's baptism was instituted before the Lord's Supper. Yes, is the rejoinder, but the baptism of John was very different from the baptism of Jesus. Not so different, is again the answer, seeing that John and the older prophets taught of Jesus. So they did, is the retort, but how indistinct was their conception!

'Ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbras'—§

—where we see Hall allows himself to be drifted by his argument to a position which probably, at another time, he would not have occupied by choice. Instances of the same tactics might be produced from other of his writings;—whilst to his opponents in general he displays a carriage the most supercilious, not to be

* Vol. iv., p. 174. † Vol. ii., p. 74. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 23. § Vol. ii., p. 211.

excused

Digitized by Google

excused by the consciousness of possessing talents, however unrivalled; and to one of them, who had constructed a synopsis of the principles advanced in the treatise 'On Terms of Communion,' in such a manner as to provoke Hall's wrath, he so far forgets the rules of common courtesy, as to liken him 'to a certain animal in the eastern part of the world, who is reported to be extremely fond of climbing a tree for that purpose, inasmuch as he merely pelts the author with his own produce.'* Certainly, whatever can be advanced in favour of the most latitudinarian principles of church membership, may be collected from these dissertations, though, on experience, Hall would have found their application impracticable, and, as we gather from certain inconsistencies discoverable in his writings and already produced, actually did find them so.

His reviewals are of very different degrees of merit. Those in which he has to commend his author seem to us to labour—to drag their slow length along; they perpetually suggest to us Hall's amusing confessions of faith and feeling on this subject, to which he so often gives plaintive utterance in his letters:—'Reviewing at the request of particular friends he holds to be a snare for the conscience.'† 'He has the utmost aversion to the whole business of reviewing, which he has long considered, in the manner in which it is conducted, a nefarious and unprincipled proceeding, and one of the greatest plagues of modern times.'‡ 'He wishes that the whole body' (of reviews or reviewers, *horrescimus referentes*) could be put an end to.'§ And to crown all in one word, 'there is no kind of literary exertion to which he had an equal aversion by many degrees, and were such things determined by choice, it is his deliberate opinion, that he should prefer going out of the world by any tolerable mode of death, rather than incur the necessity of writing three or four articles in a year.'‖ Even precious balms, concocted in such a mood as this, were very likely to break a man's head; but if it was unfavourable to flowing panegyric, it was precisely the thing to give a sting to censure; and, accordingly, the reviews of 'Zeal without Innovation,' and of 'Mr. Belsham's Memoirs of Lindsey,' are incomparably above the others, and of whatever else they may be accused, they are certainly clear of all charges of tameness and constraint.

Certain biographical sketches of departed friends, who had been great in their generation as Christian examples, place his powers very high in this delightful and difficult department of literature, and lead us at the same time to lament, (which we do without

* Vol. ii., p. 228. † Vol. v., p. 490. ‡ Vol. v., p. 523.
§ Vol. v., p. 537. ‖ Vol. v., p. 496.

meaning

Digitized by Google

meaning any disrespect to the excellent of the earth whom he has chosen for his subjects,) that such powers should not, like those of Lord Clarendon, have been exercised upon characters who had acted more conspicuous parts upon the stage of life. Hall, indeed, appears to have been a very nice observer of men and manners; drawing his conclusions sometimes from trifles, which none but a keen critic of his kind would have considered as tests. 'Mr. ——,' says he to Mr. Greene, 'is too much taken up with the world—he is overdone with business—if you observe, Sir, he always stoops when he walks out, and looks towards the ground, as if he were of the earth, earthy.'* A remark of the same class as that of Johnson's, who pronounced upon the general character of a lady, when he saw her forbear to cut a cucumber at table; or that of Shakspeare, who makes Cæsar observe upon the lean looks of Cassius, that 'such men are dangerous,' and that he would rather 'have men about him that are fat.' Accordingly in his biography, which (as may be supposed) is confined to such persons as, upon the whole, he admires, he still does not allow his admiration to dazzle his judgment; but discriminates in a way to set the party vividly before our eyes, and to work in us a conviction that the sketch is from the life.

Of the letters more need not be said than that they are valuable, as all honest men's letters are, from throwing light upon the character and sentiments of their author. We have frequently referred to them already in the course of this paper, and shall be still more indebted to their contents, whilst we attempt, as we shall now do in conclusion, to put our readers in possession of a more personal knowledge of Hall—premising, however, that we have little means of estimating him but such as his writings afford. He has been described to us as a preacher of a very marked character; at the opening of his sermon somewhat embarrassed, and subject to the perpetual interruption of a short and teasing cough; but no sooner did he kindle with his theme, which he speedily did, than his manner became rapt and impassioned, his soul commercing with the skies, and the vehemence of his mind bearing before it in triumph both himself and those that heard him. His father, of whom he speaks with great feeling, was a decided Calvinist; he also a Calvinist, but of a more moderate school—that of Baxter and Howe,† their opinion upon election being that of Milton in Paradise Lost—

> 'Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
> Elect above the rest; so is my will;
> The rest shall hear me call and oft be warned

* Reminiscences, p. 192.

† Vol. v., p. 454; iii., p. 478.

Their

Digitized by Google

Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
The incensed Deity, whilst offered grace
Invites.'

The corruption of human nature he considers very great, perhaps total; he speaks of the mind as 'fatally indisposed,' 'alienated from the life of God,' 'having no delight in his converse,' —as 'having lost the divine image.'* Yet he argues with almost all the leading divines of our church for the evidence of the 'law written on the heart,' for a 'moral impress;'† an opinion scarcely consistent with the utter depravity of our nature. The change which he maintains it necessary for man to undergo before he becomes a new creature he holds to be rather of slow growth than of sudden impulse;‡ and as a consequence perhaps of this, he does not entertain the doctrine of assurance;§ he has for himself, indeed, a feeble hope, which he would not exchange for a world; but more than this, though a most desirable attainment, he does not regard as essential, nor would he lay claim to more in his own case.‖ The need we have of the Holy Spirit to guide and support us in all things he strenuously and amply asserts;¶ whilst he precludes every enthusiastic pretension, by entering as a caveat, that the internal illumination of the Spirit is merely intended to qualify the mind for distinctly perceiving and cordially embracing those objects, and no other, which are exhibited in the written word.** He disclaims the notion of conditions of salvation as *meritorious*, but still contends for them as a *sine quâ non*;†† the idea of the former being inconsistent with the gospel considered as a system of free grace, but the latter being necessary to confound the pretensions of a licentious professor; he holds it culpable, therefore, to flinch from the use of plain language upon this subject, inasmuch as it would pave the way, he thinks, to antinomianism.‡‡ This heresy, and every approach to it, however remote, he is on every occasion most anxious to condemn; for of all the features of Hall's religion this is the most conspicuous—the *practical* nature of it; it shows itself at every turn; every attempt that has been made to rear religion on the ruins of nature, and to render it subversive of the economy of life, has proved, according to Hall, but a humiliating monument of human folly.§§ He loves not squeamish auditors, who can listen to nothing but doctrinal statements.‖‖ He considers the general principles of morality to be not less the laws of Christ than positive rites, such as baptism or the supper of the Lord.¶¶ The *credenda*, or things to be believed, must indeed precede the *facienda*

* Vol. i., pp. 237, 171, 349. † Vol. i., p. 171. ‡ Vol. i., p. 236.
§ Vol. v., p. 292. ‖ Vol. v., pp. 531, 558. ¶ Vol. i., p. 448.
** Vol. i., p. 257. †† Vol. ii., pp. 230, 231. ‡‡ Vol. iv., p. 452.
§§ Vol. iii., p. 41. ‖‖ Vol. i., p. 470. ¶¶ Vol. ii., p. 138.

Digitized by Google

or things to be done, but the two must not be separated by an interval; those who have been long detained in the elementary doctrines being found to acquire a distaste for the practical,—an impatience of reproof, an aversion, in short, for everything but what flatters them with a favourable opinion of their own state; so that their religion evaporates in sentiment, and their supposed conversion is nothing more than an exchange of the vices of the brute for those of the speculator in theological difficulties.* His preaching at Plymouth, he tells us, gave general dissatisfaction, arising, as he suspects, from its practical complexion.† His injunctions to Mr. Carey, when he was going out to India as a missionary, are mainly practical; he was to be mild and unassuming in his deportment, attentive to the temporal as well as spiritual interests of the natives;—he was to study human nature, the success of any great and hazardous undertaking depending, under God, on the voluntary co-operation of mankind—and the first ministers of the gospel, who were for examples, being in nothing more remarkable than in the exquisite *propriety* with which they conducted themselves in the most delicate situations;—he was not to devote much time to an elaborate confutation of the Hindoo or Mahometan systems—great practical effects upon the populace being never produced by profound argumentation; his instruction was rather to run in the form of a testimony, and his manner of imparting it, though not his spirit, to be dogmatic.‡ Hall's philanthropy is still *practical:* that species of it which affects to feel for every part of mankind alike, he regards as spurious; it must warm in proportion as the object on which it spends itself is near, the first duty of life being to cultivate well one's own field.§

With respect to Hall's own temperament, we gather from various passages in his writings, that it was by nature indolent;‖ and many and unfeigned are the lamentations which he utters over his own unprofitableness:¶—it was averse to every kind of display; he sighs for the leisure of an obscure village, where he might escape from visiters and call his time his own; he declines a lecture in London, partly from the vanity argued by the acceptance of it; he is reluctant to attend public religious meetings, discovering in them something of an ostentatious spirit, and figuring to himself, that the Great Head of the church 'did not strive, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street;'** he is offended at the perpetual rivalry displayed at missionary sermons, as to whose collection shall be the greatest;†† he is not pleased with the

* Vol. iii., p. 381. † Vol. v., p. 427. ‡ Vol. i., p. 302.
§ Vol. i., p. 250; v., p. 460. ‖ Vol. v., p. 421. ¶ Vol v., p. 435.
** Vol. v., pp. 478, 503. †† Vol. v., p. 513.

spectacle

Digitized by Google

spectacle presented at an ordination in the Baptist denomination, when elders are congregated from far and near, more, as he thinks, for show than use;* he is a foe to all canting, all gestures, all manœuvres, all display of self;† and professes no aptitude for what is called religious conversation in general company.‡ He was irritable, as might be conjectured from a passage in his Memoir of Dr. Ryland, where there is a species of apology for occasional outbreakings of anger,—a violent suppression of the natural feelings being, as he holds, not the best expedient for obviating their injurious effects.§ We come to the same conclusion from a very characteristic, and, to Hall, honourable, letter of excuse to a friend for his incivility to his servant, who had caused some interruption to his closet-devotions by the pertinacious delivery of an unimportant message;‖ and, indeed, from the general tone of his writings, especially those of a political or controversial kind. Some allowance, however, is to be made for a little habitual spleen in a man who, conscious of high superiority, was depressed by circumstances below his natural level in life; for such a person, so placed, not to kick against the pricks would indeed have been a spectacle of protracted self-denial of the rarest merit, but was one which required a degree of virtue unreasonable to expect. Though unsocial, as he tells us more than once,¶ and when at Cambridge reluctant, as we have heard, to meet the advances even of men the most distinguished both for rank and talents, who studiously sought his acquaintance, he was easy and playful in his intercourse with such persons as had the privilege of his friendship, affecting amongst them no extraordinary gravity; and when, on one occasion, rebuked by a fellow-preacher of some charity sermons, more precisian than himself, for the vivacity of his conversation, 'Brother Hall, I am surprised at you, so frivolous, after delivering so serious a discourse!' 'Brother ——,' was the retort, 'I keep my nonsense for the fire-side, while you publish yours from the pulpit.'** With no one prejudice like Johnson, he still reminds us of him—he is what Johnson would have been (if it be possible to conceive him such) had he been a whig and a dissenter. He has something of his dogmatism—something of his superstition††—something of his melancholy—something of the same proneness to erect himself before man and prostrate himself to the earth before God; a mixture of pride and of humility—of domination and self-abasement: he has much too of Johnson's love for common-sense and home-spun philosophy, combined, however, with an imagination far more vivid

* Vol. v., pp. 532, 556. † Vol. iv., p. 490. ‡ Reminiscences, p. 161.
§ Vol. i., p. 402. ‖ Vol. v., p. 507. ¶ Vol. v., p. 550.
** Reminiscences, p. 194. †† Ibid., 132.

 and

Digitized by Google

and excursive, for which the former qualities did not always serve as an adequate corrective. His learning is not on the same scale as his mother-wit—it is enough, however, to add stamina to his speculations, and for more perhaps he did not greatly care. His knowledge of metaphysical and deistical writers appears to have been that in which he chiefly excelled; his allusions to classical authors are few, and his quotations from them (a practice which he somewhere gives us to understand he held cheap) in general trite and unscholar-like—but he was too affluent to borrow, and too independent to be a slave to authorities.

Such is our idea of this remarkable man and of his writings, formed upon a careful perusal of the five volumes before us. We fear the memoir of him announced by his early friend and (we believe) fellow-student, Sir James Mackintosh, was never written. We waited long and anxiously for its appearance, but have had the sorrow to learn that the meditative and humane spirit which had undertaken this delicate task, has itself been lost to us. Some other hand will, no doubt, try to supply us with a regular life of Hall. But time rolls on—the great events of the day soon close upon every individual interest—and we have, therefore, preferred to speak for ourselves now whilst we have the season, rather than postpone our observations to a period when we might have profitably entered into the labours of others. If, in the former part of this paper, we may seem to have treated the name of Hall with less deference than it demands, we can only repeat, that on sitting down to the book, we did so with the most friendly feelings towards its author—that it was our intention to express those feelings without qualification or reserve, and that we had not a suspicion we should meet in it with matter so offensive. At the same time we trust, that whatsoever we have said has been so said as to evince our sense of the respect due to the author's genius and character, and our conviction, that of him it may be still exclaimed with truth, in spite of all his failings, 'there is a great man fallen this day in Israel.'

ART. V.—*A Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in New Zealand, in* 1827; *together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan D'Acunha.* By Augustus Earle, Draughtsman to His Majesty's Surveying Ship 'The Beagle.' 8vo. London. 1832.

THIS is a spirited performance, and contains many details about New Zealand which, we feel strongly persuaded, are as authentic as they must be allowed to be amusing; yet we have not undertaken to give our readers some account of it, at present,

Digitized by Google

sent, without considerable hesitation. The reason is, that it abounds in sweeping sarcasms on the English Missionaries settled in this remote region, supported only by a handful of anecdotes which, although the author may have been sincerely desirous of telling the truth, are not improbably tinged by his personal prejudices, and susceptible of explanations destructive in part, if not entirely, of the inferences which he requires us to adopt. The direction of the Church Missionary Society, in particular, is in hands so well entitled to respect and confidence, that we would fain have waited until there had been time for its secretaries to make adequate inquiry into the grounds of the author's bitter reflections on the conduct of its distant ministers, and lay the result in some authoritative shape before the world. The writer's description, however, of the rapid increase of intercourse between the Port of London and a part of the world which, but twenty years ago, it was considered impossible to visit without running ten chances to one of being massacred—to say nothing of being baked and devoured afterwards—satisfies us that Mr. Earle's book will be speedily followed by others on the same subject, and that we shall accordingly have plenty of opportunities for taking up, more satisfactorily than we could hope to do at present, the grave and serious question to which we have alluded. It is obvious enough, that those of our countrymen who visit New Zealand for merely commercial purposes have, in general, a vehement dislike of the missionary settlers now multiplying on various parts of the coast, and even of the interior; and that, after the usual fashion of human nature, there is little love lost. Presently, it is to be expected, we shall have enough of conflicting evidence to sift: perhaps some fortunate accident may enable us to bring forward a witness whose character and position may authorise us to claim for him far more reliance than the public at large might be willing to place on the testimony either of a New Zealand missionary, or of a South Sea skipper, or of any individual adventurer thrown by circumstances almost exclusively into the society of one or other of these classes. Meantime, having thus signified our belief that, in whatever regards the missionaries, Mr. Earle's statements must be received, for the present, with anything but rash confidence, we shall pass lightly over that questionable part of his volume, and select for the entertainment of our readers a few of those picturesque details of savage life in this *Ultima Thule* of the south, which, whatever may be the fate of his reputation otherwise, certainly entitle him to no mean place among the painters of manners.

He is indeed a painter by profession; and though few of us may ever have heard his name, there are perhaps still fewer who have

Digitized by Google

have not ere now been indebted both for amusement and instruction to his indefatigable pencil. Regularly bred as an artist, and, it would seem, a person of highly respectable connexions, Mr. Earle has been, from opening manhood to middle life, as very a wanderer on the face of the earth as old Lithgow himself, or the still more venerable Ibn Batuta. For seventeen years past, he has been almost perpetually on the move, driven apparently by a sort of gipsy instinct from one quarter of the world to another, and in spite of overturns and robberies by land, and shipwrecks and all sorts of chances and changes at sea, happy everywhere, except when he had a touch of the liver complaint, against which no spirits can hold up, in Madras. To have visited every capital in Europe is now-a-days no distinction—on that score he is only qualified to be put on the ballot of the Traveller's Club. He has perambulated America, North and South, from Canada to Paraguay: he has passed the Alleghanies and the Andes, and made sketches of numberless cities and harbours, which subsequently, being transferred to the panorama-limners, have enlightened most of us either in Leicester Fields or the Strand. He has wandered all over India in like fashion, and brought home the materials for panoramas of Madras, Bombay, and we know not how many more places in our Eastern empire. He has often sailed in king's ships, and after witnessing Lord Exmouth's performances at Algiers, he obtained leave to land, toured away the rest of that season in Barbary, and executed more drawings of its architectural monuments than anybody since Bruce. Among other little excursions he made one to New Holland a few years back—sketched the pretty panorama of Sidney—inspected Van Diemen's Land—and finally spent most part of a year in New Zealand—whence this book: which, however, contains also the history of another interesting episode in this restless adventurer's life—the Journal, namely, of his forced residence for ten months of 1824, on the desolate island of Tristan D'Acunha, where he had been accidentally left behind by a trading sloop bound from Brazil to the Cape of Good Hope, and had to wait patiently among a small colony of Jack Tars until another vessel picked him up. Such a life as this indicates not a little of the temper and character of the man that has chosen to lead it; and perhaps might have been sufficient of itself to prepare our readers for a book more abounding in lively descriptions, and clever off-hand observations, than in pains-taking research, and a cautious balancing of *pros* and *cons*.

He has given no map of New Zealand, and introduces so many rivers and bays hitherto unheard of, at least by *his* names, that it is not easy to follow him in his perambulations, so as to add anything very accurately to the stock of our geographical knowledge,

Digitized by Google

knowledge, properly so called; but this is of the less importance, as we are promised an official survey at no distant period. The attention of government appears, indeed, to have been of late directed to these regions by a variety of circumstances — and their importance, with reference to the rising settlements on the mainland of Australasia, is such, that many years cannot elapse before we shall have ample information at our command. Whether the arguments which Mr. Earle urges in behalf of the expediency of the government's establishing his majesty's flag on some permanent footing in the Bay of Islands, are likely to produce an immediate effect, we do not pretend to say; but it is clear enough, that if the settlements of private British adventurers continue to increase and multiply in that quarter as rapidly as they have of late been doing, the affording them, and the shipping they attract, some regular countenance and protection, will by and by be felt to be called for by considerations of interest and policy, as well as of humanity and justice.

New Zealand was first discovered in 1642, by Abel Jansen Tasman, who gave it the name it bears in consequence of the supposed resemblance of its surface to that of his native country, to which, however, on subsequent examination, it has been ascertained to bear even less likeness than Monmouth does to Macedon. The Dutchman had seen a marshy flat at the one end of one of two islands, both of them remarkable for picturesque variety of scenery, and one containing a range of mountains far higher than any in Europe. The strait between the two islands was discovered by Cook in 1770, and bears his name; perhaps there may turn out hereafter to be more straits than one, and consequently more islands than two. The miserable outrages narrated by Dutchmen, Spaniards, the illustrious Cook, the Frenchman Marion, and in our time by Captain Berry respecting the catastrophe of the Boyd, suspended, until very recently, all idea of resorting to those shores for commercial purposes. The heroic Marsden made, as is well known, an attempt to plant a missionary settlement, but soon gave it up in despair. The South Sea whalers, however, took heart of grace, and it is to their courage and good nature in dealing with the natives, that we owe the success of Mr. Marsden's successors, and the near approach to security with which Europeans of all classes may now visit what the early Hollanders named on their maps *the Bay of Murder*.

Our author accounts quite *en artiste* for his own expedition to this land of bloodshed. He happened to see several natives of New Zealand while at Port Jackson, and was so much struck with their physical strength and symmetry, that he resolved to ascertain, by ocular inspection, whether they were selected specimens

Digitized by Google

mens of size and beauty, or belonged to a nation decidedly and greatly superior in such qualifications to his own countrymen. He accordingly took a berth on board the brig Governor Macquarie, and sailed from Sidney on the 20th Oct. 1827, in company with a Scotchman of the name of Shand, whom he had persuaded to join in the trip, and various other passengers, among the rest a party of Wesleyan Methodists, who were going to establish a settlement;—and they all reached their destination in safety on the 30th of the same month. A noble river, the mouth of which had been detected, but never explored, by Cook, received the vessel, and they found themselves gliding among magnificent scenery, a hilly, richly-wooded country, with fertile and well cultivated fields interspersed here and there, and presently a succession of neat little settlements, where European artisans have established themselves, (under the protection of a chief who has *cut* his original name for the style and title of King George,) and were busily engaged most of them in sawing timber for the Botany Bay market, or preparing provisions for the whalers. The brig had not advanced, however, beyond the first reach, before Mr. Earle's curiosity as to the *physique* of the population was quite satisfied. The vessel was boarded by whole swarms of the natives, of both sexes, and of every rank, from the high chief 'who rubbed noses' with the skipper on a footing of familiarity and affection, down to the poor slave who durst hardly look the same way with his master. No sooner had a few pipes been smoked, and a few trinkets distributed, than these grateful guests set about exhibiting the agreeable state of their feelings by stripping themselves stark naked and performing a dance, which, our author says, he thought every minute would have stove down the deck of the Macquarie. This ballet *in puris naturalibus*, the rule *puris omnia pura* not being without its exceptions, drove Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs and three other worthy Wesleyans to their cabins, but quite delighted our unpuritanical painter, and enabled him forthwith to enrich his sketch-book with a copious display of backs and legs, not to be surpassed among all the wonders of the Elgin marbles. 'I observed them,' he says, 'with the critical eye of an artist: they were generally taller and larger men than ourselves, broad shouldered and muscular, and their limbs as sinewy as though they had occupied all their lives in laborious employments.' Their colour was lighter than that of the American Indians; their dark hair, not straight and lank after the Cherokee pattern, but disposed in richly luxuriant curls; their features, even to a learned eye, regularly beautiful; their motions in the dance not more remarkable for vigour than for grace. In short, Mr. Earle was quite captivated with this *tableau vivant*, and no longer at a loss

to

Digitized by Google

to account for the perfection to which the Greeks carried the fine arts, accustomed as they were to see mother-naked athletes leaping, wrestling, and boxing, every day of their lives for hours together; or the comparatively poor success of the alumni of Somerset House, whose lines have fallen to them in a land of surtouts and trowsers, and who have no opportunity of sketching the unsophisticated graces of nature, except when some brawny coalheaver is hired, by extra pots of porter, to enlighten the Academy by doffing his habiliments, and twisting himself into the attitude of the Apollo, or the Antinous, or 'winged Mercury;' or some vestal of Drury Lane condescends to earn half a sovereign by assuming, for a few minutes, the port and station of Venus Anadyomene, in the midst of two or three score of students, all philosophically measuring and computing, and eagerly transferring their discoveries to their several drawing-boards.

The dance over, and the οἱ πολλοι of these interesting posture-masters having withdrawn, the chiefs resumed their mat-dresses or *kakahoos*, and entered into rational conversation with the captain on subjects interesting to them in their capacity of pig-merchants. The ladies reappeared on deck—supper was served—and says Mr. Earle,

'We spent a very cheerful time with our savage visiters, who behaved in as polite and respectful a manner as the best educated gentlemen could have done. Their pleasing manners so ingratiated them into the good opinion of the ladies, that they all declared "they would really be very handsome men if their faces were not tattooed."'—p. 12.

The first of the new European settlements at which they landed, was at a place called by the natives 'E. O. Racky'—but the English have christened it 'Deptford.' Here are a dockyard and a number of saw-pits. Several vessels had just been laden with timber and spars for Port Jackson, and a handsome brig of one hundred and fifty tons burthen was on the stocks.

'I was greatly delighted,' says Mr. Earle, 'with the appearance of order, bustle, and industry. Here were storehouses, dwelling-houses, and various offices for the mechanics; and every department seemed as well filled as it could have been in a civilized country. To me the most interesting circumstance was to notice the great delight of the natives, and the pleasure they seemed to take in observing the progress of the various works. All were officious to "lend a hand," and each seemed eager to be employed. This feeling corresponds with my idea of the best method of civilising a savage. Nothing can more completely show the importance of the useful arts than a dock-yard. In it are practised nearly all the mechanical trades; and these present, to the busy inquiring mind of a New Zealander, a practical encyclopædia of knowledge. When he sees the combined exertions of the smith and carpenter create so huge a fabric as a ship, his

Digitized by Google

his mind is filled with wonder and delight; and when he witnesses the moulding of iron at the anvil, it excites his astonishment and emulation.

'The people of the dockyard informed me, that although it was constantly crowded with natives, scarcely anything had ever been stolen, and all the chiefs in the neighbourhood took so great an interest in the work, that any annoyance offered to those employed would immediately be revenged as a personal affront.'—pp. 25, 26.

He describes, some pages lower down, a similar settlement at Korakadika, where a small party of Scotch artisans have established themselves in an equally flourishing manner. The native chiefs compete zealously for the favour of every succeeding band of adventurers that appear, each trying every possible expedient to induce them to pitch their tents on his own territory, and exerting himself to the utmost, when the choice has been made, to protect them and their property against hostile tribes, and what is more constantly necessary, against the depredations of 'King George of England's runaway slaves,' that is to say, convicts who have made their escape from Botany Bay, and planted themselves on these pleasant shores, where they are too useful in setting 'sick guns' to rights not to be welcomed, and cherished, though the natives, high and low, appear to have a perfect contempt for them. One great benefit to be expected from the erection of a government factory would be the disappearance of these nondescripts from the parts of the coast usually frequented by British traders.

The New Zealanders are, in common with all the South Sea Islanders, distinguished from the aborigines of America, by natural gaiety of heart, high animal spirits, and an active disposition, without which, indeed, no human creature can know much of happiness. Far from retreating, therefore, from the face of civilized strangers, and despising their arts, these people appear, from the moment the opportunity was offered them, to have exerted their energies most strenuously in providing the materials of commercial intercourse with the European nations. They toil by hundreds in the remote depths of their forests, hewing wood for the new dockyards, and often bring their floats in capital order from enormous distances. They cultivate potatoes and Indian corn, in very good style, for similar purposes; and though excessively fond of animal food, abstain from it entirely for months on end, that they may have comely herds of pigs against the arrival of the whalers. They imitate with Chinese accuracy the houses built by the English people, continuing, however, to decorate their interiors after the fashion of their ancestors, with paintings, and carvings of most elaborate workmanship, in many of which, Mr. Earle says, he saw marks of native taste not inferior to what he

Digitized by Google

he had observed among some of the elder labours of the Egyptians. There is, moreover, a happy distinction between the New Zealanders, and the people of the Sandwich groupe, which, as our author says, has had more effect than perhaps any other single circumstance whatever. The chiefs do not consider idleness as the badge and privilege of high rank. On the contrary, they are always foremost in every piece of work that is undertaken. The patriarchal leader brings the first hoe to the potatoe field, as well as the first axe to the forest, and the first rifle to the march. But what has been the *primum mobile* of all this recent industry? Let Mr. Earle answer.

'The first thing which struck me forcibly was, that each of these savages was armed with a good musket, and most of them had also a cartouch box buckled round their waists, filled with ball cartridges, and those who had fired their pieces from the canoes, carefully cleaned the pans, covered the locks over with a piece of dry rag, and put them in a secure place in their canoes. Every person who has read Captain Cook's account of the natives of New Zealand would be astonished at the change which has taken place since his time, when the firing a single musket would have terrified a whole village.' —p. 10.

'The moment the New Zealanders became acquainted with the nature of fire-arms, their minds were directed but to one point; namely, to become possessed of them. After many ingenious and treacherous attempts to obtain these oft-coveted treasures, and which, for the most part, ended in their defeat, they had recourse to industry, and determined to create commodities which they might fairly barter for these envied muskets. Potatoes were planted, hogs were reared, and flax prepared, not for their own use or comfort, but to exchange with the Europeans for fire-arms. Their plans succeeded; and they have now fairly possessed themselves of those weapons, which at first made us so formidable in their eyes; and as they are in constant want of fresh supplies of ammunition, I feel convinced it will always be their wish to be on friendly terms with us, for the purpose of procuring these desirable stores. I have not heard of a single instance in which they have turned these arms against us, though they are often grossly insulted.'—p. 56.

Mr. Earle gives, in a later chapter, an anecdote which was considered, he says, at the time, as a most remarkable instance of the extent to which these savages will change their modes, when, by doing so, a musket or a flask of gunpowder may be procurable. A chief of the highest rank died, and the usual preparations had all been made for celebrating his obsequies, *more majorum*. A vessel hove in sight—a rumour, that she had quantities of arms and ammunition to dispose of, was circulated—the young chieftain instantly fixed his thoughts on bargaining—the funeral rites were huddled over as fast as possible, and every hand being wanted to

cut

Digitized by Google

cut trees and square the logs, not one slave was butchered in honour of the defunct.—p. 80.

A broader statement, given in a different part of the book, may perhaps be not unfitly introduced here. It is a striking specimen of good, though not, alas! unmixed good, coming out of evil.

'Before our intercourse took place with the New Zealanders, a universal and unnatural custom existed amongst them, which was that of destroying most of their female children in infancy; their excuse being, that they were quite as much trouble to rear, and consumed just as much food, as a male child, and yet, when grown up, they were not fit to go to war as their boys were. The strength and pride of a chief then consisted in the number of his sons; while the few females who had been suffered to live were invariably looked down upon by all with the utmost contempt. They led a life of misery and degradation. The difference now is most remarkable. The natives, seeing with what admiration strangers beheld their fine young women, and what handsome presents were made to them, by which their families were benefited; feeling also that their influence was so powerful over the white men; have been latterly as anxious to cherish and protect their infant girls as they were formerly cruelly bent on destroying them. Therefore, if one sin has been, to a certain degree, encouraged, a much greater one has been annihilated. Infanticide, the former curse of this country, and the cause of its scanty population, a crime every way calculated to make men bloody-minded and ferocious, and to stifle every benevolent and tender feeling, has totally disappeared wherever an intercourse has taken place between the natives and the crews of European vessels.'—pp. 243, 244.

There is no better measure of national manners all the world over, than the treatment of the weaker by the stronger sex; and we are sorry to say, notwithstanding the above cited passage, and some others, our author's whole picture of the situation of the females among what he calls 'this noble people,' is a most shocking one. Female infanticide appears to be at an end, and, however impure the origin of this amendment, it is a great and a blessed step; but this volume abounds in traits of cool, reckless barbarity that revolt the heart—nor is Mr. Earle's closing *resumé* on the subject much different in its effect.

'The method of "courtship and matrimony" is a most extraordinary one; so much so, that an observer could never imagine any affection existed between the parties. A man sees a woman whom he fancies he should like for a wife: he asks the consent of her father, or, if an orphan, of her nearest relation; which if he obtains, he carries his "intended" off by force, she resisting with all her strength; and, as the New Zealand girls are generally pretty robust, sometimes a dreadful struggle takes place: both are soon stripped to the skin; and it is sometimes the work of hours to remove the fair prize a hundred yards. If she breaks away, she instantly flies from her antagonist,

Digitized by Google

antagonist, and he has his labour to commence again. We may suppose that if the lady feels any wish to be united to her would-be spouse, she will not make too violent an opposition: but it sometimes happens that she secures her retreat into her father's house, and the lover loses all chance of ever obtaining her; whereas, if he can manage to carry her in triumph into his own, she immediately becomes his wife. The women have a decided aversion to marriage; which can scarcely be wondered at, when we consider how they are circumstanced. While they remain single, they enjoy all the privileges of the other sex; they may rove where they please, and bestow their favours on whom they choose, and are entirely beyond control or restraint; but when married, their freedom is at an end; they become mere slaves, and sink gradually into domestic drudges to those who have the power of life and death over them; and whether their conduct be criminal or exemplary, they are equally likely to receive a blow, in a moment of passion, of sufficient force to end life and slavery together! There are, however, exceptions to this frightful picture; and I saw several old couples, who had been united in youth, who had always lived in happiness together, and whose kind and friendly manner towards each other set an example well worthy of imitation in many English families.

'A chief, residing in the village, had proof of the infidelity of one of his wives; and being perfectly sure of her guilt, he took his patoo-patoo (or stone hatchet), and proceeded to his hut, where this wretched woman was employed in household affairs. Without mentioning the cause of his suspicion, or once upbraiding her, he deliberately aimed a blow at her head, which killed her on the spot; and as she was a slave, he dragged the body to the outside of the village, and there left it to be devoured by the dogs. The account of this transaction was soon brought to us, and we proceeded to the place to request permission to bury the body of the murdered woman, which was immediately granted. Accordingly, we procured a couple of slaves, who assisted us to carry the corpse down to the beach, where we interred it in the most decent manner we could.

'This was the second murder I was very nearly a witness to since my arrival; and the indifference with which each had been spoken of, induced me to believe that such barbarities were events of frequent occurrence; yet the manners of all seemed kind and gentle towards each other; but infidelity in a wife is never forgiven here; and, in general, if the lover can be taken, he also is sacrificed along with the adulteress. Truth obliges me to confess that, notwithstanding these horrors staring them in the face, they will, if opportunity offers, indulge in an intrigue.'—pp. 82, 83.

The following story connects the general brutality towards females with another horrible subject.—But a few years ago, it was the fashion to class, seriously, the anthropophagi with the men 'whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders.' Scepticism on this point was pretty well set at rest by Sir Stamford Raffles's account of the

Digitized by Google

the Battas in the interior of Java, and by some shocking details in Mr. Ellis's Polynesia. The present writer brings, however, still more direct evidence than either of these. 'Much (he says) has been written to prove the non-existence of so hideous a propensity. It has been my lot to behold cannibalism in all its horrors.'

'One morning, about eleven o'clock, after I had just returned from a long walk, Captain Duke informed me he had heard from very good authority, (though the natives wished it to be kept a profound secret,) that in the adjoining village a female slave, named Matowe, had been put to death, and that the people were at that very time preparing her flesh for cooking. At the same time he reminded me of a circumstance which had taken place the evening before. The young chief, Atoi, had been paying us a visit, and, when going away, he recognised a girl who, he said, was a slave that had run away from him; he immediately seized hold of her, and gave her in charge to some of his people. The girl had been employed in carrying wood for us; Atoi's laying claim to her had caused us no alarm for her life, and we had thought no more on the subject; but now, to my surprise and horror, I heard this poor girl was the victim they were preparing for the oven! Captain Duke and myself were resolved to witness this dreadful scene. We therefore kept our information as secret as possible, well knowing that, if we had manifested our wishes, they would have denied the whole affair. We set out, taking a circuitous route towards the village; and, being well acquainted with the road, we came upon them suddenly, and found them in the midst of their abominable ceremonies.

'On a spot of rising ground, just outside the village, we saw a man preparing a native oven, which is done in the following simple manner:—A hole is made in the ground, and hot stones are put within it, and then all is covered up close. As we approached, we saw evident signs of the murder which had been perpetrated; bloody mats were strewed around, and a boy was standing by them actually laughing; he put his finger to his head, and then pointed towards a bush. I approached the bush, and there discovered a human head. My feelings of horror may be imagined as I recognized the features of the unfortunate girl I had seen forced from our village the preceding evening!

'We ran towards the fire, and there stood a man occupied in a way few would wish to see. He was preparing the four quarters of a human body for a feast; the large bones, having been taken out, were thrown aside, and the flesh being compressed, he was in the act of forcing it into the oven. While we stood transfixed by this terrible sight, a large dog, which lay before the fire, rose up, seized the bloody head, and walked off with it into the bushes; no doubt to hide it there for another meal! The man completed his task with the most perfect composure, telling us, at the same time, that the repast would not be ready for some hours!

'In this instance it was no warrior's flesh to be eaten; there was no

Digitized by Google

no enemy's blood to drink, in order to infuriate them. They had no revenge to gratify; no plea could they make of their passions having been roused by battle; nor the excuse that they ate their enemies to perfect their triumph. This was an action of *unjustifiable cannibalism*'—(we had heard of justifiable and unjustifiable *homicide* before!). 'The chief, who had given orders for this cruel feast, had only the night before sold us four pigs for a few pounds of powder; so he had not even the excuse of want of food. After Captain Duke and myself had consulted with each other, we walked into the village, determining to charge him with his brutality.

'Atoi received us in his usual manner; and his handsome open countenance could not be imagined to belong to so savage a monster as he had proved himself to be. I shuddered at beholding the unusual quantity of potatoes his slaves were preparing to eat with this infernal banquet. We talked coolly with him on the subject; for as we could not prevent what had taken place, we were resolved to learn (if possible) the whole particulars. Atoi at first tried to make us believe he knew nothing about it, and that it was only a meal for his slaves; but we had ascertained that it was for himself and his favourite companions. After various endeavours to conceal the fact, Atoi frankly owned that he was only waiting till the cooking was completed to partake of it. He added, that, knowing the horror we Europeans held these feasts in, the natives were always most anxious to conceal them from us, and he was very angry that it had come to our knowledge; but, as he had acknowledged the fact, he had no objections to talk about it. He told us that human flesh required a greater number of hours to cook than any other; and that if not done enough, it was very tough, but when sufficiently cooked it was as tender as paper. He held in his hand a piece of paper, which he tore in illustration of his remark. He said the flesh then preparing would not be ready till next morning; but one of his sisters whispered in my ear that her brother was deceiving us, as they intended feasting at sun-set.

'We inquired why and how he had murdered the poor girl. He replied, that running away from him to her own relations was her only crime. He then took us outside his village, and showed us the post to which she had been tied, and laughed to think how he had cheated her:—"For," said he, "I told her I only intended to give her a flogging; but I fired, and shot her through the heart!" My blood ran cold at this relation, and I looked with feelings of horror at the savage while he related it. Shall I be credited when I again affirm, that he was not only a handsome young man, but mild and genteel in his demeanour? He was a man we had admitted to our table, and a general favourite with us all; and the poor victim was a pretty girl of about sixteen years of age!

'While listening to this frightful detail, we felt sick almost to fainting. We left Atoi, and again strolled towards the spot where this disgusting mess was cooking. Not a native was now near it: a hot fetid steam kept occasionally bursting from the smothered mass; and

Digitized by Google

and the same dog we had seen with the head, now crept from beneath the bushes, and sneaked towards the village: to add to the gloominess of the whole, a large hawk rose heavily from the very spot where the poor victim had been cut in pieces. My friend and I sat gazing on this melancholy place; it was a lowering gusty day, and the moaning of the wind through the bushes, as it swept round the hill on which we were, seemed in unison with our feelings.

'After some time spent in contemplating the miserable scene before us, during which we gave full vent to the most passionate exclamations of disgust, we determined to spoil this intended feast. I ran off to our beach, leaving Duke on guard, and, collecting all the white men I could, I informed them of what had happened, and asked them if they would assist: they consented, and each having provided himself with a shovel or a pickaxe, we repaired in a body to the spot. Atoi and his friends had by some means been informed of our intention, and they came out to prevent it. He used various threats to deter us, and seemed highly indignant; but as his followers appeared unwilling to come to blows, and ashamed that such a transaction should have been discovered by us, we were permitted to do as we chose. We accordingly dug a tolerably deep grave; then we resolutely attacked the oven. On removing the earth and leaves, the shocking spectacle was presented to our view,—the four quarters of a human body half roasted. During our work clouds of steam enveloped us, and the disgust was almost overpowering. We collected all the parts we could recognise; the heart was placed separately—we suppose, as a savoury morsel for the chief himself. We placed the whole in the grave, which we filled up as well as we could, and then broke and scattered the oven.

'After our passion and disgust had somewhat subsided, I could not help feeling that we had acted very imprudently in thus tempting the fury of these savages, and interfering in an affair that certainly was no concern of ours; but as no harm accrued to any of our party, it plainly shows the influence "the white men" have already obtained over them: had the offence we committed been done by any hostile tribe, hundreds of lives would have been sacrificed.

'The next day our old friend King George paid us a long visit, and we talked over the affair very calmly. He highly disapproved of our conduct. "In the first place," said he, "you did a foolish thing, which might have cost you your lives; and yet did not accomplish your purpose after all, as you merely succeeded in burying the flesh near the spot on which you found it. After you went away, it was again taken up, and every bit was eaten;" a fact I afterwards ascertained by examining the grave and finding it empty. King George further said, "It was an old custom, which their fathers practised before them; and you had no right to interfere with their ceremonies. I myself," added he, "have left off eating human flesh, out of compliment to you white men; but you have no reason to expect the same compliance from all the other chiefs. What punishment have you in England

Digitized by Google

England for thieves and runaways?" We answered, "After trial, flogging or hanging." "Then," he replied, "the only difference in our laws is, you flog and hang, but we shoot and eat."

'After thus reproving us, he became very communicative on the subject of cannibalism. He said, he recollected the time prior to pigs and potatoes being introduced into the island (an epoch of great importance to the New Zealanders); and stated, that he was born and reared in an inland district; fish they never saw; and the only flesh he then partook of was human. But I will no longer dwell on this humiliating subject. I am thoroughly satisfied that nothing will cure the natives of this dreadful propensity but the introduction of many varieties of animals, both wild and tame, and all would be sure to thrive in so mild and fine a climate.'—pp. 112-122.

Leaving this subject, which it could do no good to dwell on, all the savage treatment of the women in this part of the world, and all the looseness of their own habits, have not been able to destroy the superior gentleness of nature, which everywhere else distinguishes the sex. Amidst the bloody and barbarous pictures of manners which Mr. Earle gives us, whenever a redeeming trait of pure unbought humanity relieves the dark colouring, it is connected in one way or another with the innate benevolence of woman. We could extract many examples; but one must suffice.

While Mr. Earle and his friend Shand were living at Korakadika, under the protection of 'King George' a British vessel arrived, having on board a native chief, who had by mere accident remained in the ship, when setting sail from his own part of the country, until it was too late to put back and reland him there, and who, it was now discovered, had every reason to dread being recognized in the Bay of Islands, as he was an hereditary enemy of 'King George.' Unfortunately, His Majesty approached the vessel in his canoe, and detected this obnoxious passenger, before he had time to conceal himself. At sight of him George and all his people became perfectly outrageous: nothing would convince them but that the English captain was in league with their enemies, and had brought this spy into their territories from interested motives; and they seemed resolved on boarding the brig and executing summary vengeance. To every remonstrance, George replied, 'any other I would have pardoned; but it was only last year this man killed, and helped to eat, my own uncle, whose death is still unrevenged. I cannot allow him to leave my country alive: if I did, I should be despised for ever.' Mr. Earle's influence with King George, at length, however, prevailed so far that he agreed to give up all thoughts of pursuing his vengeance, provided the man remained on board the vessel. 'If I see him on shore, he dies,' were his parting words.

Digitized by Google

A few days after, nevertheless, King George being at a distance, and the whole affair seemingly forgotten, the stranger was so rash as to land, and made his way in safety to the cottage where Mr. Earle and his friend were established. But forthwith all the natives were in commotion: messengers were sent in every direction after King George, and he soon appeared, attended by a large body of warriors, all in battle array, that is to say, quite naked, their skins fresh oiled and painted, musket on every shoulder, fury in every look and gesture.

'We had scarcely time to shut and fasten our door, when they made a rush to force it; and we had a severe struggle to keep them out. When they found we would not give up the man, but that they must murder us before they could accomplish their revenge, the disappointment rendered them nearly frantic. Our situation was most critical and appalling; and nothing can be a more convincing proof of the influence the Europeans have obtained over them, than that, at such a moment, they should have refrained from setting fire to or pulling down the house, and sacrificing every one of us. George again remonstrated with us, assuring us it was his sacred duty to destroy this man, now he was in his territory. He cautioned us not to stand between him and his enemy, who must die before the sun set, pointing, at the same time, to that luminary, and ordering his slaves to kindle a large fire to roast him on. Finally, he and his friends planted themselves all round the house to prevent the escape of their victim. Thus were we environed with fifty or sixty well armed and exasperated savages.'—pp. 186, 187.

The author and his friend, under these alarming circumstances, gallantly resolved to defend, at the risk of their own lives, the stranger who had put himself under their protection; and continued for some hours to hold their little garrison in momentary expectation of seeing it stormed. Luckily, at this critical point, a new whaler appeared in the bay. This somewhat distracted the attention of King George's people, and adroitly availing themselves of the opportunity, the Englishmen offered to leave the cottage, and allow the savages to do their bloody will on the stranger, adding, however, that of course the captain of the vessel in the offing should be forthwith warned of what had occurred, and the seat of trade altogether removed to another territory. This threat had its effect, now that there had been a little time for passions to cool, and Mr. Earle had the pleasure of assuring the poor man, 'half dead with anxiety,' that his enemies had withdrawn, and he might regain the boat in safety.

'During this transaction I witnessed the natural kindness of heart and disinterested tenderness of the female sex: no matter how distressing the circumstance or appalling the danger, they are, in all countries, the last to forsake man. While the enraged chiefs were yelling outside

Digitized by Google

side our house, and all our exertions could scarcely prevent them from making a forcible entry, all the women were sitting with, and trying to comfort the unhappy cause of this calamity. They had cooked for him a delicate dinner; brought him fruit, and were using every means by which they could keep up his spirits: confidently assuring him the white men would not yield him up to his ferocious foes. Notwithstanding all their exertions, he was miserable, till informed by me of his safety; and I received the warmest thanks, and even blessings from his "fair" friends, as if I had conferred upon each a personal favour. . . . . At the close of this eventful day we received a token of peace, which was in its manner simple and affecting, and not such as could have been expected from a nation of savages. A procession of young girls approached our door, each bearing a basket; some were filled with nicely cooked potatoes, others with various fruits and flowers, which they set down before us, chanting, in a low voice, a song in praise of our recent exploit.'—pp. 190—193.

While they were enjoying this tranquil scene, Atoi, of whom we have heard something before, approached at the head of a party of warriors from some distant expedition, the real objects of which Mr. Earle was never able to understand. Wherever they had been, however, they had been victorious, for 'they returned with quantities of plunder, human heads, and many prisoners.'

'First came a group of miserable creatures, women and children, torn by violence from their native homes, henceforth to be the slaves of their conquerors; some were miserably wounded and lacerated, others looked half-starved, but all seemed wretched and dejected. The women of Ko-ro-ra-di-ka, with their usual humanity, instantly surrounded them, endeavoured to console them, and shed abundance of tears over them. I inquired of one of the warriors what they had done with the male prisoners; he coolly replied, they had all been eaten, except some "titbits," which had been packed up in the baskets and brought on shore, in order to regale particular friends and favourites!'—pp. 196, 197.

Such stories as these are, it must be owned, not well calculated to soften that general prejudice against the New Zealanders, which to abolish seems nevertheless the principal object of Mr. Earle's present lucubrations. He tells his stories, however, without apparently fearing that they will be held to militate against the doctrine he desires to enforce—namely, that British crews may repair with about as little hazard to this part of the world, as to Port Jackson or Van Diemen's Land; and we are bound to admit, that the explanations he offers with respect to three or four bloody catastrophes, which have been perpetually kept before the public mind, are *ex facie* probable, and, if the facts be correctly given, must go far to strengthen his view of the case. It seems that the French Captain, Marion, who, with almost all his crew,

Digitized by Google

perished some five and twenty years ago in so frightful a manner, owed his fate to utter ignorance of the language. The Frenchmen had no interpreter, and could not or would not comprehend the signs by which the natives, assembled in crowds, urged them to desist from dragging their nets on a particular part of the beach. It was holy ground—tabooed—a spot set apart for some religious ceremony of the highest importance—the Frenchmen persisted, and when the people saw the sanctity of the place wantonly, and, as they thought, contemptuously violated, by the seamen not only drawing their seine on the sand, but proceeding to knock the fish, which were also tabooed there, on the head, and spread the ground with blood and offal, their passions could no longer be restrained, and the rash strangers were butchered to a man. King George, who was one of the actors in this tragedy, gave all its details to Mr. Earle without hesitation. 'They were brave men,' he said, 'but they were all killed and eaten.'

George was also present at the massacre of Captain Thompson of the Boyd, and all on board, except an old woman and one cabin-boy, in 1810; and his account of that transaction, confirmed as it was by the evidence of various other eye-witnesses, seems to prove, that the master's own brutal inhumanity was the sole origin of its horrors. He had been employed by the governor of New South Wales to carry home a New Zealand chief of high rank, by name Tippahee, by nickname Mr. Philip, whom the governor had treated with eminent civility and attention while at Sidney, and often admitted to his own table. Captain Thompson, however, not only refused to admit Tippahee into his cabin, but actually compelled him to perform menial offices during the voyage. The ship made land, as it happened, where a great number of Tippahee's tribe and allies were assembled, and when the chief made known the usage he had met with, the feelings of all were inflamed to blood-heat, a general rush on the vessel immediately took place, and in a few seconds the ship was in the hands of the swarming savages, who at the first onset beat out the brains of fifty able-bodied seamen, and butchered all the rest at their leisure afterwards.

'George laid the blame entirely on the English, and spoke with great bitterness of the ill-treatment of Philip, the native chief, who came as passenger in the ship. He described, and mimicked his cleaning shoes and knives; his being flogged when he refused to do this degrading work; and, finally, his speech to his countrymen when he came on shore, soliciting their assistance in capturing the vessel, and revenging his ill-treatment. Over and over again our friend George, having worked up his passion by a full recollection of the subject, went through the whole tragedy. The scene thus pourtrayed was

Digitized by Google

was interesting although horrible. No actor, trained in the strictest rules of his art, could compete with George's vehemence of action. The flexibility of his features enabled him to vary the expression of each passion; and he represented hatred, anger, horror, and the imploring of mercy so ably, that, in short, one would have imagined he had spent his whole life in practising the art of imitation.'—p. 152.

Mr. Earle gives also a full narrative of the shipwreck of the Mercury brig off this coast, about three years before his visit, and concludes with observing, that though the crew of that ship had offended the natives previously 'by every kind of ill-treatment,' no attempt was made to murder one of them. The vessel was 'merely plundered,' a proof, he says, 'how much the savage temper of the people had been softened down and *humanized* since the days of the Boyd.' (p. 254.) *One* ship, however, he admits was treated after the old unhumanised fashion during his own stay. This was 'The Enterprise,' from Sidney, with the most valuable of all cargoes, one of arms and ammunition. She had been, he says, regularly freighted for the supply of one of two tribes then engaged in hostilities, and being driven by stress of weather on the territory of the tribe against whom her stores, as they well knew, were meant to be employed, was considered fair prize, and her people as enemies to be dealt with in life and after death according to the established doctrines *de jure belli*—that is, to be murdered and devoured on the spot. The chief of the tribe, for whom the cargo had been designed, appears certainly to have avenged this massacre by a still more extensive one; but we are rather at a loss to understand Mr. Earle's remark—that 'the promptness with which he acted on this melancholy occasion greatly increased the feelings of security possessed by those Englishmen settled on the banks of that river!' (p. 270.)

There is no doubt, however, that things are greatly better than they were. Mr. Earle says, that he himself 'saw with indignation a chief absolutely knocked overboard from a whaler's deck by the shipmate,' and that, 'though twenty years ago so gross an insult would have cost the lives of all on board, it was only made the subject of complaint, and finally of just remonstrance with the master of the whaler.' (p. 254.) When we reflect on the style of manners likely to characterize most of their European visiters, and the total absence of anything in the shape of official authority to overawe the brutal passions of skippers as well as sailors, we ought not perhaps to wonder that scenes of bloody violence should from time to time occur. That, unless when under the influence of local irritation, the natives do now respect the life and even the property of such Europeans as choose to claim the protection of their chiefs, the flourishing condition of the

Digitized by Google

the Deptfords and Rosannas, and other scenes of industry described by our author, to say nothing of the missionary settlements, would be quite enough to place beyond the reach of doubt. A British consul, a small fort on the shore, and a company of soldiers, would, we think it most probable, be quite enough to render the security of our countrymen in this quarter as complete as it ever can be among a people so remote from civilization.

What progress they have hitherto made in arts and manners is ascribed, by our wandering painter, exclusively to the visits of the whalers, and the enterprise of the merchants of Port Jackson, in settling knots of sawyers, and latterly of ship-builders, on the coast of the Bay of Islands. But, even from his own book, it appears to us that the missionaries are well entitled to claim a much larger share of the merit. Such witnesses as Mr. Earle, prejudiced but not dishonest, are apt, if they are allowed to tell their story in their own way, to leave after all an impression not widely remote from the truth. When he informs us, that on visiting one of the church missionary settlements, he had before him 'in all respects the appearance of a snug little English village,' and that approaching another, on a fine evening, he met a herd of at least a hundred kine, in as good order as any in Essex, wending their way homeward from the uplands, where they had been pasturing under the guidance of native lads apprenticed to 'the brethren;' he does quite enough to satisfy every impartial reader that—whatever bad taste may characterize some points of their manners — whatever illiberality their personal demeanour may occasionally exhibit, they are assiduously and successfully urging the advance of civilization among the native races of New Zealand.

It is not easy, however, to be out of humour with Mr. Earle, as to some detached points of his criticism on these worthy people. Remembering that he is an artist, and an enthusiastic artist, it is impossible, for example, not to sympathise with him at page 38, where he is describing his first view of the Kiddy-Kiddy settlement. The European—the English neatness of the houses, gardens, and fields, the wreaths of smoke rising from the chimneys, the meadows covered with sleek cattle, everything presented such a contrast to the savage forests he had been toiling through from sunrise to sunset, that 'it is impossible,' he says, 'to describe what he felt on contemplating a scene so similar to those he had left behind him.' They fired their guns, according to custom, to announce their approach, and presently a swarm of young 'nondescripts' came out to meet them:—

'I could scarcely tell to what order of beings they belonged; but on

Digitized by Google

on their near approach I found them to be New Zealand youths, who were settled with the missionaries. They were habited in the most uncouth dresses imaginable. These pious men certainly have no taste for the picturesque; *they had obscured the finest human forms under a seaman's huge clothing. Boys not more than fifteen wore jackets reaching to their knees, and buttoned up to the throat with great black horn buttons, and a coarse checked shirt, the collar of which spread halfway over their face; their luxuriant, beautiful hair was cut close off, and each head was crammed into a Scotch bonnet!*'—p. 39.

What follows is not pleasant reading, certainly.

'These half-converted, or rather half *covered* youths, after rubbing noses and chattering with our guides, conducted us to the dwellings of their masters. As I had a letter of introduction from one of their own body, I felt not the slightest doubt of a kind reception; so we proceeded with confidence. We were ushered into a house, all cleanliness and comfort, all order, silence, and unsociability. After presenting my letter to a grave-looking personage, it had to undergo a private inspection in an adjoining room, and the result was an invitation "to stay and take a cup of tea!" All that an abundant farm and an excellent grocer in England could supply, were soon before us. Each person of the mission, as he appeared during our repast, was called aside, and I could hear my own letter read and discussed by them. I could not help thinking (within myself) whether this was a way to receive a countryman at the antipodes! No smile beamed upon their countenances; there were no inquiries after news; in short, there was no touch of human sympathy, such as we "of the world" feel at receiving an Englishman under our roof in such a savage country as this! The chubby children, who peeped at us from all corners, and the very hearty appearance of their parents, plainly evidenced that theirs was an excellent and thriving trade. We had a cold invitation to stay all night, but this the number of our party entirely precluded; so they lent us their boat to convey us to the Bay of Islands, a distance of about twenty-five miles.'—pp. 39-41.

After all, the traveller admits that the number of the party 'entirely precluded' their stopping all night. Under such circumstances, could a *warm* invitation to stay have been a sincere one, or half so serviceable as the loan of the boat? As to the caution about the letter—are we expected to forget that all this goes on within ten days sail of Botany Bay, where there are no doubt very many gentlemen capable of looking, on occasion, quite as respectable as any *larking* skipper of Mr. Earle's party, or even of sustaining quite *au naturel* the character of a wandering Apelles? We make no doubt these missionaries of Kiddy-Kiddy had been plagued with many a suspicious enough 'countryman at the antipodes.'

Another settlement, that of 'Marsden Vale,' is thus described.

'Here,

Digitized by Google

'Here, on a beatiful bank, with a delightful beach in front, and the entrance of the bay open to them, the clear and blue expanse of water speckled over with fertile islands, reside these comfortable teachers of the Gospel. They very soon gave us to understand they did not wish for our acquaintance, and their coldness and inhospitality, I must acknowledge, created in my mind a thorough dislike to them. The object of the mission, as it was first planned, might have been attained, and might have proved highly beneficial to the New Zealanders; but as it is now conducted, no good result can be expected from it. Any man of common sense must agree with me, that a savage can receive but little benefit from having the abstruse points of the Gospel preached to him, if his mind is not prepared to receive them. This is the plan adopted here; and nothing will convince these enthusiasts that it is wrong, or induce them to change it for one more agreeable to the dictates of reason. Upon inquiring who and what these men were, I found that the greater part of them were hardy mechanics (not well-educated clergymen), whom the benevolent and well-intentioned people of England had sent out in order to teach the natives the importance of different trades,—a most judicious arrangement, which ought to be the foundation of all missions. What could be a more gratifying sight than groups of these athletic savages toiling at the anvil or the saw; erecting for themselves substantial dwellings; thus leading them by degrees to know and to appreciate the comforts resulting from peaceful, laborious, and useful occupations? Then, while they felt sincere gratitude for services rendered them, at their leisure hours, and on certain days, these missionaries should attempt to expound to them, in as simple a manner as possible, the nature of revealed religion!

'In New Zealand, the "mechanic missionary" only carries on his trade till he has every comfort around him,—his house finished, his garden fenced, and a strong stockade inclosing all, to keep off the "pagan" savages. This done, then commences the easy task of preaching. They collect a few ragged urchins of natives, whom they teach to read and write their own language—the English tongue being forbidden; and when these children return to their families, they are despised by them, as being effeminate and useless.'—pp. 58-60.

This is one of the passages in Mr. Earle's book, as to which we shall be anxious to have the explanation of the Church Missionary Society. The case, however, will, we scarcely doubt, turn out to be, that Mr. Earle concluded the brethren gave up practising their trades as soon as they had made their own quarters comfortable, merely because he saw nothing to the contrary with his own eyes, and was told so by his friends, the whaler captains, whose rude contempt of every religious observance, and openly gross indulgence in immoral habits, are in so many words admitted over and over again by Mr. Earle himself.

The

Digitized by Google

The following passage is one of much the same description.

'I will give the reader one anecdote more of these men, who are sent out to set an example of the beauty of the Christian faith to the unenlightened heathens. A few weeks since, the festival of Christmas took place; and Englishmen, in whatever part of the world they chance to be, make a point of assembling together on that day, our recollections then being associated with "home" and our families, to spend it in mutual congratulations and wishes for happiness. For some time previous to its arrival, we had been deliberating where we should spend this social day; and it was finally settled that we should cross the bay to Tipoona, a beautiful and romantic spot, the residence of an intelligent chief, called Warri Pork, and an Englishman, named Hanson. The captains of the two whalers then in the harbour joined our party; and as every one contributed his share towards our pic-nic feast, the joint stock made altogether a respectable appearance.

'We proceeded to Tipoona in two whale boats: it was a most delightful trip, the scenery being strikingly beautiful. The village of Ranghe Hue, belonging so Warri Pork, is situated on the summit of an immense and abrupt hill: the huts belonging to the savages appeared, in many places, as though they were overhanging the sea, the height being crowned with a mighty par (stockade.) At the bottom of this hill, and in a beautiful valley, the cottages of the missionaries are situated, complete pictures of English comfort, content, and prosperity; they are close to a bright sandy beach: a beautiful green slope lies in their rear, and a clear and never-failing stream of water runs by the side of their inclosures. As the boats approached this lovely spot, I was in an extasy of delight: such a happy mixture of savage and civilised life I had never seen before; and, when I observed the white smoke curling out of the chimneys of my countrymen, I anticipated the joyful surprise, the hearty welcome, the smiling faces, and old Christmas compliments that were going to take place, and the great pleasure it would give our secluded countrymen to meet us, in these distant regions, at this happy season, and talk of our relatives and friends in England.

'My romantic notions were soon crushed; our landing gave no pleasure to these secluded Englishmen: they gave us no welcome; but, as our boats approached the shore, they walked away to their own dwellings, closed their gates and doors after them, and gazed at us through their windows; and during three days that we passed in a hut quite near them, they never exchanged one word with any of the party. Thus foiled in our hopes of spending a social day with our compatriots, after our dinner was over we sent materials for making a bowl of punch up the hill to the chiefs, and spent the remainder of the day surrounded by generous savages, who were delighted with our company, and who did everything in their power to make us comfortable. In the course of the afternoon, two of the mission came up to preach; but the savages were so angry with them for not showing more kindness to their own countrymen, that none would listen to them.'—pp. 168-171.

Unless

Digitized by Google

Unless we know what manner of men the artist's companions were, what characters they bore in the place, and many other circumstances of which the book says nothing, we should be very slow to charge the missionaries, on its mere authority, with anything worse than a recollection, in which our author does not seem to have participated, that a society of their description might have other duties to attend to on Christmas day, besides those of the pork-pie, and the bowl of punch on the hill top. After all, the author seems to have found company much more suited to enhance the pleasures of his 'social day,' in the 'generous savages' who so severely criticized the anti-jovial proceedings of the brethren. We should like, by the bye, to be sure that there were no ladies in the pic-nic party.

Everybody has heard of the Philadelphia quakers, when called on for a contribution of warlike stores by Congress, during the revolutionary war, sending a sum of money *to buy black grain;* but we were not aware till now that the Wesleyans had the same sort of aversion to calling articles of that class by their own names. One of these missionaries, in giving Mr. Earle an account of an alarm they had had at the settlement, said—

'"So anxious were we to inform our Christian brethren of our danger, that we actually gave a *warm piece* to a native to carry a letter over, although that is strictly contrary to our orders." I expressed a desire to know what he meant by a *warm piece:* he kicked his foot against the stock of a gun I had at the time in my hand; and, looking at me with an expression of the greatest contempt, said, "It is what *you worldly* folks call a musket!"'—p. 227.

In justice to Mr. Earle, and to the missionaries, we shall make our last quotation from another page:—

'A few days since, I paid a visit to one of their settlements, and noticed a remarkably fine native woman attending as a servant. She was respectably dressed, and in every respect (except complexion) she was similar to an European. She spoke English fluently. Upon expressing my admiration of her, I was informed that this woman had been a slave of Shunghie's, and that about a year previous he had lost one of his sons, and had determined to sacrifice this poor girl as an atonement. She was actually bound for the purpose, and nothing but the strong interference of the whole of the missionary society here could have saved her life. They exerted themselves greatly, and preserved her; and she had proved a faithful and valuable servant.'—pp. 125, 126.

There is only one serious observation which we at present venture to offer on this delicate subject. It is, that if the Church Missionary Society could find means to place their several settlements in New Zealand, under the general superintendence of some one English gentleman, in the proper sense of that word, there can be little doubt we should hear no more of such allegations

Digitized by Google

tions as make the staple of Mr. Earle's diatribe. Those rough whaler-captains, and so forth, would instinctively avoid offending a person whose manners should at once announce a superior; and the worthy artisan-brothers, so judiciously selected for the pioneers of civilization, could at least be nothing the worse for the occasional inspection, and friendly advice, of one whose education and habits would deserve and command respect. It is, however, but too obvious, that the chief difficulty here is one which the society may have no means of overcoming. Where is the well-educated man, overstocked as we are said to be with every class of population, that would as yet offer himself for such a *location* as New Zealand?

We shall not extract any of our author's vivid and highly picturesque descriptions of war-dances, sham fights, or even real battles among the natives. Excellent as they are, we are not sure that they bring out any actually new features—and we have already 'supped full with horrors.' The following passage, in which Mr. Earle appears all over the liberal artist, and the thoroughly good-natured man we take him for, will be accepted, we hope, in room of any more bloody work.

'The art of tattooing has been brought to such perfection here, that whenever we have seen a New Zealander whose skin is thus ornamented, we have admired him. It is looked upon as answering the same purposes as clothes. When a chief throws off his mats, he seems as proud of displaying the beautiful ornaments figured on his skin, as a first rate exquisite is in exhibiting himself in his last fashionable attire. It is an essential part of warlike preparations. The whole of this district of Ko-ro-ra-di-ka was preparing, and an ingenious artist, called Aranghie, arrived to carry on this important branch of his art. As this "professor" was a near neighbour of mine, I frequently paid him a visit in his "studio," and he returned the compliment whenever he had time to spare. He was considered by his countrymen a perfect master in the art of tattooing, and men of the highest rank and importance were in the habit of travelling long journeys in order to put their skins under his skilful hands. Indeed, so highly were his works esteemed, that I have seen many of his drawings exhibited even after death. A neighbour of mine very lately killed a chief who had been tattooed by Aranghie, and, appreciating the artist's work so highly, he skinned the chieftain's thighs, and covered his cartouch box with it.

'I was astonished to see with what boldness and precision Aranghie drew his designs upon the skin, and what beautiful ornaments he produced; no rule and compasses could be more exact than the lines and circles he formed. So unrivalled is he in his profession, that a highly finished face of a chief, from the hands of this artist, is as greatly prized in New Zealand as a head from the hands of Sir Thomas Lawrence is amongst us. It was most gratifying to behold the respect

Digitized by Google

spect these savages pay to the fine arts. This "professor," was merely a *kooky* or slave, but by skill and industry he raised himself to an equality with the greatest men of his country; and as every chief who employs him always made him some handsome present, he soon became a man of wealth, and was constantly surrounded by such important personages as Pungho Pungho, Ruky Ruky, Kivy Kivy, Aranghy Tooker, &c. &c. My friend Shulitea (King George) sent him every day the choicest things from his own table. Though thus basking in the full sunshine of court favour, Aranghie, like a true genius, was not puffed up with pride by his success, for he condescended to come and take tea with me almost every evening. He was delighted with my drawings, particularly with a portrait I made of him. He copied so well, and seemed to enter with such interest into the few lessons of painting I gave him, that if I were returning from here direct to England, I would certainly bring him with me, as I look upon him as a great natural genius.'—pp. 136-139.

Those who are pleased with these specimens of Mr. Earle's account of New Zealand will be not less interested with many parts of it which we have no room to notice—being unwilling to close our paper without directing attention to a second tract included in the same volume, and which, as it refers to an earlier period of our author's adventurous life, and gives of the two the clearer, and we may add more agreeable, notion of his personal character and disposition, we rather think his editor would have done well to place first before the reader. In January, 1824, Earle sailed, as we said, from Rio Janeiro for the Cape of Good Hope, but landing, early in July, on the desolate island of Tristan D'Acunha, for the purpose of sketching some of its savagely magnificent scenery, a gale sprung up, which rendered it impossible for the vessel to remain off the horrid reefs that surround the place, and the enthusiastic artist found himself left on the beach with nothing but his sketch-book and pencils! Here he remained for no less than ten months, the uninvited but cordially welcomed guest of a little colony of his countrymen, whose whole history and conduct appear to have been such that they well deserve a record. Some time ago, government thought of nursing an establishment here, and fifty Hottentots from the Cape were accordingly landed, under proper officers. But though the experiment seems to have answered quite as well as could have been expected, it was, we have never heard the reason why, broken up after two or three years, and all the settlers left it, except one Scotchman, Alexander Glass, who, having a young wife and children, chose to stay, and take his chance of getting on as well as he could, with a bull and a couple of cows, and such implements of husbandry as his superiors left at his disposal. Governor Glass, as he is now styled, remained accordingly, and presently his

Digitized by Google

his example found imitators in two or three sailors, who happening to touch at his territory, were smitten with the comfortable appearance of his *ménage*, and resolved, as soon as opportunity should serve, to go and do likewise. Glass and his cottage, alias the government-house, are sketched by Mr. Earle's pen and pencil too, in a very happy manner; and we should not wonder if the effect of his whole description should be, to send many a weary Sweet William, and many a fond Black-eyed Susan more, to claim a place among this potentate's faithful subjects.

Mr. Earle's spirits were severely enough tried during this imprisonment. When he had covered the last leaf of his little note-book, he found that he had exhausted all the paper on the island, except a blank, though brown enough, page at the end of one or two *tracts* in the governor's *library*. Vessel after vessel hove in sight, could not or would not attend to their signals of distress, and disappeared;—none of his relations or friends in England were likely to have the least intelligence of his whereabouts;—the time hung heavy on his hands, and occasionally he was plunged in deep melancholy, which no one will suspect of being, under ordinary circumstances, the 'mood of his mind.' By degrees, however, he got reconciled to his situation, and we almost incline to guess, that had there been a spare Calypso on the rock, this wandering Ulysses might never have left it at all. Meanwhile he had abundance of leisure, and happily for us thought of interlining one of the few books the desolate island afforded with his diary—which, indeed, is so much better written than his chapters on New Zealand, that we suspect he must have taken the trouble to go over it twice. His account of Mr. Glass is as follows:—

'The original founder and first settler of this little society was born in Roxburgh.* In the course of many long conversations I had with him, seated in his chimney-corner, I learned that, in early life, he had been a gentleman's servant in his native town; and that he had an old aunt settled there, an eminent snuff and tobacco vender; but whether she claimed descent from, or affinity with, the celebrated lady of the same name and occupation whom Sir Walter Scott mentions in "The Heart of Midlothian," as being so great a favourite of John, Duke of Argyle, I could not discover. Indeed, he did not seem to know much about his ancestors—an uncommon thing even with the lowest of his countrymen. Having, while still quite a youth, been *crossed in love*, he enlisted in the artillery drivers—that corps suiting him best, from his well understanding the management of horses, and being an excellent rider. He related many amusing stories of his first and only campaign in Germany, which was an unsuccessful one. His favourite theme was his various

* Probably Kelso—there is no town now at Roxburgh.

Digitized by Google

various adventures at the Cape. He gave me the whole history of his promotion from a private to a corporal, for he rose to that rank. I was always pleased with his descriptions, for there was such an air of truth and candour in them, as convinced me of his probity and honour, as well as the high terms in which he always spoke of his officers, and of the service in which he had for so many years been engaged. He was of a happy disposition, for he seemed to forget all the disagreeables of his profession, and only remembered the comforts and pleasures he experienced during the whole time he was a soldier; and he always spoke in enthusiastic raptures of the government which had so comfortably provided for old veterans. Glass considered himself particularly fortunate in his military career, in having been generally employed by an officer as his servant. He showed me a letter this gentleman had written a few hours before he died, giving his servant such an excellent character as any man might be proud of receiving; and, at the same time, bequeathing him the whole of his property. Poor Glass was much affected when he gave me these particulars. It was in consequence of the general good character he bore at the Cape, that he was chosen to accompany the expedition to Tristan d'Acunha.'—p. 307.

Mr. Earle seems soon to have won the warmest regard of this worthy fellow and all his family.

'Glass is as eager in watching for a sail as myself, and says (and I fully believe him,) that should a vessel arrive, the master of which refuses to take me without payment, he shall have all his cattle and stock of potatoes, rather than I shall be disappointed of a chance of returning to my family. While speaking of Glass, I may be permitted to record a circumstance highly characteristic of national feeling, and of that love of country which never forsakes a Scotchman. As he is an experienced tailor, as well as an excellent operative in various other trades, I proposed to him, when my clothes were completely worn out, to make me a full dress suit out of my tartan cloak. He agreed to do so; but still my clothes were not forthcoming. One evening, on my return from a fatiguing day's hunting, Glass came to me with a most melancholy face, and began,—"It is no use holding out any longer, Mr. Earle; I *really cannot find it in my heart to cut up that bonnie tartan.* I have had it out several times, and had the scissors in my hands, but I *cannot do* it, Sir; it is the *first* tartan that ever was landed on Tristan d'Acunha, and the first I have seen since I left Scotland; and I really *cannot* consent to cut it up into pieces." I replied, he was most welcome to keep the cloak for his own use as it was; but that, as I could not make my appearance, even at Tristan d'Acunha, quite in a state of nature, he must contrive to make me a pair of trowsers out of anything he might happen to have amongst his stores. His face instantly brightened up, and I was soon after equipped in a costume which, even here, excited no small curiosity: the front of these "Cossacks" consisting of sail cloth, and the back of dried goat's skin, the hair outside, which they all assured me I should find very

Digitized by Google

very convenient in descending the mountains. I laughed heartily when I first sported this Robinson Crusoe habiliment. "Never mind how you look, Sir," said my kind host; "his Majesty himself, God bless him! if he had been left here, as you were, could do no better."'—pp. 350-352.

An old weather-beaten forecastle man, John Taylor by name, and a comrade of his, 'half sailor, half waterman, half fisherman,' yclept Billingsgate Dicky, were the first chance-visiters that fell in love with the governor's retreat. They both said to themselves, 'We shall have served our time out ere we reach England. Let's club our money to purchase some farm stock and fishing implements, and come out to the governor *for good*.' Home accordingly they went in this resolution. They received their pay and some prize money to boot,—and spent it all at Portsmouth! and then, resuming their plan, walked to London, to consult 'the Lords,' as to what could be done for carrying it into effect. When they arrived at the Admiralty—

'they requested to be introduced; and as the Board was then sitting, they were formally ushered into their presence. They immediately informed their lordships that they had each served upwards of twenty years in the navy, and were entitled, by length of service, and by their wounds, to a pension; that they would willingly wave that right, and had come to them to beg a passage to the island of Tristan d'Acunha. Taylor used to describe this interview with the Lords of the Admiralty with a great deal of humour, and the mirth they excited, and the numerous questions put to them by Sir George Cockburn, who, to Taylor's infinite delight, addressed him by the title of *shipmate*; for he had served under him some years before. They told their lordships all the particulars about Glass's establishment, the wish they had to retire from the world, and the comfortable prospect that island offered them of independence; and that at a time of peace, when it was almost impossible for the most prudent and industrious to gain their bread. So humble, so just a request, was instantly granted; all the gentlemen composing the Board cordially wished them success, and assured them that the first man-of-war bound round the Cape should land them, and all their worldly goods, on this island. Accordingly, they were put on board "The Satellite," bound to India. Thus were they added to Glass's company; and though a little addicted to the characteristic growling of old sailors, they jog on pretty smoothly, their quarrels seldom going further than swearing a little at each other.'—pp. 310, 311.

A few personages, of the same order, with their wives and children, make up the existing colony. Glass sees his cattle multiplying about him: potatoes thrive capitally; new ground is every year broken up to advantage; and as there are plenty of wild goats to hunt, and of all sorts of fish to catch, whenever the weather

Digitized by Google

weather is tolerable, the society contrive to get on very comfortably on the whole. No doubt the evenings of 1824 must have been considerably abridged by Mr. Earle's presence.

'Our house is (and all are built nearly after the same model) a complete proof of the nationality of an Englishman, and his partiality for a comfortable fire-side. Though the latitude is temperate, each room is furnished with a noble fire-place; and in what we call "The Government House," we meet every night, and sit round a large and cheerful blaze, each telling his story, or adventures, or singing his song; and we manage to pass the time pleasantly enough.

'Looking out from my abode, no spot in the world can be more desolate—particularly on a blowing night. The roar of the sea is almost deafening; and the wind rushing furiously down the perpendicular sides of the mountains, which are nearly nine hundred feet high, and are masses of craggy rocks, has the most extraordinary and almost supernatural effect. No sooner does night set in than the air is full of nocturnal birds, whose screams are particularly mournful; and then comes the painful reflection, that I am so many thousands of miles from any human haunt, and separated from all my friends and family, who are in total ignorance of where I am, or what has become of me. But I force myself to struggle against dismal thoughts, unwilling that my comrades (who do everything in their power to console me) should suspect how much I suffer; so I take my seat by the fire, shut out the night, pile on a cheerful log, and tell my tale in turn. I must confess that, amongst my companions, I never see a sad or discontented-looking face; and though we have no wine, grog, or any other strong drink, there is no lack of jovial mirth in any of the company.

'Since my arrival, I have been unanimously appointed chaplain; every Sunday we have the whole service of the church of England read, Mr. Glass acting as my clerk; and it is really a gratifying sight to behold the cleanly and orderly state in which the men appear; all the children are dressed in their best, and they all pay the utmost attention during divine service. I am also schoolmaster to the elder children, who are pretty forward in reading; and their parents are so anxious for their improvement, that it gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to assist them in so laudable an undertaking; though, to be sure, we are sadly at a loss for books, paper, pens, and all other school materials. Their parental exertions (poor fellows!) would not avail much; the state of literature being but at a very low ebb amongst them; but what little information they have, they all endeavour to teach the children. One of the men lamented to me the other day, that he had so little *larning*, although he once had had the advantage of seeing the King's own printing-office at Portsmouth!'—pp. 303, 304.

These 'ancient mariners,' among other occupations, climb the highest peaks of the melancholy mountain, at the foot of which they have come to anchor, in quest of the albatross, and Mr. Earle

Digitized by Google

Earle was often of the party, and describes the scenery they traversed with no inconsiderable effect—*e. g.*

'A death-like stillness prevailed in these high regions, and, to my ear, our voices had a strange unnatural echo, and I fancied our forms appeared gigantic, whilst the air was piercing cold. The prospect was altogether very sublime, and filled the mind with awe. On the one side, the boundless horizon, heaped up with clouds of silvery brightness, contrasted with some of darker hue, enveloping us in their vapour, and, passing rapidly away, gave the only casual glances of the landscape; and, on the other hand, the sterile and cindery peak, with its venerable head, partly capped with clouds, partly revealing great patches of red cinders, or lava, intermingled with the black rock, produced a most extraordinary and dismal effect. It seemed as though it was still actually burning, to heighten the sublimity of the scene. The huge albatross appeared here to dread no interloper or enemy; for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. This bird is the largest of the aquatic tribe; and its plumage is of a most delicate white, excepting the back and the tops of its wings, which are grey: they lay but one egg, on the ground, where they form a kind of nest, by scraping the earth round it; after the young one is hatched, it has to remain a year before it can fly; it is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached them, they clapped their beaks, with a very quick motion, which made a great noise. This, and throwing up the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence they seem to possess; the old ones, which are valuable on account of their feathers, my companions made dreadful havoc amongst, knocking on the head all they could come up with. These birds are very helpless on the land, the great length of their wings precluding them from rising up into the air, unless they can get to a steep declivity. On the level ground they were completely at our mercy, but very little was shown them, and in a short space of time, the plain was strewn with their bodies, one blow on the head generally killing them instantly.'—pp. 326-328.

'They informed me, that the very last time they had ascended the mountain, on their return, one of the party got too close to the precipice without being aware of it, and fell down several hundred feet; they found the corpse the next day in a most miserably mangled state. They interred it in the garden near their settlement; and placed at the head of the grave a board, with his name and age, together with an account of the accident which caused his death, and a pious remark to the reader, that it happened on a Sunday—a dreadful warning to Sabbath-breakers. The people all say, they never more will ascend the mountains on that sacred day; indeed, from all I have seen of them, they pay every respect to the duties of religion which lies in their power.'—pp. 329, 330.

The hunt of the sea-elephant is, however, the most lucrative

Digitized by Google

occupation which this wild place affords, and we shall quote one or two of the many pages devoted to these monstrous lumps of blubber:—

'June 6th.—This is now the middle of winter: the winds are changeable and boisterous. I saw to-day, for the first time, what the settlers call a *pod* of sea-elephants. At this particular season these animals lie strewed about the beach, and, unless you disturb them, the sight of a man will not frighten them away. I was determined to get a good portrait, and accordingly took my sketch-book and pencil, and seated myself very near to one of them, and began my operations, feeling sure I had now got a most patient sitter, for they will lie for weeks together without stirring; but I had to keep throwing small pebbles at him, in order to make him open his eyes and prevent his going to sleep. The flies appear to torment these unwieldy monsters cruelly, their eyes and nostrils being stuffed full of them. I got a good sketch of the group. They appeared to stare at me occasionally with some little astonishment, stretching up their immense heads and looking around; but finding all still, (I suppose they considered me a mere rock,) they composed themselves to sleep again. They are the most shapeless creatures about the body. I could not help comparing them to an overgrown maggot, and their motion is similar to that insect. The face bears some rude resemblance to the human countenance; the eye is large, black, and expressive; excepting two very small flippers or paws at the shoulder, the whole body tapers down to a fish's tail; they are of a delicate mouse colour, the fur is very fine, but too oily for any other purpose than to make mocassins for the islanders. The bull is of an enormous size, and would weigh as heavily as his namesake of the land; and in that one thing consists their only resemblance, for no two animals can possibly be more unlike each other.

'It is a very curious phenomenon, how they can possibly exist on shore; for, from the first of their landing, they never go out to sea, and they lie on a stormy beach for months together without tasting any food, except consuming their own fat, for they gradually waste away; and as this fat or blubber is the great object of value for which they are attacked and slaughtered, the settlers contrive to commence operations against them upon their first arrival. I examined the contents of the stomach of one they had just killed, but could not make out the nature of what it contained; the matter was of a remarkably bright green colour. They have many enemies even in the water; one called the killer, a species of grampus, which makes terrible havoc amongst them, and will attack and take away the carcase of one from alongside a boat. But man is their greatest enemy, and causes the most destruction to their race; he pursues them to all quarters of the globe; and being aware of their seasons for coupling and breeding, (which is always done on shore,) he is there ready with his weapons, and attacks them without mercy. Yet this offensive war is attended with considerable danger, not from the animals themselves, they

Digitized by Google

they being incapable of making much resistance, but the beaches they frequent are most fearful; boats and boats' crews are continually lost; but the value of the oil, when they are successful, is an inducement to man, and no dangers will deter him from pursuing the sea-elephant until the species is extinct.

'June 8th.—This proving a very fine day, and several of our party being in want of shoe-leather, we launched the boat to go in quest of a bull elephant. After pulling a few miles, we came to a beach where they resorted; and, landing through a high surf, and hauling the boat up, we proceeded to business, and singled out a monstrous creature. My companions boldly attacked him with lances, thrusting them repeatedly into his sides, he throwing himself about furiously and struggling and rolling towards the sea; but he being soft and fat, the lances sharp and long, they perforated his heart, the blood flowing in torrents and covering the men. Just as he had obtained the edge of the surf, to make his escape from his merciless enemies, he fell and expired. He measured sixteen feet in circumference and twenty in length!

'It is remarkable, that these unwieldy masses of animated nature, so seemingly helpless and incapable of exertion, should be delicate and ardent in their amours. In the early part of the spring the females come out of the sea, for the purpose of propagating and bringing forth their young. The males are always on the beach to receive them; and the moment the ladies appear, they make a terrible snorting noise, the signal for a dreadful battle, to determine which shall be the *champion* of the strand. The monsters raise themselves up on their flippers and throw themselves on each other, and, as their mouths are wide and armed with formidable teeth, the wounds they give and receive are of a terrific nature. Glass once saw two of them fighting on this very spot, in which one struck the eye of his opponent completely out. When this fighting has been continued till one remains "master of the lists," he becomes the gallant of all the females, who lie around, seemingly in fearful anxiety, till the battle is ended. The authority of the conqueror is absolute amongst his mistresses, and no bashaw ever assumed more importance in his seraglio than he does; though, like most other conquerors, his dominions are liable to invasion, and the frontiers are often entered by small parties of the discomfited foe. The bulls which have been driven off, prowl around, and often smuggle off a frail female; who, if her lord is engaged in dalliance with another, and his attention diverted from her, receives the homage of the banished and unfortunate kindly; but if, by chance, they are seen by the enraged master, he sends forth a dreadful noise from the snout, and shuffles after the disloyal couple, and, if he cannot come up with his rival, takes vengeance on the fair, by inflicting on her several wounds with his sharp teeth. His empire is seldom of long duration; either some one of the vanquished enter the lists with him a second time, or some more powerful adversary rises from the deep; he then

Digitized by Google

must once again try the conflict, and, being wounded and weakened by former encounters, he (like his betters) must give place to a stronger opponent; his ungrateful females lavish their favours on the new comer as on the first. Thus the beach is, during the whole of that particular season, one scene of love and war, presenting a savage picture of what is going on amongst the human race, excepting that in these creatures we only trace the rude outline—it is not filled up, as with us, by fraud, dissimulation, and falsehood!'—pp. 343-346.

We have not room for any more of these lively descriptions—the book is full of them. We cannot, however, lay it aside, without extracting, for the benefit of travelled and untravelled, learned and unlearned, a passage in which Mr. Earle preaches eloquently a doctrine which we hope he has never since ceased to practise:—

'Our food is of the coarsest description; bread we never see, milk and potatoes are our standing dishes, fish we have when we chance to catch them, and flesh when we can bring down a goat. In order to procure materials to furnish forth a dinner, I go early in the morning to the mountains; and the exertions I go through make me ready to retire to bed by eight o'clock in the evening, when I enjoy the soundest sleep; and though certainly I have nothing here to exhilarate my spirits—on the contrary much to depress them—these last four months' experience has done more to convince me of the "beauty of temperance" than all the books that ever were written could have done. I now begin to think the life of an anchorite was not so miserable as is generally imagined by the gay and dissipated, and that his quiet enjoyments and serene nights may well be balanced against their feverish slumbers and palled appetites. The temperate man enjoys the solid consolation of knowing he is not wearing out his constitution, and may reasonably look forward to a happy and respected old age; while the votary of sense soon loses all relish for former enjoyments, and pays the penalty of early excesses in a broken and diseased frame. He finds himself helpless, and has the mortifying reflection, that he has only himself to blame; that he has piloted himself into this misery, contrary to his own common sense and the admonition of his friends; that no helping hand can save him; whilst the memory of his former enjoyments aggravates his humiliating situation, and pain and sorrow are the only attendants to conduct him to his last home!'—pp. 352-354.

We think no reader can part with Mr. Earle without having formed, on the whole, a favourable notion of his talents as well as of his temper, and joining us in wishing that this may not be the last of his productions. It appears that, having returned to this country from India in 1831 in a sorely shattered state of health, he no sooner found himself somewhat re-invigorated by his native air, than the old mania for wandering came back

Digitized by Google

back on him as strong as ever, and that, some time before his book was sent to the press, he had accepted the situation of draughtsman to his majesty's ship 'Beagle,' Captain Fitzroy, and sailed on a voyage of discovery, 'not likely to terminate under four years;'—during which, it is to be hoped, his pen will be kept in requisition as well as his pencil. It is a pity he had not been on the spot to superintend the engravings for the present volume. With the exception of one representing Glass and his government house, they are executed in a style which must be sufficiently mortifying to an artist-author.

ART. VI.—1. *Arlington, a Novel.* 3 vols. London. 1832.
2. *The Contrast, a Novel.* 3 vols. London. 1832.

WHEN Richardson records the merest small-talk and the minutest gestures of Sir Charles Grandison or Clarissa Harlowe, we do not quarrel with his particularity. As critics, considering parts in relation to their wholes, and in the more genial character of novel readers, feeling that great interests are growing upon us, we allow the amplitude of detail as a means, and submit ourselves to that dominion over the fancy which minute description will not fail to acquire, provided always that it be connected with objects of interest. The leaf, we allow, must be painted, in order to paint the tree; and the lace must be painted, in order to pourtray the dowager: and if the subject be worth the pains, and the work of art be in its totality effective, we are bound to give our approval to its indispensable incidents and conditions. But we are under no such obligation in respect of descriptions, however faithful and minute, which have no connexion with any object that we much care to contemplate, and which contribute to the construction of nothing. The painter who should bring before us the counterfeit presentment of a *bundle* of leaves, or of a certain number of *yards* of lace, claiming our admiration of the particulars *per se*, would place us in a very embarrassing situation: and it is under some such difficulty that we have always found ourselves to labour, when required to give our humble tribute of approbation to the sort of book which is commonly called a fashionable novel.

The fault lies as much with the subject of these books as with the writers. It may, indeed, be within the capabilities of genius to make the field of fashionable life, such as it is in the day that is passing over us, yield something of romantic interest,—as what topic is there, which, by a certain alchemy, may not be turned to account? One who

> 'Knows all qualities with a learned spirit
> Of human dealings,'

will

Digitized by Google

will find, no doubt, in every mode and form of humanity, what, being developed in the spirit of that knowledge, will worthily engage attention. But he who is possessed of these powers would scarcely choose to cast more than a casual glance upon a walk of life, compared with which, as far as we can collect, none exhibits human nature under an aspect so little interesting, so little various. The subject, therefore, falls into the hands of others—of those who, living the sort of life which they describe, have conformed themselves to its limits; who are but imperfectly acquainted with human nature at large, and can bring no great abundance of light from other spheres, to 'augment their small peculiar,' and illuminate the somewhat sordid spectacle which they present to our view. It is not, in truth, upon the highways of society that any man will acquire a knowledge of human nature. That narrow view of it which is called knowledge of the world may, indeed, be obtained there; but this commonly excludes more knowledge of human nature than it comprises. All that is best worth knowing in the nature of man; all that of which men of the world are, if not unconscious and incredulous, but little cognizant,—his stronger affections, his profounder passions, his more fixed sympathies, his more fatal antipathies,—are most commonly the product of retirement, where imagination and passion are of the most exuberant growth. Populous cities have been reputed to be the chosen abodes of wickedness; but it is in reality only the lesser tribe of vices which have this domicile. Our criminal statistics show, to the disproof of the current opinions upon this matter, that the great majority of tragic crimes are committed by the rural population. It is with them that good and evil appear each in their least diluted form. Hatred and malice, in their unmitigated strength, are rustic passions; and love, as Dr. Johnson reminded Lord Chesterfield, is a native of the rocks.

If, then, the subject of fashionable life be peculiarly unfruitful, and those who treat it for the most part unskilful; if their works be a mere cumulation of particulars, which follow no leading interest, and leave behind them no abiding idea; if there be no principle of art upon which the critic can approve—how is it that the reader does not tire? To this we fear there is no other answer than that a large number of the 'reading public' think it material to them to be informed, after what manner persons of a certain rank and consequence in society demean themselves towards each other in the minutest particulars; and are willing to misspend their own time in learning the precise model upon which these more distinguished idlers misspend theirs. This is a sad circumstance, and indicates a direction of curiosity in the classes to which it extends, and an engagement of the fancy, than which few things that are supposed to have any connexion with literature can

Digitized by Google

can be less entitled to respect. Far better was it in the time of Mrs. Radcliffe, before that intellectual dawn which was the signal for ghosts to disappear, when the mind of the novel reader was filled with images of moving tapestry and of bleeding nuns. False in taste and puerile in fancy as these tales were, they were, however, imaginative, and to the imagination only did they address themselves. There was nothing in them of that scarce idealized frivolity which, being but too truly drawn from real life by the writers of these fashionable fictions, is the more apt to mix itself with the real life and sentiments of the readers of them.

Observing the circulation of such books, amongst other indications of that idolatry of rank which infects the middle classes of English society, and of fashion which infects the higher, we have for some time past felt ourselves constrained to inquire, what is that independence which it has been usual to attribute to the people of this country, and by what signs does it make itself known? Political independence we are possessed of; and there is amongst us a nearer approximation to equality of political rights than has been known to exist in any other European nation. But independence of the individual mind seems to be a rarer quality with us than with almost any other community, including even the countries whose political institutions are the most despotic. The truth is, we fear, that free institutions, with all their paramount advantages and blessings, bring also that admixture of evil which belongs to everything human,—that they foster the vain, ambitious, and worldly propensities of mankind, with which genuine independence cannot co-exist. In order to be independent, we must be free, not only from external subjection, but from internal struggles; we must be contented, and at rest. But no sooner do we escape from the curb which external power places upon our proceedings—no sooner are we at liberty to walk as we will in a world which is all before us, than we become enslaved by our own craving and grasping ambition, by eagerness and solicitude—

'Vain aims, vain ends, inordinate desires.'

In the next place, the distribution of wealth in the various channels and proportions in which it naturally flows and accrues under so free a system of government, produces a scale of social rank which is minutely, but not very distinctly, graduated; most men of the middle classes consider that, by pretensions or exertions, they have it in their power to advance themselves in the estimation of their neighbours at least one degree higher upon it than circumstances have placed them; and if they acquire the one step, there is always another before them which appears equally attainable. The desire to rise in the world, and the shame of sinking in it, are common

Digitized by Google

mon to all classes, because to all the prospect of advancement is open; and an inordinate feeling of this kind, when once it has become general, will communicate itself, in a greater or less degree, even to humble and unpretending natures, and will scarcely be altogether escaped by the wisest and the least worldly. Whatsoever the world is pleased to consider precious must, however intrinsically worthless, acquire some value even in the eyes of a philosopher; for no man can be so segregated from the world as to defy the influence of its artificial estimates upon the real sources of his happiness. A wise man, for example, may be utterly indifferent to a thousand luxuries or pageantries of wealth for their own sakes; but for want of them he shall find that he is unable to obtain the hand of the woman who might make him happy, inasmuch as the formidable host of relations who have the disposal of her, are far from participating in his philosophy. Thus fictitious wants connect themselves with real ones; reason, as well as imagination, finds it difficult wholly to divide them; and things which pass current in the world for advantages, possess at least an exchangeable, if not an intrinsic value.

Whether from these, or from whatever other causes arising, ambition is certainly more than any other single attribute, the characteristic of English society; bringing with it all its train of low desires and uneasy pretensions. In the highest walk of society, amongst those whose born rank or worldly consideration is unquestionable, it might be expected that, nothing further being to be attained and everything possessed being secure, there would be found at last the charm of confidence and quiescence. But here, as if it were fated that no portion of the community should be exempt from vulgarity, fashion interposes, and those who cannot but have a satisfactory assurance of their aristocratical station, are assailed by distressing doubts and surmises as to their position in fashionable life; the class is ascertained, but the clique is still to be contended for. The pretenders to fashion exhibit over again the affectations and jealousies of the pretenders to consequence; and, in short, human nature, wherever it is wanting in worthy pursuits, benevolent feelings, and independent resources, presents the same indifferent appearance.

This aspect of society, which was formerly, like the deformities of the prophet of Khorassan, hidden behind a glittering veil, is now made known to every subscriber of every circulating library, —a publicity which was scarcely desirable. It was, indeed, more to be deprecated than many persons, hastily considering the whole subject as not worth a thought, may be disposed to admit, that what is called high life should be exhibited to the world in its least respectable point of view, as it has been by the authors of these publications.

Digitized by Google

publications. Some of them have affected the character of satirists, whilst others admire, with less disguise, the sentiments and manners which they expose; and in more than one of the novels which, within the last six or eight years, have attained most celebrity, consummate coxcombry appears to have been the writer's ideal of heroism. But even where the sentiments avowed by the authors themselves were sufficiently rational and respectable, petty illiberalities and selfish vanity were still represented as pervading fashionable life in general; and, in no instance that we know of, has a book of this kind been published which was calculated, upon the whole, to convey a favourable impression of the classes of society described in it. The effect upon the public mind is, we are disposed to think, less slight and transitory than might, at first sight, be expected; and we are not without a suspicion that these fugacious volumes have permanently lowered the aristocracy in the estimation of the middle classes.

No inconsiderable contribution to this effect is to be found in the circumstance that members of the aristocracy have themselves come forward to inform against their fraternity, showing themselves ambitious of a kind of distinction which was but little in harmony with popular notions of their sphere and dignity. Lords and ladies have become authors and authoresses for the purpose of representing the daily life of the class to which they belong, and have been ushered into the literary world with much obsequious observance, by the particular department of the press which has it in charge to make *merit* notorious. Their books have been widely circulated; and those who know how much the respect for rank is a matter of imagination, will judge what it must suffer by the possessors of it being brought into immediate and open contact with the public as the authors of frivolous lucubrations, and the objects of that species of commendation to which we allude. The publications will speedily pass away, those of them that are not gone already—and this whole branch of bookselling cannot last long; but with many simple persons a mystery has been revealed, and a charm has been broken, and they will never again have the same respect for the Great which they once had, though they may very probably forget how it was first impaired.

We certainly see cause to regret this result. Adventitious distinctions and extrinsic superiorities will always exist in civilized society, and the more the imagination is connected with them, the less will they be felt to be odious or grievous. Take away the ideal eminence of birth and rank, and we have left the predominance of wealth, or the predominance of talent. Is purse-pride less apt to be offensive than the pride of birth or of rank? or is

the

Digitized by Google

the pride of intellect less tyrannical, less insolent, less wantonly aggressive than either? Surely there is no superiority which is less painful to a man, none which less wounds his self-love, than that which is, in a great measure, the creature of his own imagination. In our days, indeed, the use and purpose of the imagination in its influence over the social system is by some forgotten or little understood, and by others sacrificed to a somewhat ostentatious contempt of outward shows. Our bishops and judges despise their ancient costume, and our Chancellor, in the spirit (we speak it with all deference to undoubted genius,) of what appears to us a somewhat juvenile philosophy, dispenses with the attendance of the two Masters in Chancery, who were wont, with much ceremony, daily to usher him into court and conduct him out. Nevertheless, that philosophy of government which calls in aid the imaginations of men in order to subjugate the will and understanding, is not, in our apprehension, less wise than it was, nor likely to be disregarded with impunity so long as man shall continue to be an imaginative being. We regret, therefore, any circumstance which tends to despoil either the great functionaries of state, or the aristocracy, or, indeed, any persons who are to enjoy pre-eminence, or to exercise power over their fellow-creatures, of any ideal influence which may serve to clothe the nakedness of authority, and render inevitable distinctions less drily obnoxious.

Entertaining such views, we must necessarily regret the turn which novel-writing has taken. Nevertheless we would not wish to be understood as professing an indiscriminate hostility to this entire tribe of authors; or as making the mischief which we conceive to have been done matter of individual reproach. The press is free, to all intents and purposes—the worst inclusive, and we are well aware that authors cannot be expected to abstain from writing such novels as booksellers are ready to buy, nor booksellers to abstain from publishing such novels as the public are pleased to peruse. The day of glut is not, we trust, far distant; in the meantime, the best that can happen is, that the most able and least pernicious of these publications should be the most widely circulated, and that the others should be the first to drop off as the public appetite fails. Some there are, no doubt,—those by the author of 'Granby,' the 'School of Fashion,' and perhaps one or two others,—which, if they present the same defect of plot, and redundancy of detail, the same negation of passion and consequent failure of interest, which characterize the rest, are, in point of taste, very superior, and, in point of ability, not to be despised. We have named at the head of our paper the two best of last season.

In Mr. Lister's novels there is always good sense, good taste, and

Digitized by Google

and good feeling. They are, indeed, almost the only books from the pens of fashionable authors which give the reader any reason to suppose that it is the fashion to be a man of sense and a gentleman. But considered as works of art, they are very imperfect productions. The plot, which was defective in 'Granby' and 'Herbert Lacy,' is still more conspicuously so in 'Arlington.' The story opens with the mysterious death of the hero's father, Lord Arlington, who had gone out to shoot in the morning, and is missed at the hour when it became his duty to entertain a party at dinner. After due search he is found lying in the middle of a plantation, shot through the heart. A dismissed steward, named Clarkson, is generally suspected of having murdered him, and steps are taken to bring him to trial. The eldest son of Lord Arlington being a child, the conduct of the preliminary inquiry naturally devolves upon Mr. Holford, a very good-natured and well-disposed person, who has been the intimate friend of the deceased, and is now his executor; but Mr. Holford is observed to be peculiarly reluctant and scrupulous in the measures which he adopts against the supposed offender, and when the trial is at length brought on, he evinces a remarkable excess of agitation in court. The verdict is an acquittal, and he is observed immediately afterwards to take a piece of paper from his bosom, put it into his mouth, and swallow it. Clarkson, finding that his acquittal does not dissipate the prevailing impression of his guilt, quits the country and proceeds to America. To this point the history of these events is carried at the end of the third chapter, when it is suddenly dropped, and we proceed to the education of the young Lord Arlington, after which he is launched into society, and the remainder of two copious volumes consists of his daily life, the balls, dinners, private theatricals, and archery meetings at which he assists, the acquaintances with whom he associates, and the conversations which they hold with him or with each other. Through this are drawn the threads of two affairs of the heart in which he is successively engaged. He first falls in love with a Lady Alice Mortimer, whose parents being poor and proud, and apprehensive to excess of being thought to court the alliance of so rich a person as Lord Arlington, give him every mark of discouragement, although they would be very well pleased that he should propose himself; and instruct the young lady to assume, as a proceeding which delicacy demands, the appearance of an indifference which she is far from feeling. After Lord Arlington has been, by these means, effectually repulsed and estranged, he is fixed upon by Lady Crawford, an arbitress of fashion, to be the prey of her niece Julia Saville, described as one the richness and luxuriance of whose beauty suggests so much in the

Digitized by Google

the mind of the spectator as to make the emptiness and barrenness of her own mind unsuspected, if not almost incredible. Her affections are pre-engaged to Mr. Beauchamp, a man of great personal attractions and much profligacy and fashionable distinction, who is, after a certain manner, in love with her, but being without the means or intention of marrying, forwards the design upon Lord Arlington with a view, when that shall have taken effect, to profit by her coverture. The adoption of such a design is but too characteristic of that unhappy state of society which these books represent, and the scenes in which it is disclosed are well imagined.

'The young lady was not at all disinclined to play a part which peculiarly coincided with Lady Crawford's wishes. She did not withdraw herself, and timidly recede from the attentions of Arlington. She did not seem averse to being the peculiar object of his almost exclusive notice; but behaved as if she admitted his addresses, and was flattered by the consciousness of a conquest. The fact was, that Miss Saville was not only naturally pleased in attracting those whom it was considered creditable to subdue, but she was now much influenced by pique.

'She had been greatly mortified by the surreptitious perusal of that letter of Beauchamp's, in which he expressed pleasure at the prospect of her marriage with Lord Arlington. It was an unkind cut. She flattered herself that Beauchamp would have returned her preference, and that a rival would have made him as wretched as she knew it would have rendered her. She had consoled herself a little at the time, by the hope that the letter was merely a stroke of hypocrisy, written to blind Lady Crawford, and obtain for him admission at Eastwood. But by this thought she was not long comforted. Beauchamp was now at Eastwood, saw Arlington almost monopolizing her attention, and saw it unmoved, and betrayed not the slightest evidence of a wish to dispute with him the possession of her smiles. This she thought was too much—hypocrisy could hardly go so far; there must be indifference on the part of Beauchamp; and this made her very indignant, and, at times, not a little unhappy. But she was angry, and chose to be revenged, and instead of luring him back, would try to pique him into submission, by seeming scarcely conscious of his presence, and more engrossed than ever by the agreeable society of Lord Arlington.

'Beauchamp was too experienced to be deceived by the tactics of a girl of seventeen; he knew that he still maintained securely his place in her affections, and he made no alteration in his manner, believing that disappointment would soon effect another change in hers. He was right. After a few days' ineffectual effort to pique him, the fair Julia pensively relented, and her beseeching eye began to sue for a little of that notice which a short time before she had scornfully disregarded. Beauchamp had no wish that she should be driven to despair;

Digitized by Google

despair; he wished to keep alive the love which he had inspired, and he therefore now relaxed from his reserve.

'Accident soon threw them together—she was alone, sitting at the piano-forte, and he came up and sat by her, turned over the leaves of a music-book, and asked her to play an air which pleased him.

'"Do you ask out of compliment?" said she, rather poutingly; "or do you mean that you really wish to hear it?" "I really wish to hear it," said Beauchamp, "to hear *you* play it; but why do you ask that question?" "Because," said she, "it seems so strange *now* to hear you ask me to do any thing, or notice any thing I do." "You don't mean that?" "Indeed I do." "And you say that it is 'strange *now*'—am I altered then?" "Yes, you know you are." "And in what am I altered?" said Beauchamp, looking in her face with a smiling air of earnestness. "I did not intend to tell you," replied Miss Saville with a slight blush; "but, however, since you ask me—I think (now don't be angry—you *would* know) you are not now so—so—good-natured as you used to be:—when you were here before you would talk to one, and tell one things that you thought would amuse, and do any little thing one wanted without seeming to think it a trouble. When one went out a riding, for instance, you did not mind the trouble of helping me on my horse." "The trouble!" interposed Beauchamp, with a smile. "Yes, I suppose it was some trouble, but I liked you to do it, because you could do it well, and most people are so awkward—But yesterday—" "Yesterday Lord Arlington assisted you to mount; he did it very well, didn't he?" "Yes, but I thought, at the time, you might have done it, because you were nearer to me than he was when I wanted to get on my horse. I dare say you will think it very foolish my mentioning such a thing, but it is your fault, you *would* question me." "Oh, it is all my fault," said Beauchamp, with his most insinuating smile, "if there is any fault in the case; but you must not think that I am really changed—indeed you must not—there is no difference in my feelings." "Then perhaps I was mistaken?" "No," said Beauchamp, "I am sure you did not misunderstand me."

'He looked at her earnestly, their eyes met, and hers were quickly withdrawn in blushing confusion; his were so full of meaning that she could not withstand their gaze; but still the expression of her countenance, though slightly confused, was that of pleasure.

'"There is no change in me, only in circumstances," pursued Beauchamp, after a short pause; "there has been hardly anybody here when I have met you before; now there are many, and I have no right to monopolize your attention." "I don't think anybody has a right to monopolize one's attention," said Miss Saville, "but I believe you would willingly see others do so." "Some have a better right than others," replied Beauchamp: "I am a poor younger brother, and must not presume, in the presence of *millionaires*, and great heirs apparent." "What nonsense!" said Miss Saville; "don't suppose that I like to hear you talk in that way." "Ah, but it is very

Digitized by Google

very true, and I must say it; I meant to behave in the manner which I thought most compatible with friendship,—and friendship, you know, is all that is permitted to a poor man like me: I hope we shall always be good friends, shall not we?" "I hope so," said Julia in a soft tone of emotion. "Then give me your hand, and say you forgive me."

'She gently sighed, "I do," and the hand was given, which Beauchamp pressed with loverlike warmth, and retained within his own. "I cannot," pursued he, "feel a friendly regard for your welfare, and not be glad to allow others an opportunity of offering attentions to you, especially such persons as Arlington. He is a friend of mine, and has an immense fortune. I hope you will continue to be gracious to him: you know we shall never be less good friends for your being better acquainted with him. Pray smile upon him still: we shall understand each other too well for me ever to be jealous—shall we not?" said he tenderly.

'"I don't know," and "I hope so," was all that Julia could answer in her confusion, for her bosom heaved with conflicting feelings, and the deepest blush overspread her cheeks and neck. Beauchamp still retained her hand: "I am sure we shall never quarrel," said he, "and this shall be the pledge of our friendship," and he raised the unresisting hand and pressed it eagerly to his lips.'—vol. ii. pp. 75-82.

The further development of Beauchamp's purposes is made some time after.

'She was alone, and recurring with pain and dissatisfaction to these thoughts, and the tears were standing in her beautiful eyes, when Beauchamp entered. He had been so engrossingly present to her thoughts that she blushed deeply as he approached. Her confusion seemed, for a moment, to impart itself to Beauchamp; and each felt only too conscious that their minds were then full of each other. Their eyes met, and much, too much, was implied in that one expressive glance. It seemed as though a declaration of mutual attachment was no longer necessary. But it was not as a lover anxious only to plight his faith and offer her his hand that Beauchamp now stood before her. His was a very different purpose, and, unsupported by the courage which principle bestows, he felt, for an instant, irresolute and embarrassed. But irresolution did not last long in one so self-possessed, so naturally determined in the pursuit of his objects; and, without farther hesitation, he at once entered upon the topic which would lead him most directly to that which he intended to say.

'"Have you read again," he inquired, "that scene which we rehearsed this morning?" "Yes," said she, blushing deeply, "but it is very difficult, and very disagreeable. I know I shall never do it well." "I must not offer to rehearse it with you again," pursued Beauchamp; "people are censorious; they might choose to imagine that I was taking advantage of that mock situation, in order to make love to you in earnest." "People are very impertinent and ill-natured: I wish you would not repeat such nonsense." "Nay, but let me recommend prudence; and, besides, I should be very unwilling that any conduct

Digitized by Google

conduct of ours should create the slightest jealousy in the mind of one whom I need not name." She sighed, and turned away her head. "Why do you think of that?" said she. "Because I sincerely wish you well," he answered, in a tone which seemed fraught with the tenderest and deepest feeling; "because I am one of the firmest and truest of your friends—because there is one subject connected with your welfare which fills my dreams by night and my thoughts when waking, and which I would sacrifice every thing but your friendship to promote. Do not be angry at my boldness when I mention it—it is to see you married to Arlington." "Is that *your* wish?" she asked, after a pause, in a low earnest tone, without venturing to look in his face. "Ay," he answered, "you may well ask 'is it *mine?*' for I am sure you know what my feelings are towards you; I know that, however they are disguised from others, they cannot be disguised from you, and you shall hear them from my own lips. From the first moment that I saw you, you cannot think how constantly, how ardently I have admired you; I will say more than admired, for that is but a cold word. Julia—dearest," drawing her towards him, "will you be angry if I tell you that I have loved you?" She said nothing, but she drooped her head, and tears seemed to trickle from her eyes. "It does not give you pain, I trust, to hear me say so?" pursued Beauchamp. "It hurries me—it distresses me—I don't know how I feel—I don't know how I ought to feel," said she, in a quick and broken tone; "you must not say what you have just said, and wish me to be married to Lord Arlington. I cannot, no, indeed, I cannot." "Have I no influence?" asked Beauchamp, in the gentlest tone of tender reproach. "Oh, yes—you have—you have indeed." "Then, when I tell you it is my wish, Julia, the warmest wish of my heart, that you should become his wife—when I tell you that such a step will best preserve our friendship—when I tell you my poverty is such that I can never hope to become your husband, won't you, won't you listen to me favourably? Oh, Julia, dearest Julia, do not think me cold-hearted, or indifferent, or unreasonable; hear me this once—only hear me." He pressed her unresisting hand, his lips approached her ear, and for a while he seemed to whisper, and a slight thrill and deeper blush were visible on her neck. "Marry him, dearest—marry him for my sake," were the words that first again became audible. She drew back, and their eyes met in one quick intense glance of fervid intelligence, and their hands were pressed again in token of mutual acquiescence; and Julia turned away, and hastily departed from the presence of her unacknowledged lover.'—vol. ii. pp. 205-210.

The schemes of the conspirators are so far successful as to bring about a proposal of marriage from Lord Arlington, made in a moment when he was intoxicated partly with love, and more or less with wine. The very night of his proposal, however, he receives the news of two persons having arrived from America and advanced

Digitized by Google

advanced a claim to his estates, founded on documents intended to show that they were the descendants of an elder brother of his grandfather, who had been supposed to have been lost at sea. After the receipt of this intelligence, Lord Arlington offers to release Miss Saville from her engagement; but Lady Crawford, the aunt, wisely considering that, until his destitution were ascertained, his release would be premature, affects to be altogether disinterested in her views, and only stipulates that the engagement may remain a secret. Whilst it so remains, however, the indifference of the lady becomes more observable, and her flirtation with Beauchamp more flagrant; Lord Arlington's love cools, his suspicions are awakened, he surprises the lovers in a situation which leads to their detection, and the match is broken off. Mr. Holford now re-appears to aid Lord Arlington in resisting the American claimants, and he accidentally discovers that they are connected with that dismissed steward of the late Lord, who, after having been tried for his murder and acquitted, had gone off to America. This discovery, nevertheless, he does not make use of in the cause, and the verdict is given in favour of the claimants. A new trial is granted, and Mr. Holford, in the enthusiasm of his desire to serve his friend, proceeds to America to collect evidence. He there ascertains more completely the nature of the conspiracy between the Americans and Clarkson, the quondam steward, whom, on his return to England, he induces to desert and betray them, and, on the second trial, this person testifies to the falsehood of the case which had been successful before, and confesses that the documents on which it had been chiefly founded, had been supplied by him, and that he had possessed himself of them whilst in the service of the late Lord Arlington. This evidence of course entirely defeats the American claim, and it then appears that the means employed by Mr. Holford to detach Clarkson from the conspiracy were not only pecuniary, but consisted also of an attestation under the hand of Mr. Holford, that he, and not Clarkson, was the person who killed Lord Arlington. The homicide, it appears, was accidental, but, from moral cowardice, Mr. Holford had concealed, till that moment, his instrumentality in it. The secret had been long the burden of his life, and the shame and horror of the disclosure is now, with some extravagance of conception, made to be the proximate cause of his death, which occurs almost immediately afterwards. This is, in point of fact, the end of the story, although it is but the beginning of the third volume. Lord Arlington, disgusted with the world and its infidelities, and suspicious of its behaviour to him during the temporary obscuration of his fortunes, retires to a secluded country house, where he lives in solitude for three or four years. Hither one

Digitized by Google

one of his earliest and most respectable friends, from whom he had been much dissociated during the days of his dissipation, comes to seek him, with a view to lead him to a more reasonable appreciation of mankind, and a renewal of intercourse with the world. This volume consists almost entirely of moral and political discussions between the two friends, which, though well reasoned and well written in themselves, are misplaced in a novel; and the end of it is, that Lord Arlington is drawn from his solitude, and precipitated into the presence of Lady Alice Mortimer, who had been nursing her sick love almost out of sight of the reader ever since she was left behind in the first volume. The young gentleman, however, has borne her in mind, and it is needless to say that an auspicious marriage ensues, and Lord and Lady Arlington, *felices ter et amplius*, cease to be the subject of story.

It will be seen that we have here but a scanty allowance of narrative, somewhat carelessly scattered over a wide space of fiction, which presents in the first two volumes for the most part a mere mirror of social intercourse amongst people of fashion, and in the third volume a series of colloquial essays upon things in general. To excite interest, the tissue of the story should have been much more closely connected and interwoven with the detail. We have scraps of a plot here and there,—the beginning and end of an eventful history, 'a violent commencement,' it is true, and 'an answerable sequestration;' but the large tracts of conversation and disquisition, grave or gay, which are interjected, altogether destroy the coherency of the interest in the mind of the reader. We recollect to have seen a bill of a wild-beast show, in which the ourang-outang was described as the *link* which *separates* the human species from the brute. If we may be permitted to borrow the language of the show-man, we should say that many large portions of the details of this novel are somewhat in the nature of *separating links*. With a more careful cultivation of the art of story-telling, Mr. Lister might easily obviate this defect, and bring his details, which in themselves have a sufficiency of force and animation, to bear more closely and effectively upon the excitement of interests and the development of events. As he contrives it at present, we must be allowed to say that, in our opinion, the merit of his novels is not in the invention of the story. They have merits, however, of a superior order—the merits of a thoughtful mind and a benevolent temper; of a clear understanding, and a species of good taste which bears evidence of being derived from a higher source than any that gives birth to the refinements of fashionable life.

When we find fault,—as we mean to do presently in the case

Digitized by Google

of Lord Mulgrave, no less than we have done in that of Mr. Lister—with the want of design and contrivance which these writers evince, we are not unaware of the difficulties which are to be encountered in any attempt at the construction of a perfect plot. In such a task we expect perfection from no man; we should be satisfied with a very slight approximation to it. In what degrees characters should be causative or consequent,—in what respects men should be made the creatures of circumstances, or circumstances of men—how far events should produce each other in necessary sequence, or accident should interlope, are questions to the perfect solution of which the highest faculties of reason and imagination may, without any affectation of humility, confess themselves incompetent. But in the absence of any such profound science in the matter, some rude endeavour may be made to institute the creations of fancy upon the model of nature. Some, and only some, of the elements of the fiction should be, as it were, pre-appointed and immutable; it will be well that the outlines and drift of the plot, the characters to be pourtrayed, and their general results in action, should be distinctly conceived from the first; but this being done, the tributary incidents, and the minor and derivative events, should be left undetermined, so that, as the execution of the work proceeds, circumstances may have their way, as it were, and chance thoughts fly out, though to a certain extent controlled by the idea of the plot, and always in the long run subservient to it. Upon this plan of invention we attain to something of the freedom of nature in the scheme of human life, where much is left loose and goes by accident; whilst our predetermined plot stands in the place of Providence, and 'shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.'

The late Marquess of Exeter, having bethought himself how difficult it was for a man possessed of rank and wealth to be assured that the love which might be made or yielded to him was not amongst the gifts which he owed to his ancestors rather than to himself, resolved to go in search of a wife in disguise. His search was successful; his suit not less so; and under the designation of Mr. Cecil he was married to a girl in humble life. Upon this hint it is, we presume, that Lord Mulgrave has proceeded in writing the novel which he has called 'The Contrast.'

Lord Castleton, at the age of three-and-twenty, desirous to be adored, but finding himself somewhat suspiciously over-courted in society, sated with illicit attachments, and disappointed in the result of more than one honest matrimonial project, recalls to his recollection a certain secluded and beautiful bay on the coast of one of the northern counties, to which he had made an excursion five

Digitized by Google

five years before when on a visit in its neighbourhood, and where he had accidentally encountered a girl, then apparently about fourteen years old, the daughter of a farmer who had his dwelling close upon the cliff. He had been, on that occasion, much interested by the beauty and grace of the girl's appearance, insomuch as to be not quite pleased at having found her rather sentimentally situated with a male cousin, about two years older than herself, who was going to sea for the first time the next day. He had disengaged her from the boy, however, and they had walked up the cliff together; it was but the dialogue of a few minutes which had passed between them, yet it had made an impression upon him, and in one of those sudden fits of kindness which will sometimes make very young men very liberal, he had given her a trinket of some value when he parted from her. After four years spent in fashionable society, the recollection of these few moments comes back upon him in all its freshness, and he seriously entertains the design of marrying the girl, provided, on further acquaintance, she should answer to his expectations; and supposing he should be able, whilst excluding from her view all extraneous temptations, to succeed in gaining her affections. With this design he proceeds to Morden Bay, and having used some arts to disguise his appearance and prevent recognition, introduces himself, under the name of Mr. Churchill and in the character of a humble artist, to Farmer Darnell, in whose house he takes up his temporary abode as a lodger. He finds Lucy still forthcoming, and as beautiful and prepossessing as ever. 'Here,' says the author, 'a form, which among the nobly born would have been said to bear the stamp of high birth, which in the land of ancient tradition and sculptured authority would have been said to show the signs of pure classical extraction, was found lowly born, in an obscure corner of a rugged clime.' Had it been worth while to anticipate objections to the apparent incongruity, it might have been done in the language of Wordsworth,—

> 'If ye inquire
> How such consummate elegance was bred
> Amid these wilds, this answer may suffice,—
> 'Twas Nature's will, who sometimes undertakes,
> For the reproof of human vanity,
> Art to outstrip in her peculiar walk.'

About a week is passed by Lord Castleton in rambling about the country under the pretence of taking sketches, with Lucy for his guide, and he finds his own feeling about her in a very promising state for his enterprise; but of the state of her inclinations he is somewhat doubtful, when her seafaring cousin, who had been little heard of by the family since his departure at the period

Digitized by Google

of his lordship's first visit to the bay, returns home. The excessive rejoicings which are made, and in which Lucy amply participates upon this occasion, give some annoyance to the young lord, and a keen feeling of rivalry takes place between him and George Darnell. The sailor's jealousy is not a little stimulated by the taunts of a rough and somewhat ferocious shipmate, who had accompanied him on his return home, and whom Lord Castleton accidentally discovers to be connected with a smuggling vessel, which is lying off and on upon the coast. Lord Castleton regards George Darnell with corresponding dislike, but is soon nearly satisfied that he is himself the successful suitor. At this period, a certain aunt of Lucy's, who lives in the neighbourhood in solitude and with broken health, but who had once been the humble companion of a lady of rank, and had afterwards had eminent success on the stage, discloses her own history (a tale of disastrous love) to her niece, by way of warning to her against allowing her affections to be engaged by the lodger, whom the aunt, having had opportunities of observing the manners of the great world, began to suspect of being superior to the rank in life which he assumed. The aunt's history forms a long and tragical episode, into the particulars of which we do not mean to enter; but the admonition not to be in love has the usual effect of such warnings in ripening the feelings of the niece.

'Churchill and Lucy sat side by side on a projecting ledge which she pointed out to him on the face of the precipitous cliff; this position, for an admirer of the picturesque, was much better chosen than that which he had himself accidentally selected the night before, and of which, as a painter, he had so little availed himself. The intersections of the craggy cliffs which rose one behind another, as they looked along the line of coast, were here bolder and more broken and varied. From the height of the point whereon they sat, all below was blended in that deep, purplish, hazy hue, which, in a painter's eye, gave to indistinctness a charm. The sea-birds, Churchill's unwelcome intruders of the evening before, now skimmed in silence the mid air far beneath them, the undulating motion of their white wings being the only sign of animation around. Not a sail was seen in the wide surface of the distant expanse: and along the deeply-sheltered sides of the little bay beneath, the waters lay dead, and dark, and still. The next promontory of the succession of crags before them, less precipitous and lofty than that on which they were placed, had scattered over its face huge clumps of thriving brushwood, just then touched with the first mellow tint of autumn; whilst the heather, which grew in patches wherever the light soil clung to the interstices of the cliffs, contrasting its rich dark-blue colour with the lighter grey of the broken rocks, gave sharpness to the fantastic shapes in which these were dispersed about. In the middle distance, looking

Digitized by Google

looking rather inland, could be traced the valley down which ran the course of the little mountain stream, by whose side Castleton had first wound his way to Morden Bay. And this path he followed once again in his mind's eye, and he recollected his then follies, and he thought of all his checkered life, his successive feelings—of his hopes—of his frivolous pursuits—which had all produced heart-burnings and disappointments since that evening when he had first beheld the lovely being who now sat beside him in matured beauty and still unsullied purity and innocence; and as he again looked on her with a long impassioned gaze, their eyes met, and she thought it must have been thus Somers looked on Alice Darnell. More fondly she felt he could not look, and this feeling gave a sensibility to her own expression, which her lover had hitherto sought in vain; and they sat long while they fancied they were drawing. Though they did little the while, and said less, it seemed, for the first time, as if they understood each other, and all Churchill's gestures were those of impassioned tenderness, and it was so that Lucy felt them; and it is certain, that at that moment she thought of no one else: and her glances, though timid and stolen at intervals, vied with his in tenderness, and had he then pleaded, a negative could hardly have found its way to her lips through the inward agitation of her frame.

'But there had been throughout his whole scheme too much plan and method in Churchill's romance, and now the moment had come which might fix his fate, and make her his wife—for it was with such an intention that he wooed her;—incongruous doubts rose in his mind,—he hesitated,—he would not for the world have abandoned his object, yet he almost wished to delay the irrevocable step; but it was not without an effort that he could force himself to do so, for his feelings were much excited, and more than once the conclusive words trembled on his tongue, but he checked himself, and blurted forth an indifferent observation in an altered tone.

'The effect of this was instantaneous: there is no female breast, however untutored and inexperienced, which does not feel, in its inmost recesses, the reaction caused by an opportunity slighted of profiting by its tenderness. In a moment, Lucy became aware that the evening shadows had redoubled their length; that the sun was on the point of setting; that it was already late for her to proceed to her aunt's: rising for this purpose, Churchill eagerly offered to accompany her, but this she firmly opposed, naturally from not wishing to show that she had braved her aunt's caution, the prudence of which the experience of her late sensations had confirmed. She declined, therefore, his offer of help, even down the first winding track, where, indeed, from its narrowness, assistance would have been impracticable. This track led from the spot where they now were into the broader path, which conducted along a lower ledge round the point towards her aunt's; and she proceeded to descend it with the secure and elastic step which is the combined result of habit and natural activity. Churchill watched her with an anxious eye through the first part of her

Digitized by Google

her progress, and afterwards with an admiring one, as her fine form gradually receded, whilst she pursued her way with an unconscious grace in every motion, which would have done honour to many in a more elevated rank in society. But the fact is, the drawing-room school, though it may improve, no more creates grace, than the *manège* does the most admired paces of the horse.

'Churchill watched her round the point, and knowing that she would again become visible in passing the next, which jutted farther into the sea, he stood there awaiting the moment in a state of mind in which were blended dissatisfaction with himself, with increased admiration of her. Whilst absorbed in these mingled reflections, he was startled by a large stone, which, detached from the cliff above, rolled close beside him, and striking the portfolio, in which he had been just loosely depositing the different half-finished productions of Lucy and himself, scattered them about; and the evening breeze, just then risen, catching them up as it swept by, they "soared, ducked, and dived in the air," and were soon carried far out of reach of recovery. Churchill, looking up to see what accident had caused this, beheld George, at the distance of a few yards, standing between the edge of the cliff and the wall at its summit, against which he leaned, whilst one foot, which without doubt had been the means of propelling the stone, was still thrust forward. He had a broad grin on his face, and was evidently enjoying the mischief he had caused.'—vol. i., pp. 257-264.

The result is a quarrel, in which Churchill lifts his cane, and George Darnell in return stretches him senseless upon the earth with a blow from a heavy oaken stick. At this moment, the crew of the smuggler approach, and Churchill is carried off by them in a state of stupefaction. The smugglers have not proceeded far to sea, however, before they are encountered and captured by a cutter in the Preventive service, by the commander of which they are taken, along with Lucy who was found lying insensible upon the beach, before the nearest magistrate to be examined. Churchill is missing, and the smugglers are suspected of his murder. The truth is, however, that when he was about to be murdered, one of the smugglers having identified him as his own foster-brother, to whom he had been formerly indebted for his life, had interposed, and, as a last resource to save him, had leapt overboard and swam with him to the shore, whence he conveyed him secretly to a house in the neighbourhood.

The nearest magistrate before whom the smugglers and Lucy are taken is Sir North Saunders, that very friend of Lord Castleton's at whose house he had been staying when he made his first excursion to Morden Bay. Sir North is at present, as at that period, entertaining a party of guests; amongst these is Lady Gayland, a young widow, whose wit, gaiety of heart, wildness of manner, and

Digitized by Google

and picturesque beauty, are described in a way which is sufficiently prominent to point her out as the second heroine of the story; and which, indeed, being particularly elaborate, rather resembles flattery addressed to a person in real life, than the clothing cast upon a creature of the imagination. Lady Gayland, happening to hear that a girl is locked up in Sir North's lumber-room in a state of great distress, out of the kindness and charity of her nature pays Lucy a visit, to see if anything can be done for her; the only result of the interview, however, is, that Lady Gayland is interested by her appearance and her distress; and, indeed, the scenes which follow through the greater part of the second volume are little better than superfluous; and the progress of the story, as collected from them, may be told in a few words. Lord Castleton recovers his health before the trial of the smugglers, but does not choose, unless it should become necessary to their acquittal, to make himself known as the person supposed to have been murdered, because, although he is resolved upon marrying Lucy, he intends to keep her low birth and breeding a secret; depending upon her natural advantages of manner and appearance for enabling him to do so. They are acquitted without compelling any disclosure, and he is privately married to Lucy, and provides for her cousin George in the royal navy.

It is in the married life of the lovers that the effects of the contrast begin to appear:—

'Every day Castleton felt more and more how impossible it would be to ask Lucy's opinion on any of those subjects on which she was profoundly ignorant; and every day Lucy became more aware of her deficiencies, and more anxious therefore to conceal them from him; and that she could only do by acquiescing in her ignorance, for there was no one else from whom she could seek information. There was some points on which she would even have endeavoured to extract knowledge from the servants; but dreading from her former habits, nothing so much as too great a familiarity in this respect, Castleton had made it one of his first desires to her, that she would confine her communications with them, to asking for what she wanted. To this, as to every other desire of his, she yielded, as far as she could, implicit obedience; but it was often a great exertion on her part to do so. Of her own maid she had felt from the first a considerable awe; and to such a degree did this continue, that she could not conceive any fatigue from labour equal to the burthen of her assistance. Being naturally of a disposition both active and obliging, it was quite new to her to have anything done for her which she could do for her herself. For some time she had as great a horror of touching a bell-rope, as others have in touching the string of a shower-bath; and when services were obtruded on her by the domestics as a matter of course, she had much difficulty in checking the exuberance of her gratitude.

'At

Digitized by Google

'At home Big Betsey, mentioned above as the maid of all work, never considered as any part of her multitudinous duties, the waiting on Miss Lucy, who she not only said "mought moind herself," but sometimes called to her, almost authoritatively, to "lend a hauping haund." It was probably, in consequence of the habit thus engendered, that Lady Castleton was one day caught "lending a helping hand" to an overloaded under laundry-maid, who had been sent by her superior with a wicker-bound snowy freight of her ladyship's own superfine linen. But of all the irksome feelings caused by Lucy's new position, there was none from which she suffered more, than *waiting* to be *waited on*. And it was hinted in the hall, that when my Lord was not in the room, my lady got up to help herself to what she wanted from the sideboard !! And it was whispered in the female conclave of the housekeeper's room, that her ladyship seemed even to like to—lace her own stays !'—vol. ii. pp. 237-240.

Lady Castleton is brought under a course of sedulous instruction, and does her best to demean herself like a lady; but of course complete success is not to be expected at an early period, and her husband, with all his fondness for her, is kept in a state of some uneasiness.

'On coming home by the high road he had met his nearest neighbour, Mrs. Eresby, with her two daughters, returning from a visit they had during that morning volunteered to the bride. On perceiving him, Mrs. Eresby had stopped the carriage for a moment, and after expressing regrets at missing him, had said, "Charmed with Lady Castleton—so very natural and perfectly unaffected."

'In bowing, the only possible reply to this compliment, he thought he had intercepted the telegraph of a smile between Miss Eresby and her sister Arabella, who sat opposite to each other on the side of the carriage into which he was leaning.—"Very natural and perfectly unaffected!" he thought, as he rode home, "What has she been doing?"'—vol. ii. pp. 243, 244.

The scene is removed to London, where Lord Castleton soon meets with Lady Gayland, who had been an object of pursuit to him in Italy before the adoption of his last nuptial project. She had not been sufficiently *prevenante* to encourage him to risk the mortal blow to his vanity which a refusal would have inflicted, and he now finds that he had broken with her prematurely, and that he had been mistaken in supposing that she was indifferent to him. The renewal of their acquaintance revives their mutual regard, the progress of which is like that of any other intrigue, except that it stops short of ultimate criminality at a point at which we much doubt whether any affair of real passion did ever before stop short. Lord Castleton and Lady Gayland met at a watering-place about fifty miles from Morden Bay, whither Lady Castleton had previously proceeded in a yacht to visit her father. Lady Gayland becomes sensible of her danger and resolves

Digitized by Google

solves to go abroad, in which resolution Lord Castleton virtuously acquiesces, and she departs. In the meantime Lady Castleton, who had been accidentally apprized before of her lord's infidelity of feeling, receives at Morden Bay an anonymous letter, written in malice by a former idol of Lord Castleton's, now neglected and incensed, which falsely informs her, that his lordship, in order to indulge his passion for Lady Gayland, was taking means to obtain evidence of a pretended intrigue of hers with her cousin George Darnell, then with her at Morden Bay. On receiving this letter, Lady Castleton immediately embarks in the yacht in order to rejoin her husband, although the weather is so threatening, that George Darnell insists upon accompanying her to give her the benefit of his seamanship. The vessel is wrecked in attempting to make the port of the watering-place where Lord Castleton still remained, and Lady Castleton is cast lifeless upon the shore. With this catastrophe the story ends; or, at least, the poetical justice which restores Lord Castleton to the hilarity of spirits of which this accident for a while deprives him, and which ultimately, we presume, consummates a happy union betwixt him and Lady Gayland, is merely hinted to the imagination of the indulgent reader.

The defect which Lord Mulgrave has exhibited in this novel is not so much the want of invention as the want of *efficiency*. The incidents and materials are in sufficient abundance, and there is the broken outline of an interesting story. For the majority of novel-readers this will be enough, and the time has been with ourselves, when no deficiencies of execution would have much blunted the eagerness of interest which a very ordinary novel could inspire. But looking at Lord Mulgrave's book with the coolness of criticism, we cannot say that we think it well written. The great majority of the incidents have no tendency to bring about the catastrophe. They are so many casualties, with or without which the hero or heroine might, with equal probability, have run the same career. Such parts of a narrative as contribute nothing to its progress, should have much substantive merit. No doubt there will be found, in most narratives of considerable length, incidents of this description; but they should be executed in such a manner, that if supererogatory, they should not be felt to be superfluous. But we do not find that Lord Mulgrave's execution of his chapters of accidents sufficiently apologizes for their introduction. The various circumstances which grow out of the quarrel between Lord Castleton and George Darnell, the violence done to the former, his captivity, his danger, his rescue, the capture of the smugglers, their examination, trial, &c.—this entire succession of events is, as regards the progress and issue of the story, parenthetical. Yet these matters are not particularly well managed.

Digitized by Google

managed. In the middle of a scene of bloodshed and violence, which should have drifted across the course of the story with tempestuous rapidity, the writer supposes himself to have found a favourable opportunity of bringing in a dialogue between Lucy and George Darnell, explanatory of the miscarriage of letters, sent from abroad by the latter to the former, and of the consequences of such miscarriage, in leading to George's connexion with the crew of smugglers. An explanatory retrospect would have been better obtruded at almost any other crisis.

In attempting to represent the manners and language of the lower classes, Lord Mulgrave has rather wasted his efforts upon a subject with which, we apprehend, he has not had an opportunity to make himself acquainted. The language of the Darnell family is, from time to time, sufficiently coarse and vulgar, but it is not the rustic language of the North of England. To us, that language happens to be almost as a vernacular tongue; and the substitute for it, which is put into the mouths of Darnell and his wife, sounds in our ears as having little resemblance to any other language than that which is accepted for the dialect of rural life on the stage in an afterpiece. Moreover, it is not the mispronunciation of words by these people, but their peculiar idiom and cast of thought, which it is worth while to present in fiction. Idiom is *characteristic;* it betokens more than anything else the mould from which thought is thrown off, the temper of the mind, and the manner of working it: the use of ungrammatical words, and their mispronunciation, indicate nothing but that the speaker is illiterate. It may be added, that the dialectic principles of grammar are perhaps as little violated by the lower orders as by the higher; it is conventional grammar only against which they offend.

In his representation of rustic manners, Lord Mulgrave has, in some instances, a good deal overcharged their rudeness and coarseness. Where there is no brutality of natural dispositions, the manners of a farmer's wife, or even of any person in the lowest low-life, will not be offensive to a stranger, to the degree which marks those of Mrs. Darnell, in her reception of Churchill. On the contrary, the courtesies of life amongst strangers in its lower walks, are rather more express and pronounced than in the higher classes. Nor is Lord Mulgrave's impersonation of a family in low-life free from the opposite fault of sentimental refinement. George Darnell, when parting with Lucy, after her marriage, addresses her thus:—

'You'll never have Bankside Farm and Morden Bay to leeward again; and, therefore, you had better not have cousin George to pilot your thoughts the way they must never turn. But as it's much more like you'll find all sunshine around you, I would not like to be the one black

Digitized by Google

black spot on your horizon; and when not in sight, you must soon forget to care about the humble playmate of your youth, who feels even in parting from you so completely that your unhappiness must make his, that he heartily prays that this last may be the case.'—vol. ii. p. 210.

This, though, we admit, not without awkwardness in the manner of expression, is a little too fine in point of sentiment. His lordship has not indeed by any means succeeded in transplanting himself, in imagination, to the interior of a farmer's abode. In one place, like Lucan's great man in disguise, he has so far forgotten where he was, and with what garb he had clothed himself, as to make Churchill descend into '*the breakfast-room*' of the farm-house!—

'Sic fatur: quanquam plebeio tectus amictu
Indocilis privata loqui.'

The successful point of the book is the delineation of *Lucy*, —whose simplicity, ingenuousness, and natural refinement are well depicted, and, with very few exceptions, consistently preserved. The third volume, which leaves her rustic relations behind, and removes herself and the story almost entirely into the sphere of life which is known to the author, is much to be preferred to the others, and may be read with pleasure and interest. The interest, however, rests entirely upon the heroine. As to the hero, nothing can be less heroical. He is one of those persons—numerous enough, no doubt, in high life—on whom the gifts of fortune have been too profusely bestowed from their birth,—

'whose liberal contents
Swarm without care in every sort of plenty;'

who have had no such real and direct want as might give a bent to their mind, and an unity of purpose to their life, or to any one year of it; who have so many ways of proceeding open to them, that they pass, in a dainty perplexity, that period of life at which alone voluntary decisions are taken; and who find, at last, that no gifts of fortune can supply the place of that strength which is acquired by an early habit of wrestling with difficulties, and that they must be content to live from hand to mouth, and without any ultimate aim, upon such objects and desires as their daily intercourse with society may afford, however empty and ephemeral. Lord Castleton is one of these enfeebled favourites of fortune, too tenderly nurtured to know what to do,—'distracted in propensity,' selfish, and referring everything to a taste which is fastidious as to externals and as to essentials corrupt. He is not indeed described to be all this in the novel; but of a man who should act as he is supposed to have acted, nothing else could be true. The plan of seeking a wife from a different rank of

Digitized by Google

of life, and of going upon the search in disguise, may, under very peculiar circumstances, be not altogether absurd. But he who adopts it should have regard to his own nature, and should know that it is strong enough to make natural attributes all-sufficient to his happiness. Now Lord Castleton, if he knew anything of himself, must have known that there was no strength in him. The seat of his affections was in his eyes and ears; admiration and the pleasures of taste were the sole sources of his love—innocence and simplicity were pleasing to him, but it was only because they looked well—his sense of their moral beauty went no deeper than that sort of recognition which is implied in an admiration of their symbols. He was not a man, therefore, whom nature in its purity could permanently attach. It is true that

> 'Innocence is strong,
> And an entire simplicity of heart
> A thing most sacred in the eye of heaven.'

But the strength of innocence is not shown over minds weak with super-refinement and corrupted with self-indulgence; nor is simplicity so divine a thing as to fix, however it may attract for a time, the devotion of a pampered fancy. It is only, therefore, when nature is strong, both in the person seeking and the person sought, that natural affinities may suffice to sink all discrepancies of circumstance, and to justify the expectation of durable attachment. In the case of Lord Castleton, the failure of the design was as much owing to natural inferiority on his side, as to adventitious on hers. The attempt of such a mere fine gentleman to place himself on an equality with a substantive product of nature, was nothing better than a piece of fantastical folly, the hero of which justly exposed himself to be knocked on the head, as he was, with great propriety, by the nautical relative of his mistress. His only success, and none other was possible, was to obtain what he was altogether incapable of enjoying; and the first thing he did with Lucy Darnell when he was in possession of her, was to sully the truth and simplicity in which her charm lay, by imposing upon her a system of mean and paltry concealment of her lowness of origin; and communicating to her, had she been pervious to the feeling, his own vulgar shame on the score of her deficiencies of conventional demeanour. As to anything else but what is conventional, she was as superior to him as the good-breeding of nature is to that of art. When his fit of fondness was over, the wear and tear of domestic intercourse soon cracked the varnish of good manners which was all that he could boast, and he says things to his wife which she never could have expected to hear from a gentleman—nor we from a hero.

We would now wish to take leave of Lord Mulgrave, and to say

Digitized by Google

say a few words before we close this article, upon the condition of that particular class of our fellow-countrymen to which our attention has been thus directed,—the aristocracy and the people of fashion. What manner of life they lead, what habits of mind and what feelings they acquire and indulge, have been, as we have already said, laid open to public animadversion with the utmost minuteness; and however, on political grounds, we may regret the exposure, all that remains is to make the best of it—to educe from the evil such good as it may be made to yield. It would seem to be possible,—indeed, it is a possibility which Mr. Lister has to a certain extent exemplified,—that there might be composed, by persons having a knowledge of good and evil, such novels, founded upon materials drawn from fashionable life, as should have a tendency to correct and amend what is amiss in it. Written they should be with no didactic dryness or forbidding announcement of a moral aim, nor with any affectation of cynical acerbity or contempt, but with that just and masculine appreciation of the objects of life in all its walks, and with that general spirit of good-will towards men of all stations and conditions, which, when animating the mind of the writer, will not fail to be disseminated by his works. It would seem very possible, we repeat, that novels might be written in this spirit, which, even though wanting in substance or in workmanship, might be neither useless nor distasteful. But of the many lately published, we have met with very few which do not offend the tastes and dispositions we should wish them to promote; and some, which, from the ability and variety of ability they manifest, might seem to have claimed a share of our notice in this article, have been purposely passed over, because we could hardly have ventured to express the degree of disrespect which we entertain for them. Nor, indeed, is it by any means necessary that remarks, tending to humiliate and give pain, should be made in such cases. For the false tastes of a writer of real power time is a better, a surer, and a kindlier cure than criticism. A mind which is exempt from any radical weakness or warp will work itself clear in its progress, and the possessor of it will be by no one better admonished and instructed than by himself—

> 'In his dividual being self-reviewed,
> Self-catechised.'

If the press is to continue to bring forth an annual progeny of fashionable novels, it were indeed much to be desired, not only that a different spirit could be imparted to their authors, whereby they might be made to correct those vices of judgment and feeling, in which they at present appear to participate, but that the field of their survey should be considerably enlarged. It should be their

Digitized by Google

their object to contemplate fashionable society, not only within its own limited sphere, but in its effects upon the other classes and circles on which those of that order more immediately act or impinge. Society is so infinitely intersected and convolved,

'Cycle and epi-cycle, orb in orb,'

that observers who should be endowed with a sufficient portion of perspicacity, might no doubt trace the consequences of the vices and virtues prevailing in any section of it, through the entire social chain. But, hitherto, those who have undertaken to describe the ways of fashionable life, have not followed it even to its more direct and contiguous relations with other classes of mankind. This is a defect which it might be worth the while of any duly qualified writer to supply. It might be well, for instance, if any such writer would so far extend the sphere of his contemplations, as to observe and exhibit the effects of fashionable manners and customs upon the class of servants, and the class of tradesmen.

Under the former head, there may be found, perhaps, little to find fault with on the score of mere manner and outward demeanour. To use servants with harshness, or to be wanting in that species of consideration for them which consists in a certain mildness and amenity of manner, would ruffle and deform that smooth surface of things which it is agreeable to the taste of people in high life to see around them. Nor do they, perhaps, interfere with the comfort of their dependents, by any undue or onerous exactions of service; for their establishments, being for the most part calculated for show, are more numerous than is required for use, and are therefore necessarily underworked, except, perhaps, in the case of some poor drudges at the bottom, who slink up and down the back stairs unseen, and whose comfort, therefore, does not engage the attention of a family of this class; and even these will not be oppressed with their labours, unless when some impoverished people of fashion may find it necessary to dock the tails of their establishments in order to keep the more prominent portions entire. Nevertheless the exceptions which may be taken against fashionable life, as affecting the class of servants, are of a very grave description. Late hours and habits of dissipation in the heads of a family make it almost impossible, especially in London, to exercise that wholesome household discipline which is requisite to secure the well-being of a servant. Luxury and ostentation require that the servants of these people should be numerous; their number unavoidably makes them idle; idleness makes them debauched; debauchery renders them often necessitous; the affluence or the prodigality, the indolence or indulgence, or indifference of their masters, affords them every possible

Digitized by Google

possible facility for being dishonest; and, beginning with the more venial kinds of peculation, their conscience has an opportunity of making an easy descent through the various gradations of larceny, till the misdemeanant passes into the felon. In the meantime, the master, taking no blame to himself, nor considering that servants are for the most part what their masters make them, that they are the creatures, at least, of those circumstances which their masters throw around them, and *might* be moulded in the generality of cases, with almost certain effect, by the will and conduct of the master—passes over, with an indolent and epicurean censure, the lighter delinquencies which he may happen to detect, laughs perhaps at his own laxity, and, when at length alarmed, discharges the culprit without a character, and relieves himself, at the expense of he knows not whom, by making of a corrupted menial a desperate outcast. If it be said that a man cannot be expected to change his mode of life for the sake of his servants, it might be answered, that any mode of life by which each individual indulging in it hazards the perdition of several of his fellow-creatures, *ought* to be changed, and cannot be persevered in without guilt. But even if no such sacrifice were insisted upon, there remain means by which the evil might be mitigated.

In the first place, the adherence to honesty on the part of the masters might be exemplary; whereas their actual measure of honesty would perhaps be indicated with sufficient indulgence, if they were described (in the qualified language which Hamlet applies to himself) to be 'indifferent honest.' There is a currency of untruth in daily use amongst fashionable people for purposes of convenience, which proceeds to a much bolder extent than the social euphemismus by which those of the middle classes also, not perhaps without some occasional violation of their more tender consciences, intimate a wish to be excused from receiving a guest. Fashionable people, moreover, are the most unscrupulous smugglers and buyers of smuggled goods, and have less difficulty than others and less shame, in making various illicit inroads upon the public property and revenue. It is not to be denied that these practices are, in point of fact, a species of lying and cheating; and the latter of them bears a close analogy to the sort of depredation in which the dishonesty of a servant commonly commences. To a servant it must seem quite as venial an offence to trench upon the revenues of a duke, as to the duke it may seem to defraud the revenues of a kingdom. Such proceedings, if not absolutely to be branded as dishonest, are not at least altogether honourable; they are such as may be more easily excused in a menial than in a gentleman. Nor can it ever be otherwise than of evil example to make truth and honesty matters of degree.

But there is a worse evil in the manners of this country in regard

Digitized by Google

gard to servants. It is rarely that they are considered in any other light than as mechanical instruments. It unfortunately belongs very little to our national character to feel what the common brotherhood of humanity requires of us in a relation with our fellow-creatures, which, however unequal, is so close as that of master and servant. We are not accustomed to be sensible that it is any part of our duty to enter into their feelings, to understand their dispositions, to acquire their confidence, to cultivate their sympathies and our own upon some common ground which kindness might always discover, and to communicate with them habitually and unreservedly upon the topics which touch upon that ground. This deficiency would perhaps be more observable in the middle classes than in the highest, who seem generally to treat their inferiors with less reserve, but that in the latter the scale of establishment often removes the greater part of a man's servants from personal communication with him. Whether most prevalent in the fashionable or in the unfashionable classes, it is an evil which, in the growing disunion of the several grades of society, is now more than ever, and for more reasons than one, to be regretted.

The operation of the habits of fashionable life upon the class of tradesmen whose custom lies in that direction, is not less injurious. People of fashion are for the most part improvident; but even when they are not so in the long run, it seems to be their pride to be wantonly and perversely disorderly in the conduct of their pecuniary transactions. The result of this to themselves is not here the point in question, although there are few things which in their effects are more certain to pervade the entire moral structure of the mind than habits of order and punctuality, especially in money matters; nor is there anything to which character and honour are more likely to give way than to pecuniary difficulties. But we would speak of the consequences to the tradesmen with whom they deal. In proportion to the delays which the tradesman has had to contend with in procuring payment of the account, is the degree of laxity with which he may expect to be favoured in the examination of the items; especially if he have not omitted the usual means of corrupting the fidelity of the servants. The accuracy of a bill of old date is not in general very easily ascertainable, and it would seem to be but an ungracious return for the accommodation which the creditor has afforded, if the debtor were to institute a very strict inquisition into the minutiæ of his claims. These considerations concur with the habitual carelessness and indolence of people of fashion, as inducements to them to lead their tradesmen into temptation.

Again, people of fashion, though (with occasional coarse exceptions) very *civil-spoken* to their tradesmen, are accustomed to show

Digitized by Google

show in their conduct an utter disregard of what amount of trouble, inconvenience, and vexation of spirit they may occasion, either by irregularity in paying their bills, by requiring incessant attendance, or by a thousand fanciful humours, changes of purpose, and fastidious objections. Possibly, indeed, they are very little aware of the amount of it; so inconsiderate are they of everything which is not made to dance before their eyes, or to appeal to their sensibilities through their senses. Their tradesmen, and the workmen whom their tradesmen employ, are compelled, those by the competition they encounter in their business, these by the necessities of their situation in life, to submit to all the hardships and disquietudes which it is possible for fashionable caprice to impose, without shewing any sign of disturbance or discontent; and because there is no outcry made, nor any pantomime exhibited, the fashionable customer may possibly conceive that he dispenses nothing but satisfaction among all with whom he deals. He rests assured, moreover, that if he gives more trouble and inconvenience than others, *he pays for it;* the charges of the tradesmen of fashionable people being excessively high. Here, however, there is a distinction to be taken. There is no doubt that all the fantastical plagues and preposterous caprices which the spirit of fashion can engender, will be submitted to for money; but he who supposes that the outward submission will be accompanied by no inward feelings of resentment or contempt, either is wholly ignorant of human nature, or grossly abuses his better judgment. Between customer and tradesman the balance is adjusted; between man and man there is an account which money will not settle. It is not indeed to be desired, that any class of men should be possessed with such a spirit of venal servility, as to be really insensible to the folly and oppression which enters into the exactions of fashionable caprice; or that, however compelled to be obsequious in manner, they should altogether lose their perception of what is due to common sense and to common consideration for others—

> 'And by the body's action teach the mind
> A most inherent baseness.'

If such be the actual result in some instances, then is that consequence still more to be regretted than the other.

Moreover, if the master-tradesmen are willing to sell themselves into this slavery, the consequences to the much more numerous classes of apprentices and journeymen, remains to be taken into the account. The apprentices, at least, are not paid for the hardships which ensue to them. There is an occurrence mentioned by George Alexander Steevens, of a fashionable frequenter of taverns in his time, who threw the waiter out of the window, and told the landlord to put him into the bill. Had the landlord himself

Digitized by Google

been the party ejected, this might or might not have been a satisfactory proceeding, according to the light in which he might be disposed to regard a contusion or a fracture. But it will hardly be contended that such a proceeding could be satisfactory to the waiter. Yet, we may seriously say, that the fate of the waiter was not more to be deprecated, than that of some descriptions of the apprentices of the trades-people who contend for the custom of the fashionable world.

Many is the milliners' apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night-labour can accomplish. To the question, 'When must it be done?' 'Immediately;' is the readiest answer; though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to a premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates. Nor does the evil stop there. The dressmakers' apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient, without the compulsion by which they are thus, as it were, driven out into the streets. Upon them, 'the fatal gift of beauty' has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or for concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy; whilst constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions, which will at any moment place them in a condition of comparative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last,—a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend: whilst, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers), and a destruction of health and bloom, which the alternative

native

Digitized by Google

native course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. Goethe was well aware how much light he threw upon the seduction of Margaret, when he made her let fall a hint of discontent at domestic hardships:—

'Our humble household is but small,
And I, alas! must look to all.
We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
To wake so early and to sleep so late;
And then my mother is in each detail
So accurate*.'

If people of fashion knew at what cost some of their imaginary wants are gratified, it is possible that they might be disposed to forego the gratification: it is possible, also, that they might not. On the one hand they are not wanting in benevolence to the young and beautiful; the juster charge against them being, that their benevolence extends no farther. On the other hand, unless there be a visual perception of the youth and beauty which is to suffer, or in some way a distinct image of it presented, dissipation will not allow them a moment for the feelings which reflection might suggest:

'Than vanity there's nothing harder hearted;
For thoughtless of all sufferings unseen,
Of all save those which touch upon the round
Of the day's palpable doings, the vain man,
And oftener still the volatile woman vain,
Is busiest at heart with restless cares,
Poor pains and paltry joys, that make within
Petty yet turbulent vicissitude.'

Passing from the circles which are, as it were, cut by that of fashionable life, we will now proceed towards the centre of that circle itself. It must be allowed that in the casual intercourse of society, or as common acquaintances, people of fashion are the most agreeable people that are to be met with. How should it be otherwise? That persons who have spent their lives in cultivating the arts of society should have acquired no peculiar dexterity in their exercise, would be as strange as that one who had spent his life as a hackney-coachman should not know his way through the streets. Those who have been in habits of society from their childhood will generally be free from timidity, which is the most ordinary source of affectation. By those who are free from timidity, unaffected, and possessed of an average share of intelligence, address in conversation is easily to be attained, with much less practice than the habits of fashionable life afford. It is an

* Faust, Lord F. L. Gower's translation.

Digitized by Google

art which, like that of the singer, the dancer, and the actor, is almost sure to be acquired up to a certain mark by practising with those who understand it. These attributes, together with the superior grace and beauty, the sources of which we have already suggested, and which are probably enhanced by a luxurious mode of life, and are certainly preserved through middle age with superior skill by people of fashion, render their society, to any one whose object is occasional relaxation and amusement, unquestionably more attractive than any which he is likely, unless by peculiar good fortune, to meet with in other circles. He would probably find the *élite* of such society more adroit, vivacious, and versatile in their talk than others; more prompt and nimble in their wit, and more graceful and perfect in the performance of the many little feats of agility in conversation which come easily to those who have been used to consider language rather as a toy than as an instrument. Yet a man of sense, though he might naturally seek this kind of society as most conducive to the ends of amusement, and, on the whole, most easy and agreeable, would probably perceive in it, here and there, much that is offensive to good taste, and not a little to which he would refuse the name of good breeding. He would find that sharpness and repartee were in general aimed at more than enough, and that some persons, possessed of a little sort of talent, and but meagrely provided with subject-matter of discourse, cultivate habitually a spirit of sarcasm and disparagement, to which they do not very well understand how to give a proper direction. To men who are wanting in a due appreciation of sense, or whose interest it is to undervalue it, there is nothing which affords so easy a resource in conversation as that species of sarcasm to which we allude, 'which, if it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve.' A bystander, indeed, who should have witnessed the incessant employment of this weapon against mere harmless imbecility, and even against objects and sentiments which are deserving of all respect, might very well be excused if he were to pursue the quotation and go the whole length of averring that 'it is villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.' Quickness has justly been observed by Mr. Landor to be amongst the least of the mind's properties. 'I would persuade you,' says that very brilliant and remarkable writer in another part of his work, 'that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities; that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind; which is always a grave one.'* Talents which are, at the best, of this inferior order, are what no man

* Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' 1st Series, 2nd vol. p. 404. Second Edition.

should

Digitized by Google

should depend upon for the staple of his discourse; nor should any society of well-bred people countenance their misapplication.

This is, we believe, a very general vice and offence of the society in question. At much rarer intervals may be encountered, as we are informed, one of those ladies who, under cover of genuine beauty, seek to produce an effect by that succedaneum for wit which consists in an unbounded licence of speech and defiance of decorum;—a style of person by no means new or original, but of which a tolerably accurate architype may be found in that fair *élève* of the stables and the dog-kennel, who leapt a five-barred gate, or

'whistled sweet a diuretic strain,'

in the days of which Young's satire takes cognizance:

'Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Bold is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What Nature dares to give she dares to name.
And now and then to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.'

Such offenders as these are to be regarded, however, rather as the accidents of fashionable society than as having much connexion with its characteristics.

Its chief characteristic is represented to be what in its own jargon is called 'exclusiveness.' One of the best discussions in Mr. Lister's book is upon this topic; we wish we had room for it*. It contains a fair statement of the reasons for and against the practice by which certain persons who have attained, by one means or another, a pre-eminent position in fashionable life, seek to form a society from themselves and their favourites and adherents, and to excommunicate the rest of mankind. It is observed by Mr. Lister's imaginary advocate for this practice, that 'the object of society is strictly and principally amusement,' and that the question, therefore, is a very simple one—'how may amusement be most successfully obtained?' It must be admitted that the answer would seem to be, by the association of those persons whose talents for society have been proved by success in it, together with such others as may be chosen by them, in the exercise of their presumably superior judgment in such matters, to give variety to the assortment; and finally by the exclusion of others. Against such a practice, having for its *object* merely the enhancement of the charms of society, having for its *motive* merely the desire of social enjoyments

* Vide 'Arlington,' vol. ii. pp. 110 to 120.

in

Digitized by Google

in their highest perfection, unstimulated by any jealous ambition or love of petty distinction, taking no ignoble delight in self-exaltation or in the abasement of others, we know not that any substantial objection can be urged. Such a society, if it exists, might indeed be better termed eclectic than exclusive. With this, as with other practices, it is, no doubt, in the spirit in which the thing is done that the innocence or the offence of it consists. Our condemnation of the class of exclusives must be hypothetical therefore. It is certainly a narrow circle, but whether it be governed by a narrow spirit, we are not perhaps qualified to pronounce.

Of one way by which this *exclusive* supremacy is obtained, there is a lively representation in a recent novel called 'Mothers and Daughters,' an elaborate production of the kind, showing an abundance of knowledge of the world, and presenting a more just as well as a more various view of the tendencies of fashionable society, as tracing the personages of the fiction through successive stages of life. A Lady Radbourne, who is depicted in the earlier portion of the book as a coarse, intrusive person, striving, by the most vulgar arts of sycophancy, to recommend herself to the leaders of fashion, and meeting with perpetual repulses, appears, after a lapse of a lustrum or two, in the station of a leader herself, ruling with undisputed sway, and dispensing the favours and countenance which it is forgotten that she had formerly courted from others. We doubt not that this is correctly conceived; for in most walks of life persons will be found who have run this sort of career—who have acquired, by a robust vivacity of spirits and hardihood of temper, a position to which they had no other title. Whosoever shall pursue through life a single object with an invariable energy and unity of purpose, and a resolute sacrifice of every other object, and of every feeling which stands in the way of it, will be almost always ultimately successful. The efficacy of this impassioned perseverance for the attainment of any accessible object can scarcely be over-estimated; and one which is utterly inaccessible will not be so striven for, because it will not inspire the hope which is the essential condition of enduring efforts. Success will be still more certain when the medium to be pushed through is of the passive and yielding consistence which general society or average human nature presents. No one who has past the first stages in the journey of life, and kept an observant eye upon his fellow-travellers, can have failed to perceive, that a brave, vigorous, and consistent forwardness, guarded by just such a quantulum of tact as may save it from being signally offensive, will always ensure a certain degree of advancement; and if this be the case on the rougher roads, it can

Digitized by Google

can scarcely fail to be so where the only resistance to be encountered is that of idle voluptuaries. Probably, therefore, the so-called exclusive circle comprehends some individuals who have leapt the fence, as it were, and cannot be said to owe their distinction to a power of making any particular contribution to the amusement which, according to Mr. Lister, is strictly and principally the object of *society*.

But whilst we do not dissent from Mr. Lister's proposition, we would not be understood to waive all objections to fashionable society, whether formed upon a principle of exclusion or of comprehension. The exception we would venture to take against fashionable people is, not that amusement is the object of their society, but that society is the object of their lives. And the more the eclectic or exclusive system is adopted, the more clearly this exception applies. If people are not merely to seek occasional amusement in society, but are to spend their lives in it, it may well be asked whether it be fitting that they should dislodge from it all duties and burdens, and render it purely a concentration of charms and delights. If whatsoever shall be excluded from their society is to be excluded also from their lives, it will behove them to consider whether they do not unduly evade their share of the social obligations common to us all, when they resolve that their society shall consist of none but the gay, the brilliant, and the beautiful—that it shall be exclusive of all attentions towards the aged, of all forbearance towards the dull, of all kindness towards the ungraceful and unattractive. Moreover, sinking the question of moral fitness, we suspect that the system will not be found to answer its proposed purpose so well as one in which our pleasures and duties should not be so sedulously set apart. What is meant to be an unmixed pleasure will not long be available as a pleasure at all. 'On n'aime guéres d'être empoisonné même avec esprit de rose.' Nor is it in our nature to be durably very well satisfied with an end which does not come to us in the disguise either of a means or of a duty. Duty being proscribed, the want of an aim will be felt in the midst of all the enjoyments that the choicest society can afford, and the tendency will be to supply this want, either by aiming at the advancement of this person or the depreciation of that—in which case the pursuit of social pleasure will degenerate into the indulgence of a narrow sectarian pride and envy—or (which is worse and more likely) by merging the social pursuits in the vortex of some individual passion. It is upon the blank weariness of an objectless life that these amorous seizures are most apt to supervene; and the seat which pleasure has usurped from duty will be easily abdicated in favour of passion and

Digitized by Google

and of guilt. Such is the ancient and modern history of what is called a life of pleasure, with some variations of the particulars from century to century, but with little difference in the result. When Berkeley cast up, under distinct articles of credit and debt, the account of pleasure and pain of a fine lady and a fashionable gentleman of the last century, he mentioned some items which may now be omitted,—(drinking and quarrelling are not now the vices of men of fashion, nor amongst the women is gaming so prevalent as it once was),—but he also supposed the omission of some, which are now to be placed in the head and front of the balance-sheet:—

'We will set down,' he says, 'in the life of your fine lady, rich clothes, dice, cordials, scandal, late hours, against vapours, distaste, remorse, losses at play, and the terrible distress of ill-spent age increasing every day: *Suppose no cruel accident of jealousy—no madness or infamy of love;* yet at the foot of the account you shall find that empty, giddy, gaudy, fluttering thing, not half so happy as a butterfly or a grasshopper on a summer's day. And for a rake or man of pleasure, the reckoning will be much the same, if you place listlessness, ignorance, rottenness, loathing, craving, quarrelling, and such qualities or accomplishments over-against his little circle of fleeting amusements.*

Assuredly, in this day and generation, the particulars which Berkeley was willing to prætermit, are no longer to be regarded as doubtful elements in the calculation. Laxity in respect of the cardinal female virtue is unquestionably the cardinal sin of fashionable society; and what renders it most offensive is, that it is a *discriminating* laxity. It is impossible to deny that the frailties of persons who can surround themselves with a surpassing degree of splendour, and prop themselves against prodigious piles of wealth, meet with an extraordinary quantum of indulgence. Absolutions and dispensations of a certain kind are bought and sold; and of two women taken in adultery, the one of whom riots in a profusion of riches, and is lavish of costly entertainments, whilst the other enjoys no more than an ordinary share of affluence, fashionable infallibility will issue, to the one its indult, and to the other its anathema. Many who contemplate at a safe distance the ways of the great world, will feel the injustice and baseness of the *distinction*, even more sensibly than the immorality, pernicious though it be, of the looser proceeding. An indiscriminate indulgence might pass for an amiable weakness, or an excess of charity. But if it be through a charitable spirit that the great and sumptuous sinners are admitted into society, what shall we call that spirit by

* Alciphron, Dial. 2.

which

Digitized by Google

which the more obscure or indigent are expelled? Society acts either in the one case with the cruelty of a tyrant, or in the other with the vileness of a parasite. It is true, that if the paramount interests of morality did not require that the rule of expulsion should be universal, there are some unfortunate and penitent creatures, who might be very fit objects for a charitable exception; but these are precisely they who would have no desire to profit by it: on them society has no longer any boon to bestow; for they know that their place is in retirement, and that it is there they must seek their consolation, and set up their rest. It is not by the humble, the pardonable, and the contrite that admittance or restoration to society is sought, after one of these forfeitures; it is only by the callous, the daring, and obtrusive—and it is they who succeed.

ART. VII.—*Recollections of the Last Ten Years, passed in occasional Residences and Journeyings in the Valley of the Mississippi, from Pittsburg and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Florida to the Spanish Frontier; in a Series of Letters to the Rev. James Flint, of Salem, Massachusetts.* By Timothy Flint, Principal of the Seminary of Rapide, Louisiana. Boston. 8vo. 1831.

WE wish Mr. Timothy Flint had fallen in our way before we drew up our account of Mrs. Trollope 'On the Domestic Manners of the Americans,' because the two writers travel over much of the same ground, and the contrasts, as well as the parallels, which their descriptions of nature and society present, are full of interest. Having lost the opportunity of exhibiting them together—we must be contented with expressing our hope that these 'Recollections' may be reprinted in this country, and placed in every library of voyages and travels, on the same shelf with those two little volumes which seem to have proved such bitter chewing to our Radicals and Whigs. With obvious faults, Mr. Flint's style is marked by countervailing excellences, being lively, flowing, often vigorous, and, in general, quite unaffected; but this is a secondary merit. These pages reflect a sincere, humane, and liberal character, a warm and gentle heart, and hardly even a prejudice that is not amiable.

The author announces himself as a Presbyterian clergyman, a native of New England, who left that part of the United States in the year 1815, with his wife and children, in the hope of establishing himself

Digitized by Google

himself in his professional capacity somewhere amidst the incipient cultivation of the great western wilderness. He seems to have tried one young settlement after another with but indifferent success. The heart for such an adventure must, no doubt, be framed of tougher clay than his. The wretched agues and intermittent fevers of the vast valley of the Mississippi appear, however, to have severely shaken his constitution at an early period of his wanderings, and this may account for many of his professional disappointments. After ten years of woful enough ups and downs, in the course of which Mr. Flint had ample opportunities of examining the social condition of the backwoodsmen in every phasis, he at length found a permanent *location* as principal of a seminary in Louisiana; but before entering on the duties of this office he made a short excursion to his native province, in the hope of restringing his nerves in the more healthful breezes of the north, and that he might see once more, and take final leave of, the associates of his younger days. To this visit we owe the narrative now before us. 'The wish of kind friends that I should tell the story of what I had seen and suffered, imposed,' the author says, 'obligations that were to me as laws. That my book was written under the pressure of disease, with a trembling hand and a sinking heart, will at least disarm *their* criticism. Such as it is I consign it to *them*, and carry back to my distant home emotions that no words could express, and a confident persuasion that friendships, which have been so tried, will be renovated and rendered unchangeable in a better existence.'

These are the words of a melancholy man; and truly his picture of clerical life in the valley of the Mississipi is such that we should have wondered if, even with good bodily health, any delicate and feeling mind could have outlived ten years of it without being both saddened and subdued. There is almost nothing, however, of spleen or reproach in this unfortunate adventurer's touching narrative. He makes, on the contrary, most liberal allowance for the untoward circumstances against which he had so long striven in vain; dwells with delight and gratitude on the individual kindnesses which had checquered his 'map of trouble;' expatiates with patriotic enthusiasm on the civilization and refinement which he doubts not will, in due season, overspread the scene of his personal sufferings and privations; and contemplates a rational system of religious faith, and settled order and discipline of religious observances, as the best and surest fruits of intellectual and social advancement.

We shall extract one or two passages illustrative of Mr. Flint's professional misfortunes. The subject is a painful one—but it

Digitized by Google

it would be unjust to withhold some specimen of the spirit in which he uniformly handles it:—

'The Atlantic country has heard much, and too much, about their willingness to support preachers in these regions. There may be a few exceptions that have not come to my knowledge, widely as I have travelled; but I feel too well assured, all other representations to the contrary notwithstanding, that the people think in general, that attendance upon preaching sufficiently compensates the minister. No minister of any Protestant denomination, to my knowledge, has ever received a sufficient living two years in succession. Take these circumstances together, and you will then have some idea of a minister's prospect of worldly success and comfort.

'Many faithful, laborious, and patient men, who have been associated with me in these labours, have fallen in these wildernesses, after having encountered all these difficulties. What is worse, they have fallen almost unnoticed, and their labours and sufferings unrecorded. For they toiled and died, though it may be eight hundred leagues away, in an *American* desert; and, with such a decease, there are connected no feelings of romance;—while the missionary, who falls in a foreign land, is lamented as a hero and a martyr; provision is made for his family, and the enthusiasm and regret of romantic sensibility attach to his memory.

'Have they not been useful? Have they not had success? I would hope both. The precursors in new regions have generally encountered such trials; and, I would hope, not in vain. They have drawn sighs that have only reached the ear of Heaven; yet not one good word or work has been without its impression. The seed, which seems to have been scattered in a sterile desert, will spring up; though, perhaps, not till a more favoured period.'—pp. 114, 115.

The grand difficulty arises from the pertinacity with which such settlers as have any religion at all cling to their own several little sectarianisms, in a situation where it is merely impossible that each hearer should be indulged with a preacher exactly of his own pattern, and where, it is plain, real Christians ought to be too happy to have the great leading essentials presented to themselves and their children, without asking whether the good man that is willing to spend his strength among them, belongs to this particular denomination or to that.

'When (says this Presbyterian missionary) will people cease to dogmatize, and define, and dispute, and place religion in knowledge, and the settling of points? The ethereal essence evaporates in such a harsh process. The world has had enough, and too much, of learned treatises upon what is and what is not religion. The ten thousand will never have very learned or philosophical ideas upon the subject; but each one of them can feel compunction, and pour out the soul before God. Happy, and thrice happy, in my judgment, if men laid less stress upon knowledge, and more upon experimental acquaintance with the power of religion. 'You

Digitized by Google

'You and I think alike about the monstrous absurdities of the Catholic faith; but we differ about what it would be if these absurdities were laid aside, as I trust they gradually will be. There can be no question about the revolting contradictions of the real presence, the infallibility of the pope, and other additions of the dark ages to their faith and ceremonial. But their reverential attachment to their ministers, their disposition to regard their church and their doctrine everywhere as one, their unwillingness to dispute about the articles of their faith, their disposition to sacrifice personal interests to the common cause, and the imposing forms of their worship, might not be regarded by Protestants without utility. When I have seen tranquillity settle on the expiring countenance of the Catholic, after his minister has administered extreme unction and said, "Depart, Christian soul," I have regretted the condition of those who have always been perplexing themselves about points that human reason has no concern with, and who have nothing but doubting for this last solemn hour.

'You know that I suffered acute disease repeatedly, and was more than once shaken over the grave. My general health was feeble. I had a considerable family. In the latter part of my ministry there I was unable to endure the fatigue incident to the duties of a missionary. For two years I derived not support enough from the people, though I laboured "in season and out of season," to defray the expenses of my ferriage over the rivers. But I saw my happy times, when the people seemed affected, and in earnest upon the subject of religion. I had my hours, when debility, and concern for my family, and trials, and opposition, all vanished, and I saw nothing but God and eternity. I look back with pleasure upon many instances in which I was enabled to convey charity and relief to the destitute stranger in sickness, and consolation to the dying, and decent and Christian burial to the dead.

'If I could give you details from my daily journal, it would only embrace frequent and distant journies, the crossing of rivers, forming new places of worship, attempts to settle disputes as they arose,—in short, such labours as are severe, and bring, as the world counts it, neither honour nor profit. In looking back upon them, from the immense distance where I write this, they assume only the appearance of a long and laborious dream.'—pp. 117-19.

Mr. Flint seems to have staid longer at or about *Jackson*, a new town near the mouth of the *Ohio*, than in any other quarter of the western world.

'Among these people I sojourned, and preached, more than a year, and my time passed more devoid of interest, or of attachment, or comfort, or utility, than in any other part of the country. The people are extremely rough. Their country is a fine range for all species of sectarians, furnishing the sort of people in abundance, who are ignorant, bigoted, and think, by devotion to some favoured preacher or sect, to atone for the want of morals and decency, and everything that appertains to the spirit of Christianity.

'I should

Digitized by Google

'I should not omit, that there is one curiosity here,—an isolated but pure German settlement, where these people have in fact preserved their nationality, and their language more unmixed, than even in Pennsylvania. They are principally Lutherans, and came some of them directly from Germany, but the greater portion from North Carolina and Pennsylvania. They have fixed themselves on a clear and beautiful stream, called the White-water, which runs twenty-five miles, and loses itself in the great swamp. Located here in the forest, —a narrow settlement of unmixed Germans, having little communication except with their own people, and little intercourse with the world, having beside all the coarse trades and manufactures among themselves, they have preserved their peculiarities in an uncommon degree. They are anxious for religious instruction, and love the German honesty and industry. But almost every farmer has his distillery, and the pernicious poison, whiskey, dribbles from the corn; and in their curious dialect, they told me, that while they wanted religion, and their children baptized, and a minister as exemplary as possible, he must allow *the honest Dutch*, as they call themselves, to partake of the native beverage.'—p. 233.

The whole account of this little knot of exiles is highly picturesque.

'The vast size of their horses, their own gigantic size, the peculiar dress of the women, the child-like and unsophisticated simplicity of their conversation, amused me exceedingly. Nothing could afford a more striking contrast to the uniformity of manners and opinions among their American neighbours. I attended a funeral, where there was a great number of them present. After I had performed such services as I was used to, a most venerable looking old man, of the name of Nyeswunger, with a silver beard that flowed down his chin, came forward and asked me if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. I of course wished to hear them. He opened Luther's hymns, and they all began to sing so loud that the woods echoed the strain; and yet there was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his long home, in the use of the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from "faderland." It was a long, loud, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along. The words "mein Gott," "mein broder," and "faderland," died away in distant echoes in the woods. Remembrances and associations rushed upon me, and I shall long remember that funeral hymn.

'They had brought a minister among them, of the name of Weiberg, an educated man, but a notorious drunkard. The earnest manner in which he performed divine service in their own ritual, and in their own language, carried away all their affections. After service he would get drunk, and as often happens among them, was quarrelsome. They claimed indulgence to get drunk themselves, but were not quite so clear as to allowing their minister the same privilege. The consequence was, that when the time came round

Digitized by Google

round for them to pay their subscription, they were disposed to refuse, alleging, as justification, his unworthiness and drunkenness. He had for three successive years in this way commenced and recovered suits against them. Then, to reinstate himself in their good will, it was only necessary for him to take them when a sufficient quantity of whiskey had opened their phlegmatic natures to sensibility, and give them a vehement discourse, as they phrased it, in the pure old Dutch, and a German hymn of his own manufacture,—for he was a poet too,—and the subscription paper was once more brought forward. They who had lost their suit, and had been most inveterate in their dislike, were thawed out, and crowded about the paper either to sign their name or make their mark.'—pp. 234, 235.

The following passage is strikingly corroborative of some of the most impugned of Mrs. Trollope's statements—we mean her extraordinary chapter on the camp-meeting in the woods, and the '*serious bench.*'

'One general trait appears to me strongly to characterize this region in a religious point of view. They are anxious to collect a great many people and preachers, and achieve, if the expression may be allowed, a great deal of religion at once, that they may lie by, and be exempt from its rules and duties until the regular recurrence of the period for replenishing the exhausted stock. Hence much appearance and seeming—frequent meetings, spasms, cries, fallings, faintings—and, what I imagine will be a new aspect of religious feeling to most of my readers, the religious laugh. Nothing is more common at these scenes, than to see the more forward people indulging in what seemed to me an idiot and spasmodic laugh, and when I asked what it meant, I was told it was the holy laugh! Preposterous as the term may seem to my readers, the phrase, "holy laugh," is so familiar to me, as no longer to excite surprise. But in these same regions, and among these same people, morals, genuine tenderness of heart, and capacity to be guided either by reason, persuasion, or the uniform dictates of the gospel, was an affecting desideratum.'—pp. 238, 239.

We think there is one remark which these extracts must have suggested to every candid mind. While the religious condition of almost limitless provinces of this mighty republic continues to be such as they indicate, who will believe that it is the duty of the really devout part of the American population to concern themselves so largely as they do with the Christianization of the South Sea islanders? A somewhat similar question might, no doubt, be asked nearer home; but in this case the gross absurdity 'saute aux yeux.' After all, however, we have here but one more instance of the practical effect of a social system which trusts everything to individual free-will. Any attempt to provide the means of regular religious instruction for the multitudinous population scattered over the woods and prairies of the west, would be an

Digitized by Google

an unwarrantable infringement of the rights of the American citizen. Even Mr. Flint is too good a republican not to drop some reflection of this sort every now and then, in the midst of those miserable details which, *à priori*, one would have fancied set down on purpose to demonstrate the egregious folly and cruelty of the system of government that permits such things to be. In church and in state America presents the *reductio ad absurdum* of Whiggism.

Some of the last of the *stations* at which our author pitched his missionary tent were on the shores of the Arkansas, where infant settlements are now rapidly multiplying amongst the faint vestiges of Spanish dominion, and in spite of a climate still more pestilential than that of the Backwoods. His description of the scenery here is eminently graphic :—

'At a distance of a mile or two from the river, there are first thick cane brakes, then a series of lakes, exactly resembling the river in their points and bends, and in the colour of their waters. When the river is high, it pours its redundant waters into these lakes and *bayous*, and the water is in motion for a width of twenty miles. These lakes are covered with the large leaves, and in the proper season the flowers of the "nymphea nelumbo," the largest and most splendid flower that I have ever seen. I have seen them of the size of the crown of a hat; the external leaves of the most brilliant white, and the internal of a beautiful yellow. They are the enlarged copy of the New England pond lily, which has always struck me as the most beautiful and fragrant flower of that country. These lakes are so entirely covered with these large conical leaves, nearly of the size of a parasol, and a smaller class of aquatic plant, of the same form of leaves, but with a yellow flower, that a bird might walk from shore to shore without dipping its feet in water; and these plants rise from all depths of water up to ten feet.

'Beyond these lakes there are immense swamps of cypress, which swamps constitute a vast proportion of the inundated lands of the Mississippi and its waters. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. The poetic Styx or Acheron had not a greater union of dismal circumstances. Well may the cypress have been esteemed a funereal and lugubrious tree. When the tree has shed its leaves,—for it is a deciduous tree,—a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches, of a hoary grey, has an aspect of desolation and death, that, often as I have been impressed with it, I cannot describe. In summer its fine, short, and deep green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of crape. The water in which they grow is a vast and dead level, two or three feet deep, still leaving the innumerable cypress "knees," as they are called, or very elliptical trunks, resembling circular bee-hives, throwing their points above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff velvet. The musquitoes swarm above the water in countless millions. A very

Digitized by Google

A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery is the moccason snake with his huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side of a cypress knee; and if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself. I travelled forty miles along this river swamp, and a considerable part of the way in the edge of it, in which the horse sunk at every step half up to his knees. I was enveloped for the whole distance with a cloud of musquitoes. Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird in the whole distance except the blue jay. Nothing interrupted the death-like silence but the hum of musquitoes.'—p. 269.

The following passage from the same letter may be worthy of some consideration:—

'I was at the town of Arkansas at the setting up of the territorial government, and it exhibited a scene sufficiently painful and disgusting. Our government cannot be supposed to be omnipresent or omniscient; yet if all favouritism were avoided in the appointment of officers in these distant regions—if they took pains to learn how these organs of their will performed their functions—things would be different. But so it is—*the recommendations are made by members of congress, who have cousins perhaps qualified, but who perhaps have been a burden on their hands*, and they are happy to get rid of them by sending them to those remote regions to fill the new offices, created by the erection of a territorial government. The persons who procured the appointment have an interest in withholding unfavourable views, and the parties are not disposed to betray themselves; and these men, dressed out in a "little brief authority," perform deeds to make "the high heavens weep."

'They were re-enacting in that distant and turbulent region, what they would call "the blue laws" of old Virginia, relating to gambling, breach of the Sabbath, and the like; and having promulgated these laws, on the succeeding Sabbath,—in the face of their recent ordinances, and of a population who needed the enforcement of them,—*the legislators and judges would fall to their usual vocation of gambling through the day.*'—p. 269.

Timothy Flint, however, is not without consolation:—

'The redeeming influence of American feelings, laws, and institutions, was sufficiently infused into the new government to carry it into quiet effect throughout the country. Courts were established, and, *whatever were the character and example of the judges*, the decisions of those courts were respected.'—p. 270.

To return to the western regions, which, after the Arkansas, appear to better advantage than before—our author attests, while extenuating, the very same state of things as Mrs. Trollope.

'The people here are not yet a reading people. Few good books are brought into the country. The few literary men that are here, seeing nothing to excite or reward their pursuits, seeing other objects exclusively

Digitized by Google

exclusively occupy all minds, soon catch the prevailing feeling. The people are too busy, too much occupied in making farms and speculations, to think of literature.'

Not a doubt about it. In such a situation, such must be the case—and the only wonder is, that anybody should have wondered to find the whole affair so described. Mr. Flint proceeds:—

'America inherits, I believe, from England a taste for puffing; but she has improved upon her model. A little subscription school, in which half the pupils are abecedarians, is a *college*. One is a Lancastrian school, or a school of "instruction mutuelle." There is the Pestalozzi *establishment*, with its appropriate emblazoning. There is the agricultural school, the missionary school, the *grammar-box*, the new way to make a wit of a dunce in six lessons, and all the mechanical ways of inoculating children with learning, that they may not endure the pain of getting it in the old and natural way. I would not have you smile exclusively at the people of the west. This ridiculous species of swindling is making as much progress in New England as here. The misfortune is, that these vile pretensions finally induce the people to believe that there is a "royal road" to learning. The old and beaten track, marked out by the only sure guide, experience, is forsaken. The parents are flattered, deceived, and swindled. Puffing pretenders take the place of the modest man of science, who scorns to compete with him in these vile arts. The children have their brains distended with the "east wind," and grow up at once empty and conceited.'

Mr. Flint is only too liberal when he says that, as to this department, his countrymen exceed the example of *old* England. Had he never heard of 'The *University* of London,' and 'The Hamiltonian *System*?'

'These founders of new schools, for the most part, advertise themselves from London, Paris, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and have all performed exploits in the regions whence they came, and bring the latest improvements with them. As to what they can do, and what they will do, the object is to lay on the colouring thick and threefold. A respectable man wishes to establish himself in a school in those regions; he consults a friend, who knows the meridian of the country. The advice is, call your school by some new and imposing name. Let it be understood that you have a new way of instructing children, by which they can learn twice as much, in half the time, as by the old ways. Throw off all modesty. Move the water, and get in while it is moving. In short, depend upon the *gullibility* of the people. A school, modelled on this advice, was instituted at St. Louis, while I was there, with a very imposing name. The masters—professors, I should say—proposed to teach most of the languages, and all the sciences. Hebrew they would communicate in twelve lessons; Latin and Greek with a proportionate promptness. These men, who were to teach all this themselves, had read Erasmus with a translation, and knew the

Digitized by Google

Greek alphabet, and in their public discourses—for they were ministers—sometimes dealt very abusively with the "king's English."

All this we could, perhaps, match, or very nearly so, without going beyond the sound of Bow bells. What follows is more strictly American—though, when a new watering-place is to be *forced*, the performances of our own local doctors are not to be despised. Witness the 'Beulah Spa'!

'Town-making introduces another species of puffing. Art and ingenuity have been exhausted in devising new ways of alluring purchasers, to take lots and build. There are the fine rivers, the healthy hills, the mineral springs, the clear running water, the eligible mill-seats, the valuable forests, the quarries of building-stone, the fine steam-boat navigation, the vast country adjacent, the central position, the connecting point between the great towns, the admirable soil, and, last of all, the cheerful and undoubting predictions of what the town must one day be. Then the legislature must be tampered with, in order to make the town either the metropolis or at least the seat of justice. In effect, we were told that in Illinois, two influential men, who both had Tadmors to be upreared, took a hand of cards, to ascertain which should resign his pretensions to legislative aid in building his town in favour of the other.'—p. 185-187.

If we have not yet got to competition for 'legislative aid,' in town-building, we have perhaps had enough of it as to the matter of borough-making. Would it astonish any one to be told that a rattle of the dice-box at Brookes's had been resorted to, in order to settle which of two patriotic nobles should have *his* Tadmor hitched into schedule D?

Leaving these scenes, of which perhaps Mrs. Trollope has given enough, let us now turn to certain letters, in which Mr. Flint introduces us to a far different class of topics—the appearance, manners, and habits of those last wretched relics of the red population, whose 'claims' are now in the course of being 'extinguished' in the valley of the Mississippi. Though the reverend author's *verses* are bad, he has not a little of *poetry* in his mind, and dwells on these primeval races, their fallen fortunes, and the utter failure of every attempt to bring them within the pale of civilization and Christianity, in a manner that must leave a deep and most melancholy impression.

'During my long residence in the Mississippi valley, (says Mr. Flint) I have seen them in every point of view, when hunting, when residing in their cabins, in their permanent stations—wild and unsophisticated in the woods—in their councils and deputations, when making treaties in our towns. I have seen their wisest, bravest, and most considered; and I have seen the wretched families, that hang round the large towns, to trade and to beg, intoxicated, subdued, filthy, and miserable, the very outcasts of nature. I have seen much of

Digitized by Google

of the Creeks and Cherokees, whose civilization and improvement are so much vaunted. I have seen the wretched remains of the tribes on the lower Mississippi that stroll about New Orleans. I have taken observation at Alexandria and Natchitoches of the Indians of those regions, and from the adjoining country of New Spain. I have resided on the Arkansas, and have been conversant with its savages. While I was at St. Charles, savages came down from the Rocky Mountains, so untamed, so unbroken to the ways of the whites, that they were said never to have eaten bread until on that trip. While I was at St. Louis a grand deputation from the northern points of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the lakes, comprising a selection of their principal warriors and chiefs, to the number of eighteen hundred, was there for a length of time. They were there to make treaties, and settle the relations, that had been broken during the war, in which most of them had taken a part hostile to the United States. Thus I have inspected the northern, middle, and southern Indians, for a length of ten years; and I mention it only to prove that my opportunities of observation have been considerable, and that I do not undertake to form a judgment of their character, without at least having seen much of it.

'I have been forcibly struck with a general resemblance in their countenance, make, conformation, manners, and habits. I believe that no race of men can show people, who speak different languages, inhabit different climes, and subsist on different food, and who are yet so wonderfully alike. You may easily discover striking differences in their stature, strength, intellect, acuteness, and consideration among themselves; but a savage of Canada, and he of the Rio del Norte, have substantially the same face, the same form, and if I may so say, the same instincts. They are all, in my mind, unquestionably from a common stock. What wonderful dreams they must have had, who supposed that any of these races were derived from the Welsh or the Jews! Their languages, now that they are more attentively examined, are found to be far less discordant than they have been generally supposed. In the construction, in the manner of forming their verbs, their numerals, especially, there is a great and striking analogy. Nor will it explain this to my mind, to say that, their wants and modes of existence being alike, their ways of expressing their thoughts must be so likewise. They have a language of signs, that is common to all from Canada to the western sea. Governor Clark explained to me a great number of these signs, which convey exactly the same ideas to those who speak different languages: but, in fact, with the command of four dialects, I believe that a man could make himself understood by the savages from Maine to Mexico.

'They have not the same acute and tender sensibilities with the other races of men. They seem callous to every passion but rage. The instances that have been given in such glowing colours, of their females having felt and displayed the passion of love towards individuals of the whites, with such ardour and devoted constancy, have, I

Digitized by Google

doubt not, existed; but they were exceptions, anomalies from the general character. In all the positions in which I have seen them, they do not seem susceptible of much affection, even for their own brethren. They are a melancholy, musing race, who appear to have whatever they have of emotion or excitement on ordinary occasions, going on in the inner man. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. Their continual converse with woods, rocks, and sterile deserts, with the roar of the winds, and the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, their alternations of satiety and hunger, their continual exposure to danger, their uncertain existence, which seems to them a forced and unnatural state, the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life, the savage nature that always surrounds them,—these circumstances seem to have impressed a steady, unalterable gloom upon their countenance. If there be here and there a young man, otherwise born to distinction among them, who feels the freshness and the vivacity of a youthful existence, and shows anything of the gaiety and volatility of other animals in such circumstances, he is denounced as a trifling thing, destitute of all dignity of character, and the sullen and silent young savage will be advanced above him. They converse very little, even among themselves. They wish to have as few relations as may be with anything external to themselves.'

Mr. Flint's language reaches, occasionally, a tone of eloquence, of which the following paragraph is an example:—

'Their impassable fortitude and endurance of suffering, which have been so much vaunted, are after all, in my mind, the result of a greater degree of physical insensibility. It has been told me, and I believe it, that in amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, do not show the same tendency to spasm, with those of the whites. When the savage, to explain his insensibility to cold, called upon the white man to recollect how little his own face was affected by it, in consequence of its constant exposure—he added, "My body is all face." This increasing insensibility, transmitted from generation to generation, finally becomes inwrought with the whole web of animal nature, and the body of the savage seems to have little more sensibility than the hoof of horses. No ordinary stimulus excites them to action. None of the common excitements, endearments, or motives, operate upon them at all. They seem to hold most of the things that move us in proud disdain. The horrors of their warfare, the infernal rage of their battles, the demoniac fury of gratified revenge, the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted far beyond the whites,* the brutal exhilaration of drunkenness—these are their excitements. These are the things that awaken them to a strong and pleasurable consciousness of existence. When these arouse the

*'The tribes from the upper Mississippi and the lakes gamble with our playing cards. They put their rations, their skins, their rifles, their dogs, and sometimes their squaws, at stake; and they often commit suicide in despair, after they have gambled away everything but life.'—p. 143.

imprisoned

Digitized by Google

imprisoned energies of their long and sullen meditations, it is like Æolus uncaging the whirlwinds. The tomahawk flies with unpitying and unsparing fury. The writhing of their victims inspires a terrible joy. Nor need we wonder at the enmity that exists between them and the frontier people, when we know how often such enemies have been let loose upon their women and children.'

He goes on to contrast the red men with the black population—now multiplying all over the southern states, in a *ratio* that seems to leave even Malthusian calculations in the rear—and is beginning to fix the attention of all thinking persons in the republic more than any other feature of their economical condition. In the Indian and the African races, he says, it has always appeared to him as if 'the two extremes of human nature' were brought under his eye together.

'The negro, easily excitable, in the highest degree susceptible of all the passions, is more especially so of the mild and gentle affections. To the Indian, stern, silent, moody, ruminating, existence seems a burden. To the negro, remove only pain and hunger, it is naturally a state of enjoyment. As soon as his toils are for a moment suspended, he sings, he seizes his fiddle, he dances. When their days are passed in continued and severe labour, their nights—for like cats and owls they are nocturnal animals—are passed in wandering about from plantation to plantation, in visiting, feasting, and conversation.

'Every year the negroes have two or three holidays, which, in New Orleans and the vicinity, are like the "Saturnalia" of the slaves in ancient Rome. The great Congo-dance is performed. Everything is license and revelry. Some hundreds of negroes, male and female, follow the king of the wake, who is conspicuous for his youth, size, the whiteness of his eyes, and the blackness of his visage. For a crown he has a series of oblong, gilt-paper boxes on his head, tapering upwards, like a pyramid; from the ends of these boxes hang two huge tassels, like those on epaulets. He wags his head and makes grimaces. By his thousand mountebank tricks and contortions of countenance and form, he produces an irresistible effect upon the multitude. All the characters that follow him, of leading estimation, have their own peculiar dress and their own contortions. They dance, and their streamers fly, and the bells they have hung about them tinkle. Never will you see gayer countenances, demonstrations of more forgetfulness of the past and the future, and more entire abandonment to the joyous existence of the present moment. I have seen groups of the moody and silent sons of the forest following these merry bacchanalians in their dance through the streets, scarcely relaxing their grim visages to a smile, in the view of antics that convulsed even the masters of the negroes with laughter.'—p. 136—140.

Mr. Flint has an interesting chapter on the attempts that have been made to christianize these 'moody sons of the forest,' and considering the pious, even enthusiastically pious, turn of his mind, the result of all his statements on this head is extremely disheartening.

Digitized by Google

ening. The names of Eliot* and Brainerd are hallowed in universal veneration; but notwithstanding all those blessed men did, the efforts of Protestants in this walk have, he is obliged to say, met, in the long run, '*with no apparent* success.' Nor does he seem to think very differently of the result of two Romanist missions, of which glowing and animated accounts have recently issued from the press.

'The Catholics have caused many to hang a crucifix around their necks, which they show as they do their medals and other ornaments; but this too often is all that they have to mark them as Christians. I have conversed with many travellers that have been over the Stony Mountains into the great missionary settlements of St. Peter and St. Paul. These travellers,—and some of them were professed Catholics,—unite in affirming that the converts will escape from the mission whenever it is in their power, fly into their native deserts, and resume at once their old modes of life. The vast empire of the Jesuits in Paraguay has all passed away, and, we are told, the descendants of their convert Indians are no way distinguished from the other savages. It strikes me that Christianity is the religion of civilized man, that the savages must first be civilized, and that as there is little hope that the present generation of Indians can be civilized, there is but little more that they will be Christianized.'—p. 145.

There are, however, some detached passages which indicate a change, even as to religious feeling, going on among these people, in the interior of their scattered communities—from which perhaps it is more rational to anticipate the great eventual consummation, so devoutly to be wished for, than from the direct efforts of missionaries, whether Protestant or Catholic. Mr. Flint says, for example—

'When the Cherokees left their old country east of the Mississippi, and went to the upper regions of the Arkansas, I saw the emigrating portion of the nation. They came in two or three divisions, and might amount in all to eight hundred or a thousand. I was formally introduced to the leading chief. He told me by the interpreter that he had a number of wives, by whom he had more than thirty children. He wore the same inflexible, melancholy countenance, which has struck me as so characteristic of the race. He had a meagre, but very large and brawny frame, was in appearance between eighty and ninety years of age, and wore a great number of the common Indian insignia, and particularly huge pendants in his ears. When asked in what light he regarded schools, and those missionary efforts that were then contemplated to be commenced in the country to which he was moving, he replied, that for the true Indians the old ways were the best; that his people were getting to be neither white men nor

* Mr. Carne, the able author of 'Letters from the East,' has recently published a 'Life of Eliot,' which, though loosely written, shows so much of heart and good feeling, as well as of diligent research, that we are sure it will be very popular. We hope he means to give us a complete Missionary Plutarch. Such a work has long been a *desideratum* in the literature of Protestantism.

Indians;

Digitized by Google

Indians; that he conceived that *his nation had offended their gods by deserting their old worship;* and that he, for his part, wished that his people should be always Cherokees, or, as he called it, Chelokees, and nothing else.'—p. 148.

What follows is, in our opinion, even more important.

'Many of these people had a number of slaves, fine horses, waggons, ploughs, and implements of husbandry and domestic manufacture.

He adds, 'Whatever may be the estimate of the Indian character in other respects, it is with me an undoubting conviction, that they are by nature a shrewd and intelligent race of men, in no wise, as regards combination of thought or quickness of apprehension, inferior to uneducated white men. This inference I deduce from having instructed Indian children. I draw it from having seen the men and women in all situations calculated to try and call forth their capacities. When they examine any of our inventions, steam-boats, steam-mills, and cotton factories, for instance,—when they contemplate any of our institutions in operation,—by some quick analysis, or process of reasoning, they seem immediately to comprehend the principle and the object. No spectacle affords them more delight than a large and orderly school. They seem instinctively to comprehend—at least they explained to me that they felt—the advantages which this order of things gave our children over theirs.'

Mr. Flint gives elsewhere an amusing anecdote of the red people's *tact*, in estimating the real station and importance of individual whites.

'When a tribe from the remotest regions arrives at one of the towns, it is obvious how immediately, and, it would seem, from the first glance, they select from the crowds, which are drawn about them by curiosity, those that have weight and consideration; how readily they fix upon the *fathers*, as they call them, in distinction from all pretenders to weight and influence. I will record an instance of this kind, from many that I have seen. Manuel Lisa, the great Spanish fur-dealer on the Missouri, brought down a deputation of Indians from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis. They had the appearance of being more unsophisticated and panther-like, than any savages I had seen. They landed at St. Charles from the barges that brought them down. A crowd, as usual, gathered about the landing. In that crowd was *a trifling man*, recently from New England, a man of that class of which Dr. Dwight speaks with such deserved contempt,—one oppressed with the burden of his fancied talents and knowledge, and who had come to this dark country, not to put his light under a bushel, but to let it shine, that men might see it. This sight was to him a novel and imposing spectacle. Among the people on the bank were men of the first standing in the country. It is customary for such to commence the ceremony of shaking hands with the savages. This man wished to introduce himself to the notice of the people by anticipating them in this thing. He walked on board their boats, and went round

Digitized by Google

round offering them his hand. A sneer was visible on their countenances, while they gave him a kind of awkward and reluctant shake of the hand. When he was passed, they laughed among themselves, and remarked, as the interpreter told us, that this was a little man, and no father. They then came on shore themselves, went round, and with an eager and respectful manner, and certainly without any prompting, began to shake hands with the fathers in their estimated order of their standing. It was remarked at the time, that we, who knew the standing of these men, could not have selected with more justice and discrimination.'—pp. 151, 152.

Our author furnishes, as we shall show by and bye, many curious facts, as to the evidence of a vast population having in distant times covered what the first English settlers found the mere hunting-grounds of comparatively insignificant tribes. Mr. Pritchard, indeed, will do well to study this book, before he sends another edition of his elaborate Treatise to the press. Mr. Flint seems to have no doubt that the existing races of red men were conquerors who supervened on and exterminated an aboriginal nation, infinitely more advanced in the arts of life than themselves; and that as soon as they possessed the soil, they split into hostile communities, who would, by this time, if no whites had ever visited North America, have thinned each other's numbers at least as largely as these have, under actual circumstances, been reduced.

'No fact is more unquestionable, than that ages before the whites visited these shores, they were divided into a thousand petty tribes, engaged,—as but for our government they would be now,—in endless and exterminating wars, in which they dashed the babe into the flames, and drank the warm blood of their victim, or danced and yelled around the stake where he was consuming in the fire. The process of their depopulation had been, in all probability, going on as rapidly before the discovery of the country by the whites, as since. Certain it is, that war is the instinctive appetite of the race, and that a state of peace is a forced and unnatural one.'—p. 157.

Perhaps Mr. Flint's book had fallen in Mr. Cooper's way before he wrote his novel bearing the absurd name of 'The Wept of Wishtonwish,'—one, however, of the really excellent productions of his pen, to the number of which he has not added by certain recent attempts on Italian and German materials. The story of Baptiste Roy, at all events, must have been in the novelist's recollection:—

'The narrations of a frontier circle, as they draw round their evening fire, often turn upon the exploits of the old race of men, the heroes of the past days, who wore hunting-shirts, and settled the country. In a boundless forest full of panthers and bears, and more dreadful Indians, with not a white within a hundred miles, a solitary adventurer penetrates the deepest wilderness, and begins to make the strokes of his

Digitized by Google

his axe resound among the trees. The Indians find him out, ambush, and imprison him. A more acute and desperate warrior than themselves, they wish to adopt him, and add his strength to their tribe. He feigns contentment, uses the savage's insinuations, outruns him in the use of his own ways of management, but watches his opportunity, and when their suspicion is lulled, and they fall asleep, he springs upon them, kills his keepers, and bounds away into unknown forests, pursued by them and their dogs. He leaves them all at fault, subsists many days upon berries and roots, and finally arrives at his little clearing, and resumes his axe. In a little palisade, three or four resolute men stand a siege of hundreds of assailants, kill many of them, and mount calmly on the roof of their shelter, to pour water upon the fire, which burning arrows have kindled there, and achieve the work amidst a shower of balls. A thousand instances of that stern and unshrinking courage which had shaken hands with death, of that endurance which had defied all the inventions of Indian torture, are recorded of these wonderful men. The dread of being roasted alive by the Indians, called into action all their hidden energies and resources.'

'I will relate one case of this sort, because I knew the party, by name Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman, who solicited, and, I am sorry to say, in vain, a compensation for his bravery from Congress. It occurred at "Côte sans Dessein," on the Missouri. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to four hundred, beset the garrison-house, into which he, his wife, and another man had retreated. They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house; they immediately began to fire upon the Indians. The wife melted and moulded the lead, and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife relates, that the guns would soon become too much heated to hold in the hand; water was necessary to cool them. It was, I think, on the second day of the siege that Roy's assistant was killed. He became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done. He put his eye to the port-hole, and a well-aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged by the momentary slackening of the fire, to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls. What must have been the nights of this husband and wife? After four days of unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed, that the house was a "grand medicine," meaning, that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty bodies to attest the marksmanship of the besieged, and a peck of balls collected from the logs of the house.'—p. 162.

The author found among the emigrating Cherokees, already noticed, a very lovely young woman of pure Anglo-American blood,

Digitized by Google

blood, who appeared to feel not only comfortable but proud in her situation as wife of one of the principal warriors; but this, he says, was almost the only instance of the kind that he had met. French girls, on the contrary, are very often induced to form alliances of this kind. Between the Anglo-Americans and the Indians there seems, he says, to be 'a fixed and unalterable antipathy.' Peace there often is between them, but anything like affectionate intercourse is so rare, that an instance is never spoken of without astonishment. Whereas—

'The French settle among them, learn their language, intermarry, and soon get smoked to the same copper complexion. A race of half-breeds springs up in their cabins. A singular caste is the result of the intermarriages of these half-breeds, called quarteroons. The lank hair, the Indian countenance and manners predominate, even in these. It is a singular fact, that the Indian feature descends much farther in these intermixtures, and is much slower to be amalgamated with that of the whites, than that of the negro. Prairie du Chin, on the upper Mississippi, is a sample of these intermixtures; so are most of the French settlements on the Missouri, Illinois, and, in short, wherever the "petits paysans" come in contact with the Indians. It would be an interesting disquisition, and one that would throw true light upon the great difference of national character between the French and Anglo-Americans, which should assign the true causes of this affinity on the one part and antipathy on the other.'

We shall not at present enter upon the 'interesting discussion' which Mr. Flint thus modestly avoids; for we wish to keep room for some extracts from that curious part of the book to which we have already alluded, namely, the author's remarks on the existing monuments of a vast primeval population in North America. Indeed we shall make no apology for quoting much more extensively from this part of the work, than we should have thought of, had it been reprinted in this country.

'From the highest points of the Ohio to where I am now writing, and far up the Mississippi and Missouri, the more the country is explored and peopled, and the more its surface is penetrated, not only are there more mounds brought to view, but other incontestable marks of a numerous population. Wells artificially walled, different structures of convenience or defence, have been found in such numbers as no longer to excite curiosity. Ornaments of silver and of copper, pottery, of which I have seen numberless specimens on all these waters, not to mention the mounds themselves, and the still more tangible evidence of human bodies found in a state of preservation, and of sepulchres full of bones, are unquestionable demonstrations that this country was once possessed of a numerous population. Some of the mounds, such, for example, as those between the two Miamies, those near the Cahokia, and those far down the Mississippi, in the vicinity of St. Francisville, must have been works of great labour. Whatever

Digitized by Google

Whatever may have been their former objects and uses, they all exhibit one indication of art. All that I have seen were in regular forms, generally cones or parallelograms. If it be remarked that the rude monuments of this kind, those of the Mexican Indians even, are structures of stone, and that these are all of earth,—I can only say, that these memorials of former toil and existence are, as far as my observation has extended, all in regions destitute of stones; and that the mounds themselves, though of earth, are not those rude and shapeless heaps that they have been commonly represented to be. These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time. From the ages of the trees on them, and from other data, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend deeper into the time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high;—some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, an hundred. Though diverse in position and form, they all have an uniform character. They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But, in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and generally near trenches, which indicate the former courses of the rivers, in the finest situations for present culture. The greatest population clearly has been in those very positions, where the most dense future population will be.'—pp. 165, 166.

The author delights to expatiate on this subject; and if there be anything in the tone of the following paragraph offensive to any English readers, we can only assure him that we are not amoug the number. On the contrary, we take part with him cordially against certain narrow-minded tourists and others, that really, however, scarcely merited his notice.

'The English, when they sneer at our country, speak of it as sterile in moral interest. It has, say they, no monuments, no ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no castles, no mouldering abbeys, no baronial towers and dungeons, nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past. But I have been attempting sketches of the largest and most fertile valley in the world, larger, in fact, than half of Europe, all its remotest points being brought into proximity by a stream, which runs the length of that continent, and to which all but two or three of the rivers of Europe are but rivulets. Its forests make a respectable figure, even placed beside Blenheim Park. We have lakes which could find a place for the Cumberland lakes in the hollow of one of their islands. We have prairies, which have struck me as among the sublimest prospects in nature. There we see the sun rising over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens in all directions touches and mingles with the verdure of the flowers. It is to me a view far more glorious than that on which the sun rises over a barren and angry waste of sea. The one is soft, cheerful, associated with

Digitized by Google

with life, and requires an easier effort of the imagination to travel beyond the eye. The other is grand, but dreary, desolate, and always ready to destroy. In the most pleasing positions of these prairies, we have our Indian mounds, which proudly rise above the plain. At first the eye mistakes them for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breastworks and ditches, it discovers at once that they are the labours of art and of men. When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses, when you dig about them and bring to light their domestic utensils, and are compelled to believe that the busy tide of life once flowed here, when you see at once that these races were of a very different character from the present generation, you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any the faintest records can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age. Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagination, and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie, over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us that they did to those generations that have passed away.'

The most liberal American, however, can rarely close, without betraying a little of the sourness that leavens the general tone of their disquisitions as to the former and present state of things on this side the Atlantic. Thoroughly sympathising in the feelings which he has hitherto been describing, we are *pulled up* in considerable disgust, when we find Mr. Flint seriously talking as if he fancied it possible that these mound-strewn prairies had been, in the olden day, the abodes of nations, not only equal, but in various respects superior to the Europeans of the middle ages. Of such poor bigotry, based on such solid ignorance, we should never have expected to discover a specimen in the same book with the beautiful passages we had been quoting. Here, however, is the Yankee mark.

'It is true, we have little reason to suppose that these mounds were the guilty dens of petty tyrants, who let loose their half-savage vassals to burn, plunder, enslave, and despoil an adjoining den. There are no remains of the vast and useless monasteries, where ignorant and lazy monks dreamed over their lusts, or meditated their vile plans of acquisition and imposture. Here must have been a race of men on these charming plains, that had every call, from the scenes that surrounded them, to contented existence and tranquil meditation. Unfortunate, as men view the thing, they must have been. Innocent and peaceful they probably were; for had they been reared amidst wars and quarrels, like the present Indians, they would doubtless have maintained their ground, and their posterity would have remained to this day. I cannot judge of the recollections excited by castles and towers that I have

Digitized by Google

I have not seen; but I have seen all of grandeur which our cities can display. I have seen, too, these lonely tombs of the desert,—seen them rise from these boundless and unpeopled plains. My imagination had been filled, and my heart has been full. The nothingness of the brief dream of human life has forced itself upon my mind. The unknown race to which these bones belonged had, I doubt not, as many projects of ambition, and hoped as sanguinely to have their names survive, as the great of the present day.'

He seems to admit, then, that these ancient American worthies had their ambitions, in all likelihood quite as vivid and stirring as our own poor Gothic forefathers, who, by the bye, were his also: and it would appear, from his very next page, that, accepting his own interpretation of what he had before his eyes, his primeval innocents of the prairies had their blows and blood-shedding too. It is, in fact, very difficult to account for the immense accumulation of mouldering bodies that he describes, and the mark and importance of the mounds consecrated to their repose, otherwise than by supposing each gigantic tumulus to be the monument of a battle. At all events, this is much the most natural interpretation.

'The more the subject of the past races of men and animals in this region is investigated, the more perplexed it seems to become. The huge bones of the animals indicate them to be vastly larger than any that now exist on the earth. All that I have seen and heard of the remains of the men, would seem to show that they were smaller than the men of our times. All the bodies that have been found in that state of high preservation, in which they were discovered in nitrous caves, were considerably smaller than the present ordinary stature of men. The two bodies, that were found in the vast limestone cavern in Tennessee, one of which I saw at Lexington, were neither of them more than four feet in height. It seemed to me that this must have been nearly the height of the living person. The teeth and nails did not seem to indicate the shrinking of the flesh from them in the desiccating process by which they were preserved. The hair seemed to have been sandy, or inclining to yellow. It is well known that nothing is so uniform in the present Indian as his lank black hair. From the pains taken to preserve the bodies, and the great labour of making the funeral robes in which they were folded, they must have been of the "blood royal," or personages of great consideration in their day. The person that I saw had evidently died by a blow on the skull: the blood had coagulated there into a mass of a texture and colour sufficiently marked to show that it had been blood. The envelope of the body was double. Two splendid blankets, completely woven with the most beautiful feathers of the wild turkey, arranged in regular stripes and compartments, encircled it. The cloth, on which these feathers were woven, was a kind of linen of neat texture, of the same kind with that which is now woven from the fibres of

Digitized by Google

of the nettle. The body was evidently that of a female of middle age, and I should suppose that her majesty weighed, when I saw her, six or eight pounds.'—p. 173.

During the author's stay near Maramec, in the county of St. Louis, another huge *cairn* was opened, and found to contain a great number of stone coffins; the skeletons within which were in general entire. Mr. Flint says, the coffins were, on an average, scarcely more than four feet in length; and speculates deeply on what the situation of so truly Lilliputian a human race must have been, if they were, which he scarcely doubts, the contemporaries of the mammoth. He describes the vessels of pottery-ware found in these stone coffins as evidently moulded with the hand, in imitation of natural forms, chiefly those of the gourd tribe; and we wish he had given us a wood-cut or two, both of them and the coffins that contained them. He might also have been expected to say something as to the workmanship of the coffins themselves; but really the whole of this subject may as well be deferred, until we have before us the evidence of some witness regularly trained in anatomical knowledge. Although it is entirely impossible to hesitate about adopting Mr. Flint's opinion, that these mounds and their contents furnish perfect proof of the existence of a vast and, comparatively speaking, a civilized primeval population in these regions, we must confess we have some lurking suspicion as to the Lilliputian remains. In describing the exhumated relics of one of the principal *tumuli* that came under his view, he says that 'the teeth were long, sharp, and separated by considerable intervals, reviving the horrible images of the nursery tales about ogres' teeth.' This casual observation, taken along with things that must have sufficiently arrested our reader's attention, makes us halt for further light before we adopt the author's sweeping conclusions about the existence of his pigmy empires. After all, in short, we are not without a suspicion, that these stone coffins, like many of the Egyptian mummy-cases, may have been framed for the reception of holy monkeys.

ART. VIII.—*Osservazioni Semi-serie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra.* 12mo. pp. 363. Lugano. 1831.

THIS little volume is prettily written, and contains both descriptions and remarks of considerable merit. The author, Count Pecchio, one of the unfortunate persons who visited this country in consequence of the abortive attempts to revolutionize Italy in 1823, must have been personally known to many of our readers, and, judging from these pages, has no doubt left an agreeable impression of his character and manners. His notions on

Digitized by Google

on religious and political subjects are such as might be expected from a Carbonaro; but here our censure stops. The gentleman-like tone of the whole performance, the easy good-humour, lightness of heart, and modesty which pervade it, present a pleasing contrast to the spleen, insolence, and self-conceit of Prince Puckler Muskau — and may, we hope, find some favour with the public, now that they have had leisure to appreciate those flimsy rhapsodies, for which his highness's mean libels on individuals were able to win a nine days' vogue.

The Count makes no pretensions to regularity of plan; but gives us his observations on stage-coaches, British sailors, the tactics of the late opposition in the House of Commons, tea-gardens, lunatic asylums, the Unitarians, the quarter-sessions, &c. &c. in so many detached chapters, arranged, it would seem, fortuitously, and which were originally perhaps private letters. We need not, therefore, care at what page we open the book. The following lively description of his first night in a London lodging-house, will probably introduce the author as well as anything else we could select:—

'The first night I felt as though I was still on board the steam-vessel. The walls were just as thin, and for the most part of wood; diminutive apartments, and a staircase like that by which you get on deck. The partitions are generally slim enough to allow sounds to pass distinctly; so that the lodgers would make confidants of one another if they were not in the habit of speaking in a suppressed tone of voice. The murmur of the conversation of my neighbours overhead, and likewise that which was taking place underneath, reached my ears; and I could catch, from time to time, "*very fine weather . . . . indeed . . . . very fine . . . . comfort . . . . comfortable . . . . great comfort*,"—words which occur as frequently in English discourse as commas in a printed page. In short, the houses are ventriloquous. They are moreover all alike; each house of three stories high, containing three sitting-rooms, and three sleeping-rooms, each placed perpendicularly, one over the other; so that the population are, in a manner, warehoused in layers, one above the other, like bales of goods, or cheeses in the warehouses of Lodi or Codogno.'

The Count proceeds to dilate on this subject, as if what was true of his pasteboard domiciles, ranged in Caroline Rows and Paradise Crescents about the purlieus of the Regent Canal, must needs be true of the capital in general. Among other speculations, he asks, and answers, the following deep questions:—

'Why are the English such bad dancers? Because they have no practice. The houses are so small and slight, that if any body were to cut a caper on the third floor, he would run the risk of falling, like a shell, into the kitchen. Why do the English gesticulate so little, and keep their arms almost always glued to their sides?—For the same

Digitized by Google

same reason, I think: the apartments are so small, that it would be impossible to use any gesticulation without breaking something, or incommoding somebody.'

The Count, in the midst of his merriment, gives a melancholy view of the position of the refugees upon their first arrival in this country. First we have the purveyor for the newspapers hurrying to their garrets, to beg the favour of, 'at least, a sketch of their lives, *with a few anecdotes.*' The newspaper paragraphs are followed by invitations to half-a-dozen fashionable parties, where the unfortunate gentlemen have the satisfaction of being exhibited as the lions of the evening. Grand applause from liberal lords —extravagant compliments from liberal ladies — a few dinners and breakfasts; and then, when the lion has played his part, come 'not at home'—utter neglect—and the black mutton-chop again in the ventriloquous lodging.

'The English people,' he says, and it is almost the only severe sentence in his book, 'the English people are greedy of novelty. In this single thing they are children,—that they make no great distinction between good and evil, provided it is new. They pay for their magic lantern, and they pay well; but they like always to have new figures. To satisfy this insatiable whale, labour journalists, collectors of anecdotes, writers of history, travellers, men of science, lawyers, literary men, poets,—ministers, with drafts of new laws,—kings, with designs for new buildings,—liberals, with plans of parliamentary reform, &c.'

The Spanish exiles are those on whose distresses Count Pecchio dwells the most: he describes one distinguished Don as walking four miles to give a single lesson in Spanish; another, surprised in the act of mending his own trousers; a third, frequently without a farthing to pay for the basin of milk which was almost his sole nourishment, and obliged to lie in bed in winter, because he could not afford a fire. It does not appear that our author himself was reduced to such extreme difficulties: at all events, if he was, he utters no complaint beyond a passing remark that the profession of a teacher of languages, to which he was obliged to have recourse for subsistence, is a disagreeable one. Whether we are to trace this forbearance to his having caught, from the people amongst whom fortune had cast him, a portion of that unmurmuring spirit which, unlike most travellers, he attributes to our countrymen, or whether it is to be ascribed to a naturally cheerful and light-hearted temperament, we do not pretend to decide.

From the position which he at first occupied as a poor lodger in the outskirts of the metropolis, he could have had little opportunity of seeing any but the most unfavourable aspect of our community,

Digitized by Google

community, and must be admitted to have drawn sometimes very erroneous conclusions from what he did see. Pot-house politicians, who meet together on the Sunday to drink and smoke, and read the newspapers in unsocial silence in subterranean taprooms, are not very important specimens of our insular society; nor do we feel ourselves able to believe with the Count, that 'Bell's Life in London' and 'The Dispatch' have much to do with regulating the course of public events. We are likewise inclined to think the Count unfortunate in having fallen in with scarcely any but religious sectaries during his sojourn in London. It is not to be supposed that religion should appear to most advantage amongst them, especially to a gentleman and a scholar, as Count Pecchio evidently is; and we are sorry, that in a book published in the north of Italy so much should have been said of our Dissenters, and no adequate idea, indeed we may say no idea at all, given of the religion of that portion of the community which embraces, generally speaking, the well-born and well-educated of our country. The sketch he draws of one rosy rector, in whose family he taught Italian, we do not conceive to have anything to do with the matter, because the individual was evidently much more of the country gentleman than of the clergyman, as clergymen go at present. It might have been well, too, that Count Pecchio should have spoken less rashly than he does of the English mode of keeping the Sunday as 'sheer misery,'—because, in the utter absence of ballets and burlettas, for which our exile sighed so profoundly, we feel assured that there are millions of persons, who, without a spark either of puritanism or of infidelity, find Sunday the happiest day of the week. He candidly tells us, however, that the state of subjugation in which he had felt himself placed in his native country, had prejudiced his mind against all religious observances, especially such as are upheld by authority; and, indeed, prejudices of the same sort and kindred are sufficiently apparent in most of those persons who take refuge in this country from the Continent, in consequence of political revolutions.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the circumstance of the Count's living so much among our Dissenters, unfortunate as it may have been for himself, affords his readers not a little amusement. We subjoin his account of a visit to a Baptist meeting-house:—

'The service began with singing some hymns relating to the ceremony. Then the minister made an extempore comment, or rather a seemingly extempore recitation of a comment which he had beforehand prepared, upon the passage of the New Testament touching the baptism of Christ in the Jordan. After the sermon and another hymn, the neophytes, who were to receive the ordinance, filed off into adjoining

Digitized by Google

chambers to undress. It is requisite that Baptist churches should be constructed like bathing-houses. In fact, before the pulpit there was a large reservoir of water of about three and a half feet in depth, into which they descend by steps. Adjoining the church, on each side of the pulpit, there are two apartments to undress and dress in, one for the women and the other for the men. There were five young women to be baptized, between eighteen and twenty years of age. They issued forth clothed in white dresses fastened at the neck, and with white caps on their heads. One after the other went down the steps, and stationed themselves opposite the priest, who was already standing in this artificial Jordan, above his knees in water, and entirely covered with a long black vest. The priest pronounced over each of the young women, whilst they stood in the water, the words: "I baptize thee, &c.," and as soon as he had uttered them, he plunged all the poor girls into the water. After this splash, they were immediately raised again, and led away to be wiped and dressed. Some of them, feeling their breath stopped by the water, uttered a shriek in the act of being dipped by this representative of St. John. Not so a young man who was baptized in the same manner. He was perhaps about twenty-five years of age, with a black beard; and without taking off anything but his coat, with his breeches, waistcoat, and shoes on, he entered as he was, and went through the ceremony as if he was merely taking a bath. I afterwards found from Dr. Evans, that many Baptists, in order to be more consistent with themselves, and to follow the Gospel precisely, instead of celebrating baptism in the artificial Jordan of the conventicle, proceed to the side of a real river, and there dip themselves with all the exactness possible.

Dr. Evans does not seem to have informed the Count, that there are few sights more strikingly picturesque, than a *baptizing* in an actual running water. Such at least is our own impression of one which we witnessed a few years ago. It was a fine summer's day; the stream spread irregularly over the face of a wide green lane, which in all those parts of it to which the water did not reach, was crowded with an immense assemblage of men, women, and children, standing under the shadow and shelter of verdant and lofty trees. The groups of people on the banks, the spreading and interrupted stream, the ministers standing in the water, the candidates in their flowing vestments, some in expectation by the water-side, others in the act of being baptized, whilst every now and then a hymn arose from the multitude, alternately swelling and sinking—produced altogether a beautiful and solemn scene. We are not quite certain whether, if we could always insure so impressive a spectacle, we should not ourselves advocate baptism in the open stream. But unhappily, far other sights are often seen on these occasions; and such as rendered the caution given to Count Pecchio, before he set out,—to be

Digitized by Google

be careful not to laugh,—by no means superfluous. It is not many years since it happened, on one of these festivals, that the minister being a small person, and having to baptize a very large woman, sunk under the weight, fell into the water, and left his fair burden floating upon the top of it, amidst the inexpressible laughter of the spectators.

But the Count did not confine his observations to the Baptists; Unitarians, Methodists, and Quakers equally share his attention, and with the cheerful good-humour which characterizes him, he finds something to commend in all. Whether his observations are correct, is another question. It is scarcely possible that an avowed sceptic should be a proper judge on the subject of religion; and it was perfectly natural, that a man of such a cast of mind, who had lately escaped from the superstitions and irrational mysteries of the Roman church, should be enamoured of the simplicity of Unitarianism,—as it likewise was, that having been brought up in mental bondage, he should listen with pleasure to the arguments of a Methodist lady and gentleman, on the religious and political advantages of a multiplicity of sects. If the Unitarians are charitable and tolerant, it must at least be allowed, that they share those virtues with the educated portion of the established church, whilst few but themselves will be disposed to deny that they are more disputatious, conceited, and self-sufficient, than any other sect in this country. Their abstinence from proselytism is new to us; though we willingly recognize that feature in the Quakers. Under the circumstances of his history and position, however, we are almost disposed to forgive the Count all that he has said in favour of Unitarianism and dissent, for the sake of the paragraph with which he closes this chapter:—

'I ought to inform those who come to visit this island, stored and delighted with the witty sayings of the Continent, that the English are intolerant of Atheists, Deists, and all irreligious people. Not that they still imprison or burn them; but they feel, or at least affect to feel, an abhorrence of infidelity, and they shew the same aversion for the least jest at the expense of religion: what you might say in Italy before an archbishop, or in Spain before a father of the Inquisition, would not be tolerated in England, even after having emptied a couple of bottles of port. Such is the disesteem of the English for infidels, that it is nearly equivalent to the Roman interdict from fire and water: it is more than papal excommunication, because public opinion gives weight to it. I would venture to say, that Voltaire is more read in Spain than in the three kingdoms of Great Britain.'

As few will suspect a whole nation of uniting in hypocrisy on such a subject, we thank Count Pecchio for publishing this

Digitized by Google

result of his observations. He does not give it by way of commendation; but we look upon it as one of the strongest testimonies in favour of Protestantism and religious toleration that could have been uttered,—coming as it does from one of a class of persons, many of whom, we have reason to know, have such a dislike to religion in the mass, that they even look upon the spires and church-towers scattered over a country as disagreeable objects.

Not the least amusing of the Count's sketches of 'life in London,' is a dinner at Mr. Fowell Buxton's:—

'Mr. Fry the banker, a rich London Quaker, the day that I first became acquainted with him, wished me to accompany him to dine with his relation, Mr. Buxton, and bid me remind him to introduce me to our entertainer. Exactly at six o'clock I gave a loud rap at Mr. Buxton's door; the servant, thinking that I was one of the guests, opened the door and ushered me into the dining-room; and I, supposing that it had been so arranged by Mr. Fry, entered with all confidence and coolness: when, behold! I found myself in the midst of a great number of guests, amongst whom I did *not* see my friend. So awkward an occurrence would have disconcerted anybody, and especially one who like myself spoke rather bad English, and had to account, in the choicest words he could invent, for his unexpected appearance amongst persons whom he did not know, and who were obviously astonished with his entrance. But what would have been his astonishment and confusion to find himself, as I did, in the midst of the steam of the viands, and of so many blazing candles, in the presence of a number of ladies, dressed in a uniform habit, as in a convent, with neck-kerchiefs after the fashion of the stomachers of nuns, with placid countenances, smooth as mirrors, unmoved by passions, and of four men with painted faces, with rings hanging from their ears, another smaller ring from the nose, and in parti-coloured dresses, covered all over with chains and trinkets! But I had not time to become changed into a statue with amazement, for these polite ladies, with a smile still more sweet than that which is usually seen upon the countenances of English women, and with manners still more familiar, vied with each other in inviting me to take my seat at table. If I had been in Italy, I should have thought that this party was some pleasant masquerade, but in England I really could not conceive what it might be. Whilst I was employed in guessing into what hands I had fallen, in replying to the many kind offers of the ladies, and in glancing at those four faces like playing cards, behold at length Mr. Fry arrived, and explained the mistake which the other guests might have supposed me to have committed; and then I unravelled the mystery of these strange guests. The four who had so many rings in their ears and noses were chiefs of tribes of American Indians, who had arrived a short time before in London to complain to their brother, the king of England, of some unjust proceedings of the government of Canada. The ladies were Quakers, amongst whom

Digitized by Google

whom I found the celebrated Mrs. Fry, who united to benevolence and a well-informed mind, a dignified, calm, and solemn aspect. When dinner was over, the usual procession of the bottles round the table began, with their Christian names in silver on their necks; whereupon the master of the house begged one of their painted majesties to have the goodness to explain, in his own language, for the greater amusement of the auditors, the grievances which they had to allege against the English government. The eldest of them arose, with much readiness, and delivered a discourse, which was immediately translated by an interpreter who travelled with them. The most remarkable circumstance in the harangue of these savages was that they wondered very much that, after remaining a whole month in London, *their brother*, the king of England, had not yet granted them an audience. Mr. Buxton then took the subject up in English, and vindicated the honour of his nation by saying that the multiplicity of affairs had, perhaps, hindered the king from hearing their complaints, but that, when they were once heard, there would be no delay in doing them justice.

The Count adds a reflection, at which, considering the occasion that suggested it, we must be permitted to smile :—

'I will observe here by the way, that amongst the other resemblances which the British empire has to that of ancient Rome is the *patronage* which the members of the English parliament, with a laudable pride, afford to any individuals, provinces, or kings throughout the world, who may feel themselves aggrieved. Thus *Mr. Buxton* (*!*) pledged himself to procure the reparation of the wrongs of these four Indian Caciques, if their complaints should turn out to be well-founded!'

The chapter thus closes :—

'These Caciques shewed an extreme disposition to oblige. After we had taken tea, without much entreaty, they sang and danced after the custom of their countrymen: and although the Quakers approve neither music nor dancing, yet it appeared to me that those who were present very much enjoyed both the singing and the dancing of these royal personages—the first horrible, the second frightful. Such is the magic influence which the very name of *king* carries with it!

'At eleven o'clock the party separated, and Mr. Fry having invited me to pass the night at his house, about ten miles from London, I got into his carriage with a great deal of pleasure, and after having lost our way two or three times, (because the coachman, not being a Quaker, had sinned against Quaker sobriety,) at two o'clock in the morning, we arrived at a country-seat, which, as I saw on the following morning, had all the convenience, order, and neatness which characterize the sect.'

Count Pecchio had, next day, the pleasure of hearing Mrs. Fry preach to the female convicts in Newgate, and observes thereupon that, 'as you preach to well-disposed people in order to render them still better than they are, so it is but natural to preach to the

Digitized by Google

the bad, with the hope and chance of producing some amendment in them.' The doubtful point, however, is, not whether these poor creatures should be preached to, but whether it is fit or decent that their preacher should be a Mrs. Fry. He had afterwards the opportunity of seeing the Quakers' Lunatic Asylum at York, of the first establishment of which, as well as its after progress and present mode of management, he gives a very interesting account. He is a little mistaken in supposing that the Quakers were the first to discover that mild treatment is more generally advantageous in cases of insanity, than the contrary plan. In fact this, like most discoveries of the kind, which arise out of the increasing intelligence and more civilized habits of the community, was made simultaneously in various parts of the country about the same period. It may, however, be true, that the Quakers' was the first *public* asylum which acted upon the principle; and this is honour enough to that most benevolent people. We hope our author may be successful in persuading the Italians to adopt some of our improvements in the discipline and management of such establishments, and we cordially thank him for the repeated commendations he bestows on the *utility and good sense* of most of the habits and institutions of our countrymen.

But the Count thought he should not have seen England until he had made himself personally acquainted with the habits of our sailors ashore; and we have accordingly a chapter on that subject before he quits London:—

'One day I took it into my head to go into one of the public-houses in a street in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, leading down to the Thames, in order to see what metamorphoses those silent, serious companions might have undergone, with whom I had sailed for about eight months. How changed did I find my friend *Jack* from what I had seen him at sea!—no longer serious, and quiet, and silent, but merry, noisy, and singing. The ground-floor of the house I entered was filled with a cloud of tobacco-smoke, which hindered me at first from distinguishing the several actors. I was scarcely seated when one of them, with unsteady steps, staggering like a ship in a storm, and with a mahogany-coloured face, offered me some of his grog. I did not hesitate to accept it; but the tin-pot, out of which my generous friend had been drinking, was empty, and the poor fellow was not aware of it. In a corner of the room was a group of them singing one of their sea songs, the burden of which is, "*Haul away, yoe ho, boys.*" When these had finished singing, which they did on their legs, and clapping their leathern hands, another set began to thunder out another of their favourite songs, "*Hearts of oak*," &c. Meanwhile there came in a strolling fiddler, who began to play a reel, a sort of Scotch dance, very much in favour amongst the lower classes in England, and which requires only strength and a rapid movement of

the

Digitized by Google

the feet, without any elegance or grace in the movements of the figure. At this sound, as though it were the signal for an engagement, they all jumped up on their legs, and set to work to shuffle about their feet, though I cannot say to dance. To get out of the reach of this storm of heels, I went up stairs, and entered another room, which was another picture in Teniers' style, of the same sort, only that the uniformity and greater neatness of the dress informed me that they were sailors of the Royal Navy. They were singing that most beautiful national anthem, "*Rule Britannia.*"'

He gives us no further account of his visit, but enters into a very animated comparison of the merits of the sailors in merchant vessels and in the royal navy—containing not a few observations which will delight Captain Basil Hall. The following passage is a curious instance of the dislike with which he regards the religious observances of the English, and of the admiration which notwithstanding he is constrained to feel for their effects:—

'Sunday is observed by the English, as far as possible, wherever and in whatever circumstances they find themselves. The silence on this day in particular on board their vessels is more gloomy than ever. Every one shaves himself, puts on a clean shirt, and endeavours to display as much cleanness as possible in his dress. Some read a few passages of the Bible. Their religion is a comfort as well as a terror to their minds. An Englishman has no other intercessor in his approaches to the Supreme Being than his own prayers. In a storm he performs his duty, displays all the firmness of his mind, and all the strength of his body, struggles against death down to the very last moment; and it is only when he has tried in vain all the means his mind can suggest, and all his bodily strength, that he resigns himself to his fate, raises his eyes to heaven, and awaits with reverence the will of Providence.'

The Count on getting weary, as he well might, of *that* London to which, his lion-days over, he found himself restricted, transfers himself to Nottingham, and subsequently to York; at both of which places he appears to have practised his profession of a teacher of languages; and in the exercise of that profession, being discovered to be a gentleman, to have had better opportunities of observing what is really valuable in English society, than he could have had whilst in town. He seems to have been absolutely enraptured with his new acquaintances, especially the young ladies; and we are somewhat curious to know whether either of the sketches he has drawn for us exhibits the likeness of the English lady whom we understand him to have married. He enlarges, with an enthusiasm that speaks sad things as to Italy, on the almost unrestrained intercourse which he found subsisting in this country between persons of the opposite sexes, and the perfect and pure modesty of young English gentlewomen; that genuine modesty

Digitized by Google

modesty which suspects no evil in another, simply because an improper idea never enters the imagination; and which disarms the designing libertine, by the impossibility he finds of discovering a single feeling to work upon. It is well to know what an intelligent foreigner approves as characteristic in our manners; not as a matter of vain glory, but in order that we may cherish more than ever, that which has called forth his commendations, and that the existing generation may repeat in the education of *their* children, those means which have already produced such fruits. We scarcely know how to extract where almost every sentence contains observations and remarks, not always new, but conceived and expressed in a manner most creditable to the moral feelings of the author. We must content ourselves with simply recommending the whole of his three chapters, from p. 173 to 236, to especial attention.

His account of a country wake in Yorkshire is lively, and full of his characteristic good-humour, and with it our extracts shall come to a close :—

'As I was taking a walk into the country without any definite object, I observed that a great many persons were going along a particular road. I, thereupon, determined to follow these people, and was in the end well satisfied with having done so; for this line of persons guided me to a village called Eislington, three miles distant from York, where they were holding one of their festivities. The village is inhabited only by labourers and farmers. All the inhabitants were standing in knots here and there, in the middle of a broad road. In the doorways of the houses, there were none but the old women, in their best clothes, and with ten years less upon their countenances, on account of the cheerfulness which animated them, and the commendations they had received for the well-concocted plum-pudding of that day. At a rustic holiday in my country, you would have heard at a mile's distance, the outcries and the uproar, which are the expression of that Italian hilarity which kindles of itself, even without the aid of wine, solely by the collision of the parties. You would have encountered bands of youths singing in chorus, with ardent looks, and their hats adorned with peacock's feathers over one eye, and with a manner somewhat theatrical, by way of vindicating themselves from the disparagement which the inhabitants of the town lavish without any reason upon the inhabitants of the country: but in Eislington, down to that moment, all was order, quietude, and mutual respect. All on a sudden, however, I heard some shouts raised, I perceived the crowd divide into two lines, and I saw at a distance eight or nine countrymen, each wheeling a barrow before him, and exerting himself to reach the goal. This was the first course of their Olympic games. Next took place a sort of ducking-match. This sport assembled us round a great tub of water, placed in the middle of the road, to the bottom of which they had thrown some pieces of money. A number of boys, naked to the waist,

Digitized by Google

waist, were waiting for a signal to plunge themselves into it over head and ears, with their hands crossed upon their backs, to endeavour to pick up the pieces of money with their mouths. The grimaces of the urchins who got their heads out, half-choked with the water, without having obtained any share of the prize, infallibly excited the laughter of the by-standers.

'This duck's game being finished, chancing to raise my eyes, I saw hung up outside of a public-house, a new bridle and saddle with two hats; whereupon, I conceived the hope that there would be some joust or tourney, or other similar epic contest. My expectation was not disappointed. There was in fact a horse-race going to take place; and I soon saw four farmers' hackneys mounted by as many stout lads, approaching the place of starting. Though, to speak the truth, men, saddles, and horses, were a thousand miles from those that I had seen a few days before at the county-races, yet they were not so bad that you could denominate them an actual caricature. I therefore could not refrain from taking an interest, in common with all the rest, and preparing myself to admire the victor. In short, after ten minutes hard galloping, the coursers arrived, and the winning horse came in with the same acclamations as at the grand racing-course, and was led to the place where the judges sat.

'I went into a public-house, where the crowd was thicker. Fifteen or twenty farmers were seated with their earthen pipes of the purest white, and pewter pots of gin and water before them. I sat myself down along with them; and whether it was the interest which they all evinced for the race which they went on recounting to each other, or that they thought me a veteran frequenter of the public-house, so it was, that not one of them cast a single look of curiosity or of surprise upon me. A butcher came in talking of the misfortune of a little mare of his, that had broken her leg in the race. He had put on a mournful way of telling his story to excite compassion; but perceiving that the by-standers were rather disposed to laugh than to cry, he then began to comfort himself with a brimming glass of gin; and after that, assuming an elevated and heroical demeanour, (with the air of the Roman Gladiator dying game,) he protested that it was not the *money* which lay so heavy upon his mind, but that the little mare herself had been a great favourite. This tragical accident, together with the betting, and the "spirits which make even the dumb to speak," had rendered the farmers so talkative, that I found myself in the midst of a sea of words. I say a sea of words, because I could understand nothing of their dialogues but here and there a word. Though I know English tolerably well, yet I had not acquired the accomplishment of understanding the Yorkshire dialect, which is one of the most corrupt and most extraordinary in England. This conversation produced a curious effect upon me, not being able to collect anything but unconnected words,—it was like reading a dictionary. Few of the speakers were able to preserve the centre of gravity. When they got on their legs, they swung

Digitized by Google

swung now to the right and then to the left; but like the famous tower at Bologna, however much they leaned to one side, and although always threatening to fall, they never fell. And what increased still more my wonder, was, that their bodies staggered, whilst their wits, so to speak, never staggered.

'Thus passed the evening till eleven o'clock, when the company breaking up, I made up my mind to return to York. How delightful it is in England to take a moonlight walk, without the least fear of meeting a robber to lighten you of your watch or purse! Another pleasure is, to be able to quit the high road, and tread the paths through soft meadows, which are perhaps the only as well as the most ancient right of property in the soil remaining to the lower classes. Finally, another pleasure not less valuable to the weary, is to arrive at home and find in a small lodging, consisting of a bedchamber and a sitting-room, all the comforts and repose, which, in their time, neither the Marquis of Carabas enjoyed in his hereditary seat, nor the good King of Yvetot in his palace.'

And here we take our leave of Count Pecchio; assuring our readers, that if they can but leave out of sight his religion and his politics, they will find in his little volume both entertainment and instruction amply sufficient to repay them for any trouble they may chance to experience in perusing it in a foreign language. It is consolatory at the present time, when native writers are endeavouring to render us discontented with everything English, to find a foreigner, and a *liberal* too, pointing out so many sources of pleasure and satisfaction within the reach of every one, and so many real excellencies both in the manners and temper of the people, and in the still existing institutions of our country.

ART. IX. — *Considérations Politiques sur l'Epoque actuelle, adressées à l'Auteur anonyme de l'Ouvrage intitulé 'Histoire de la Restauration, par un Homme d'Etat.'* Par M. de Polignac. Paris, 1832.

THE denunciation from Mount Sinai, that 'the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation,' explains the cause of all the revolutions by which society ever has been, or ever will be, disturbed; and never has it been more remarkably exemplified in any revolution than in that of the Three Days. Look at it without reference to this principle, and it would appear the most causeless of all revolutions, as certainly it was the most unprovoked. It was not brought about by any of those deeper causes which shake, and at this time threaten to subvert English and even Anglo-American society; not by the rooted, rankling, and inveterate evils which belong to our stage of civilization,

Digitized by Google

civilization, but by constitutional politicians, parliamentary speeches, liberal journals, polytechnic pupils, and volunteers who ran to enrol themselves as soon as they heard the march of intellect beaten by the insurrectionary drum. Yet these Three Days are held up by the reformers among us for applause and admiration, and by the radicals and thorough-paced revolutionists, for an example; and the latter, indeed, in so doing, are to be commended as having done wisely, like the unjust steward, for these men are, like him, wiser in their generation than the children of light. The society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge has published a history of these memorable days, as a part, it must be supposed, of that useful knowledge, for the diffusion of which its noble and distinguished members have thought it necessary to establish their extensive bookselling concern. With what motive this particular portion of history was selected, the committee, under whose sanction it has been composed and brought forward, must know best. With what fidelity it is compiled, no one in this country will think it worth while to inquire, because there is no one to take a lively interest in the character of those persons whose actions may be misrepresented there, and their motives maligned. On this side the channel this may be done, to a great extent, in good faith, as far as the unreasoning and unreasonable credulity of ill will may deserve to be so qualified, though, in many cases, even this miserable excuse fails.

It is otherwise in France. Bayle has well observed of faithless party historians, that '*la plupart ne pêchent point par ignorance. C'est la malice, c'est l'animosité, ou bien l'envie de s'accommoder au goût populaire, et d'en tirer du profit, qui engagent à falsifier les relations.*' Some anonymous author, in that country, designating himself as *un Homme d'État*, having put forth a history of the restoration, much in the same temper which may be looked for in Mr. Thomas Babington Macaulay's promised history of the same period, Prince Polignac has published in reply the Political Reflections which are now before us. He has done this, in the words of Tacitus, which he has taken for a motto, *Ut non modo casus eventusque rerum qui plerumque fortuiti sunt, sed ratio etiam, causæque noscantur.* Looking from his prison, as from a hermitage, upon the past and the present, it seems as if he had dismissed all feelings which could cloud his judgment or disturb the composure of his mind. There is no breathing of resentment, or of impatience, or of complaint. This was to be expected: it might have been presumed, from his whole conduct after his apprehension and during his trial, that he would support his fate with dignity. Neither will the ability which he has now manifested occasion any surprise to those who know that the French ministers have usually been men

Digitized by Google

men of more than ordinary talents in a nation where there has always been an abundant choice; and that, in consequence, our neighbours have, for the most part, been as superior to us in the cabinet, as we have proved ourselves superior to them in naval warfare and in the field. But there is in this pamphlet the last thing which might have been looked for in a French statesman, and that is—a Christian spirit. We will not say that M. de Polignac has *displayed* this spirit, for display would be inconsistent with its nature. It is not shown in display, nor in professions, nor in express words, but in the whole tone and tenour of his reflections, proving itself thereby to be that spirit which 'vaunteth not itself, which is not easily provoked, which beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.'

The book of this anonymous *Homme d'Etat*, he says, has confirmed him in the opinion that a history of the events which have passed in our days cannot yet be impartially written; so many divergent opinions have been manifested, so many conflicting interests brought into action, so many passions excited, that it must be presumptuous in any one to come forward as the judge of his age.

'What, in fact, has passed around us? Some wished for a republic, and, perhaps, wish for it still; they thought that this form of government, above all others, occasions the developement of all the intellectual faculties, and gives to the will of man that spring and that energy which impel it to great actions. Others have shown themselves zealous partisans of the empire; the despotism which accompanied its victories had not affrighted them; they regarded it as towards other countries a means of strength, and in this one as a guarantee for order and stability. Others saw in the return of the Bourbons, with the establishment of a tempered or constitutional monarchy, the end of our political convulsions, the re-establishment of peace, the developement of our credit, of all our industry and ingenuity, and of every kind of prosperity—the union of all parties and of all opinions—in fine, the oblivion of all our misfortunes. But in the fear of new alarms they believed that the sovereign ought to reserve unto himself the right of pronouncing *quos ego* in a day of tempests, and that right therefore they inscribed in the charter of 1814. Others, again, claimed, in the name of liberty, the use of that right in favour of the people; and, changing the condition of sovereignty, chose that it should take its rise from a democratical principle, instead of resting upon a monarchical one.

'To say that all those who have called with their wishes, and supported with their efforts, these different forms of government, are bad citizens, would be an absurdity. To say that they have not been deceived in their object would be to reject the authority of facts, for all their Utopias have vanished. The republic drowned itself in blood: a single reverse of fortune sufficed for overthrowing the empire; the Bourbons,

Digitized by Google

Bourbons, indeed, resisted longer, but they had to support a long and painful struggle, in which they succumbed at last.

'With such events before us, which prove how weak is the reach of human calculations, how can any one venture to write contemporary history? How can we help fearing, in spite of oneself, to give to our language the hue of our wishes, of our hopes, of our regrets? How can we guard ourselves against our own prejudices in speaking of things and of men? How can we relate facts otherwise than as we have seen them; and how, in endeavouring to explain them, are we to emancipate ourselves from the influence of these our opinions, and, perhaps, of our own passions?

'Never has any age, except our own, presented so great a complication of discordant opinions upon the questions, religious, moral, and political, which interest society. In this monstrous amalgam of contradictory and incoherent ideas, in this general conflict of all things, none but the presumptuous man can venture to say that he alone has been in the right. But I deceive myself; there are persons whose foresight, or, to speak more accurately, whose presentiments could always be verified; they are those, who upon every change of system, during forty years, have never ceased to say, *this will not last.* These persons, at least, have never been wrong; but it is not with presentiments that history is to be written, for they explain nothing.'—*Introd.* p. 2-5.

Yet it is from contemporary writers that the materials for dispassionate and equitable history must ultimately be collected; and M. de Polignac is far from disputing this. '*Entendons-nous,*' he says; '*mon intention n'a pas été d'avancer qu'on ne dût pas recueillir les faits dont on a été témoin, s'enquérir de ceux qu'on ignore, rendre compte de l'impression qu'ils font naître, des observations qu'ils inspirent; mais tout cela sert à l'histoire, et n'est pas encore l'histoire.*' The most partial contemporary may not unfrequently afford information as trustworthy as it is important, and sometimes without intending or suspecting it. Truth may even be extracted from books which have been written with the deliberate intention of perverting it. 'There is no greater evidence in a cause,' it has been truly said, 'than the affirmative testimony of that man who is an enemy to the cause.' Of such evidence there has been no want through all the acts of the French revolution. The stage-players in that bloody drama have told us the truth, and the whole truth: in their intense vanity, or their deadly malice—in their mutual accusations and recriminations—in the drunkenness of their prosperity, or the bitterness of their unavailing, because irreligious, and therefore hopeless remorse—they have left little concealed concerning themselves, their actions, principles, and motives, and nothing concerning others which it was possible for them to disclose. We know the men as thoroughly as such men

Digitized by Google

men were ever known, and upon completer evidence than has reached us for the characters of their prototypes in the age of Sylla and Catiline.

The first part of M. de Polignac's pamphlet consists of a brief but sufficient vindication of himself against the assertions of the anonymous writer; first, that during a mission with which he was charged in 1814, he had provoked a reaction toward the ancient regime in all its developements, and had permitted great political scandals against the constitutional acts of the senate; secondly, that his conduct had justified the fears which were felt by the purchasers of national property, and had favoured the pretensions and influence of the clergy; and, thirdly, that, because of his opinions, he had been excluded from the government during the reign of Louis XVIII. '*Ces paroles,*' says M. de Polignac, '*il ne les appuie d'aucune preuve, d'aucune explication, d'aucune réflexion tendant à en démontrer l'exactitude. Il fait connaître quel est son sentiment, et ce sentiment est aussitôt acquis à l'histoire.*'

'No one, I believe myself entitled to say, has felt more than I have done how heavy is the yoke of despotism. I was for a long time, as well as my brother, its victim, under the empire. We knew how to resist its anger, as well as the seductions which it sometimes employed in the hope of drawing from us what it could not obtain by force. There are positions which trace the line of duty; ours was of that kind. No other resembled it in France; nothing, therefore, favourable to some, or unfavourable to others, can be inferred from the conduct which we observed during that time; but it would also be absurd to conclude that, exposed as I have been to all the rigours of despotism, I must, as a necessary consequence, have become a partizan of absolutism. For myself, I declare that I have never bent the knee before the one more than before the other. If the anonymous publicist to whom these observations are addressed can say as much, I will acknowledge his right of constituting himself judge of my sentiments upon the point; but he must begin by naming himself.'—pp. 17, 18.

To the charge of having given cause for alarm to the purchasers of national property, M. de Polignac replies by stating what his conduct had been. Before the charter of 1814 was promulgated, when those purchasers might with good reason have expected that something like restitution would be required, the possessor of a domain which had belonged to M. de Polignac's father, and had been sold accordingly during the revolution, proposed to return it upon an amicable arrangement—the course which might generally have been pursued, if the restored government had not thought proper to sanction many of the iniquities of the preceding ones. 'I replied,' said he, 'that I had been sent there to employ myself upon the affairs of the country, and not upon my own. A few days afterwards the charter was promulgated; he then renewed his

Digitized by Google

his proposal; my reply then was, that the fundamental law having been pronounced, the property must remain in his hands. My brother and I have acted thus in many instances, and particularly in one which occurred only a few months before the events of 1830.'

The charge of having provoked a re-action towards the ancient regime is met by a direct denial, and by the statement of a fact which deserves to be repeated. During the first days of the restoration, the corps of Marshal Soult and Suchet occupied the military division which was placed under his temporary jurisdiction. He was then in the town of Foix, and the general officer who commanded the department requested him to review the troops which were under his orders. They were drawn out accordingly, and the general, in M. de Polignac's presence, harangued the men, and concluded by saying, 'Soldiers, you will join your voices to mine, and we will repeat together the cry of, *Vive le roi!* he would have said; but, by a slip of the tongue, he said, *Vive l'empereur!* A more unlucky mistake could not, at such a time, have been made, but M. de Polignac saw it was only a mistake, and saw also the extreme embarrassment of the officer. 'Do not distress yourself, general,' he said with ready talent; and raising his voice, he added—'the remembrance of those who have added to the glory of France will always be well interpreted under the reign of a Bourbon!' He was answered by shouts of *Vive le roi!* from all the ranks.

The other statements of the anonymous historian are disposed of briefly but satisfactorily.

'I proceed now,' says the writer, 'to questions of a higher nature. Desirous of avoiding all offensive polemics, I have no intention of discussing in the ensuing pages the merits of the political principles whereof I shall have occasion to speak;—I take them as I find them, without examining what they may contain of good or evil. A different course might perhaps call forth susceptibilities likely to maintain between parties those divisions which I would fain see extinguished for ever. I could even wish that the publicist to whom these lines are addressed had not forced me to take up the pen. The past belongs to us no longer; and he who, when he looks back, can perceive nothing in a long agitated life but the inconstant sport of a capricious fortune, must, more than any one, desire to escape from everything that can bring back the recollection. This is the sentiment which I now feel. In fact the career which I have gone through presents almost all the vicissitudes that fortune can reserve for man. I have known exile, proscription, captivity,—I have inhabited the palace of kings; sickness and poverty have visited me in their turns; I have known the agitation of camps,—I have tasted the sweets of private

Digitized by Google

private life; finally, I have occupied the first post in a foreign country, and the first in my own; thus I may say that I have exhausted all kinds of prosperity and all kinds of misfortunes. What may be the lot which Providence has in store for me I know not; but there is none, happy or miserable, the likeness of which may not be retraced in the past.'—pp. 28, 29.

Here M. de Polignac dismisses that part of the subject which relates personally to himself. Nothing is more remarkable in the national character of the French than the facility with which they accommodate themselves to any change of fortune. Necessity is proverbially said to teach patience, but the French are the only people who submit to that stern teacher with a good grace, and receive her lessons cheerfully. But it is not by national gaiety of heart that M. de Polignac has been supported; nor is it constitutional levity that enables him quietly to contemplate with such philosophic indifference the vicissitudes through which he has passed;—it is because he is a religious and good man that he writes like one who is at peace with himself and in charity with all men. They who abuse a prosperous fortune, or fail to use it as they ought, heavy as the account will be which they have to render, are perhaps in a less awful state than those who fail to benefit by the uses of adversity, which, where there is a living principle of devotion, never fails to produce upon the sufferer its salutary end.

Passing to the second and wider branch of his subject, the ex-minister proceeds to treat of the distinguishing character of the present epoch, and the equilibrium of political powers in a representative government.

'We are no longer,' he says, 'in times when the effects of some strong passion concentered in the heart of a single man, such as ambition, hatred, and sometimes even jealousy, sufficed for overthrowing an established government. Great social interests serve at present as causes for that political convulsion which shakes the civilized world. Men regard these under different aspects, and thence arise divergent opinions; they arrange these in the order useful toward the end which they propose to themselves, and thence result the political principles which divide us. These principles have for their object the improvement, real or apparent, of society; estimable men, therefore, may embrace them in good faith. What then is the influence which the movement in the minds of men must necessarily have upon the political character (*les mœurs politiques*) of the present epoch? When in former ages there was a struggle between individual interests—when powerful men, possessed with ambition or with enmity, troubled the state as their own passions impelled them, seized the reins of a weak government, or placed upon their own heads the crown which they had usurped,—this could but be called a revolution in the state; for

Digitized by Google

for then, ambition being once satisfied, society fell more or less readily into its accustomed order; a notable change having altered its constitution, it remained in that respect unaffected by the questions agitated in its bosom. But at present the shock of two political principles necessarily brings forth a revolution, for the triumph of one shakes society to its foundation; it influences its manners, its dispositions, its doctrines; it changes the bases upon which it rests. The struggle is in the name and for the well-being of society; all its members, according to their opinions, are naturally impelled to take a part more or less active, and hence it follows that political convulsions, which are perhaps produced more slowly than they were in former times, are now more sudden in their explosion and irresistible in their effect.'—pp. 35-37.

One distinctive sign which the ex-minister deduces is, the sudden changes operated in the social order whenever, in the struggle between two principles, the one triumphs. A second is, that as the principles by which society is now divided rest upon general interests, and have for their end the melioration of society itself, the object is moral and praiseworthy. It becomes, therefore, of importance to understand the sort of influence which these principles may exercise over those who embrace them.

'Man,' he says, 'is born to be in society; his first duty is towards society; this duty becomes in some a deep sentiment, in others a pretext for attaining their own interested ends;—with all, its accomplishment is the object of a real or simulated respect. The obligations which it imposes may sometimes be ill understood and ill reasoned, but we may well conceive that the rules which they trace may become, in ardent minds, equivalent to an article of faith. Now the political principles of our times being associated with the sentiment of a duty of which society expects the fulfilment, it is easy to understand the power of action which these principles can exercise in their adherents. I shall not then hesitate to say that, in politics, principles govern parties, and are to them what passions—taken in a good as well as evil acceptation—are to individual men. The passions take possession of those who give themselves up to them,—they impel, they attract, they direct them; resistance becomes a provocation to new efforts, success an encouragement toward further advantages. A political principle finds in its adherents the same devotement and the same docility. The useful object which it holds forth to them inflames their hearts and kindles their imaginations; it guides them like a chief, it commands them like a master, and makes whatever force it finds in their souls, whatever power in their understanding, subservient to its designs. It is a belief which triumphs over death in those who have faith in it; it is a religion which, though earth-born, can, like that which came to us from Heaven, produce its confessors and its martyrs. It has its mysteries also, and these are not known to all till in the day

Digitized by Google

of success. For any one who understands the human heart, for any one who has reflected upon the almost magical effects which great thoughts can operate upon him, true or even false, when they connect themselves with questions of social interest, and are capable of giving birth to great actions, or of making noble virtues shine forth,—for such a person enough has been said to prove that every political principle which agitates men in masses, leads them, governs them, and necessarily impels them towards the object which it proposes.'—pp. 38-40.

This is not the less true if we substitute for *principle* the truer word *opinion*, which, as Ben Jonson has well said, 'is a light, vain, and imperfect thing, settled in the imagination, but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason.' For most men have so little leisure, and so little inclination, many so little ability, and others so little possibility of inquiring into the ground of their opinions, that they mistake them for principles: and why popular political opinions, caught as they always are in distempered times like a disease that is at once endemic and contagious, should generally be erroneous, Bayle has shown in an observation which he made with a different and malicious intention:—'*Les vérités naturelles étant beaucoup moins propres à reveiller et à flatter les passions, et à remuer des hommes par les divers intérêts qui les attachent à la société, que certaines opinions fausses, il est plus probable que les opinions qui se sont établies dans l'esprit de la plupart des hommes sont fausses, qu'il n'est probable qu'elles sont vraies.*' And for the same reason that such opinions are more likely to be false than true, the influence with which they act upon men is not unfrequently in proportion to their falsehood, just as deleterious liquors, by their forced and injurious excitement, put men in a condition to perform exertions in which sober strength would fail, and to perpetrate deeds from which the sane mind and the natural heart would shrink.

Having thus shown that the domination which political opinions exercise over those who embrace them must be regarded as a distinguishing sign of the present times, M. de Polignac proceeds to show, that in a society thus organized there must needs exist a political power, which, by its nature and by its more intimate connexion with the principle of its formation, preserves a real preponderance over the other powers of the state. If the principle which has presided in the political organization of society is a monarchical principle, it is then with the sovereign that this preponderating power resides; if, on the contrary, it is a democratical principle, that political supremacy appertains then to the delegates of the community of the citizens, because in

Digitized by Google

in that community the sovereignty is thought to reside. What the author thus denominates *pouvoir prépondérant* is, he thinks, erroneously called *pouvoir constituant*, because, when society has once been organized, no political power, except indeed its organization includes the principle of an absolute monarchy, can of itself *constitute*, that is, create new fundamental laws, unless it has some primitive delegation which reserves to it expressly the exercise of this right; and of this he thinks there are few examples in history, if indeed there be any. The political power of which he here treats is, properly speaking, only the depository of that principle which presided at the distribution of the other powers of the society, and at the formation of those fundamental laws which regulate the rights of all: and the preponderance which it exercises can only serve for taking in emergency all measures for saving the deposit with which it has been entrusted: for if the principle of which it is the guardian should be lost (*venait à lui échapper*) there would be a disturbance in the state; if it should be broken, another principle would take its place; this would be a revolution.—p. 42.

It would be unreasonable, he observes, to suppose that the political powers in a state can always be perfectly equal; disorder would easily introduce itself into a society so constituted. In fact, there must necessarily be friction, and sometimes collision in the action of these different powers one upon the other; continual movement in all cases, and consequently displacement in course of time; this must alter the principle which has served as a basis for the organization of society, and must end at length in changing its condition. If it be objected that the preponderance acquired by one power in the state for its own profit, may become dangerous by its abuse, the author replies, that it is a power which can only be used temporarily, and that the danger which it is used for averting being once past, things return to their accustomed order. The necessity of self-preservation must be felt by every political power, as it is by every individual: and violent remedies are never used except for a grievous disease. All human institutions bear the stamp of the imperfection of human nature,—all, therefore, contain the germs more or less prolific of abuses; but unquestionably that must be the most frail of all which contains no preservative against any danger that may threaten the principle whereon it rests.

This reasoning he exemplifies in the case of our own country.

'No one doubts that the democratic principle is actually the dominant principle of the organization of society in England. The aristocracy still exercise there a power in fact, but since the revolution of 1688 it has lost its ancient social position. At that

Digitized by Google

memorable epoch the democratic principle already thrown into English society during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I., made itself to be tacitly acknowledged in the debates which arose upon the occasion of the accession of William of Orange to the throne. The sovereignty of the people served as a basis for the discussions, as a pretext for the election. The House of Commons drew after it the vote of the House of Peers, and it has never since ceased to be the influential political power, that is to say, *le pouvoir prépondérant.* The Reform Bill which at present agitates England gives a greater development to the democratic principle which, in 1688, insinuated itself into the English constitution during the struggle between two other principles—religious liberty, and the absolutism of the English church. But it is proper to introduce an observation here, which appears to me to have been hitherto not perceived,—and it is upon the power of words in the circumstances which I am now noting. One cannot doubt that, at the time of the Revolution in England, it was not intended to give to the collective word "people" the same signification which attaches to it in our days. The times in which the aristocracy made itself felt were then too near, and it could only be pretended to associate with that influence, with the view of weakening it, but not with the view of overthrowing it. According, therefore, to the spirit of the age, the word "sovereignty," coupled with that of "people," could only apply to that mass of proprietors, who, though called from time immemorial, and according to the customary forms of the English constitution, to take cognizance of important questions of state, occupied, nevertheless, only a secondary place in the general direction of affairs. The French Revolution of 1789 gave to the democratic principle which is here spoken of all the extension possible. The Declaration of the Rights of Man made the *sovereignty of the people* reside in the universality of citizens, without distinction of those who possessed property, or those who did not; property might be the source of personal well-being, but ceased to be considered as the origin of a right. The new value given to the word "people" was presently comprehended by the multitude. England sees this at present, for how else can the tumultuous agitation because of the Reform Bill be accounted for in that part of the population who have nothing to do with the political rights which the Bill confers, unless we suppose that, by the instinct natural to every being that desires and aspires, they already hail the dawn of a power which is coming towards them, and which they are fearful of letting escape them? The moment perhaps is not far off when their desires will be accomplished.'—pp. 45-8.

M. de Polignac finds in the constitution of the United States an exception to his general rule. There the two principal political powers are charged, on the same title, to watch over the preservation of the democratic principle; the people being represented both in the Senate and in the Lower House. This he considers to be a *radical defect;* and says 'when increased population

Digitized by Google

tion creates new wants and new interests, a time must come when a fortuitous event, or unforeseen circumstance, will occasion a collision between these two powers. The constitutive principle of the society will then be rent, and it must give way; for every principle, like every empire that is divided against itself, must perish. This, therefore, is an exception which tends to prove the rule.'

No written constitution, M. de Polignac says, ever established more explicitly than the charter of 1814, the principle *qui sert de base à la pondération des pouvoirs politiques dans une société.* That principle was monarchical, consequently the political preponderance fell to the share of the crown, and may be said to have been registered in the fourteenth article of the charter. The sovereign, who was the author of the constitution, exercised on various occasions the right which the political preponderance conferred upon him. This is authentically proved by the ordonnances for levying an extraordinary impost without the concurrence of the Chambers—for expelling from the kingdom sundry Frenchmen without a trial—for increasing, without any legal authorization, the number of members in the Elective Chambers,—and for altering the conditions of elegibility for the deputy, and the qualification of the elector. The right thus exercised was solemnly recognized by the other powers of the state; and it has been admitted, since the three days, in the plainest terms, by the opponents of the monarchical principle. Such testimony, given at such a time, cannot be suspected, and nothing can be more unequivocal than what the ex-minister has here adduced from the journal entitled *Le National*, and from a speech of M. Guizot's in the Chamber of Deputies. We transcribe both passages in the original language:—

The journal says, on the 20th June 1831,—

'*La charte octroyée* sans l'art. 14. *eût été* une absurdité. *Le fondateur de la charte avait dit*, et dû dire—*Je veux faire une concession, mais non pas telle que cette concession puisse me détruire moi et les miens; en conséquence si l'expérience m'apprend que j'ai trop accordé, je me réserve la faculté de reviser ma constitution, et c'est là ce que j'exprime par l'art.* 14. *Cela était parfaitement logique; ceux qui avaient voulu la légitimité et la restauration devaient vouloir jusqu'au bout* que le roi ne peut rendre son épée.'

M. Guizot's words, on the 29th December, 1830, were these:—

'*Quand la charte parut en* 1814, *que fit le pouvoir? Il eut soin de déposer dans le préambule le mot* octroyé *et* dans le texte l'art. 14. *qui donnait la faculté de faire des ordonnances pour la sûreté de l'état; c'est à dire qu'il s'attribuait, avant la charte, un droit antérieur, extérieur,*

Digitized by Google

extérieur à la charte; ou autrement un pouvoir souverain, constituant, absolu.'

But both the orator and the journalist go here, in M. de Polignac's judgment, beyond the truth. The power attributed by the charter of 1814 to the crown conceded to it no right of absolute sovereignty; no faculty of revising, and, consequently, of changing the written constitution. No such power could be admitted in a society which was not under the rule of absolutism. This does not affect the main question. Certain it is that, under the charter of 1814, the preponderating power, by virtue of the monarchical principle, was inherent in the crown.

'The charter of 1830 changed the condition of society in France; the political preponderance which was anciently placed in the hands of the sovereign, passed necessarily to one of the other powers of the state; it must necessarily follow the principle which had served as a basis for the repartition of the powers of society, and the *fixation* of the rights of all; and as this principle was neither monarchic nor aristocratic, but purely democratic, it followed that the preponderant power could be no other than that which emanated most directly from this last principle, which most steadily bore in mind its origin, and which was most interested in maintaining its integrity. I do not hesitate, then, to affirm, that the political preponderance which formerly was attached to the crown, appertains in the social system of France, such as it had been made by the revolution of 1830, to the Chamber of Deputies; for I am not examining here the hierarchical order of the powers of the state among themselves. That hierarchy is only the result of a social convention, which does not affect the degree of influence attributed to each. It may be, that the Elective Chamber may refuse at present to acknowledge the existence of that preponderance which has devolved upon it by virtue of the principle of its formation; and in all cases it will do wisely to use it soberly. But if some unforeseen event breaks out,—if some sudden convulsion menaces the principle whereon the actual system of the social organization is founded, it must then perforce avail itself of it, lest the political edifice, which it is especially charged to protect and to maintain uninjured, should fall to pieces. Its interests will require that it should act thus; and I will say farther—its new duties will make it an obligation.'—pp. 53-5.

These observations M. de Polignac applies to recent events. The principle, which till then had been preponderant, was overthrown by the Three Days; it was replaced by another, and the consequent result was an actual revolution in society. The insurrection which occurred at that time had no character of an ordinary insurrection—the matter which was made the pretext for it was one not in the slightest degree affecting the social condition of the majority of those who engaged in it; for the great majority consisted of that class of persons who were formerly called workmen, but

Digitized by Google

but who, in the improved language of the age, are now denominated operatives in England, and denominate themselves *workies* in America. However persons of that description might feel in America or England, in Paris they must have been very indifferent to anything that concerned the periodical press or the electoral census. They engaged in the struggle with ardour, because they expected to have their share in the advantages which were to be gained by victory, and this they looked for from the triumph of the democratical principle which in three days overthrew and supplanted the monarchical one. In truth, says M. de Polignac, the struggle between them filled the whole history of the restoration from 1815.

'One may fix the point from which the opposing principle starts, follow its march, indicate its effects, and proclaim the result.

'*Point de départ.*—Principle announced by the Chamber of Representatives, July 5, 1815. *Souveraineté du peuple. Royauté élective. Couleurs tricolores.*

'*Marche, ou moyens d'exécution.*—Systematic opposition, brought forward in all forms, but principally adopted in the parliamentary tribunes.

'*Effets.*—Embarrassment of the crown proved by the choice of sixty-two different ministers in the course of fifteen years; continual enfeeblement of the monarchical principle proved by this simple fact, that all the ministers have, without exception, left the royal power more unstable when they quitted office than when they accepted it.

'*Résultats.*—Charter of 1830. *Souveraineté du peuple. Royauté élective. Couleurs tricolores.*'—p. 59.

The ex-minister then anticipates and obviates an objection which the anonymous author to whom his observations are addressed might possibly advance. That author may be one of those numerous persons who, having contended, without suspecting it, against the monarchical principle of the charter, have effected what they never desired, and would repel any imputation of having wished for the triumph of the opposite principle. He may have been consistent in his own views, but the torrent has borne him away. *La politique, comme la nature, se meut aussi par des lois générales et souvent inconnues; elle a sa force d'attraction, ses tourbillons, son centre de gravité.*

'Does he require proof of this? Let him ask the 221 deputies who voted the memorable address of 1830. Some of them, old and devoted defenders of a monarchy of fourteen centuries, groan for the triumph of a principle which they never thought to serve; others give themselves up to regret; all, however, in uniting their efforts to those of men more clear-sighted than themselves, have contributed to the same result. And what has that result been? A more eloquent voice than mine answered that question, not many months ago, from the tribune —"*Députés de* 1830," said he, "*vous ne vouliez que renverser un ministère,*

Digitized by Google

ministère, mais vous avez brisé une couronne."—a saying full of truth. The address of the 221 was, in fact, the first stroke of the tocsin sounded against the monarchy.

"A political principle marches directly towards its object; nothing but victory can satisfy it; *c'est dans l'ordre;* its triumph alone can effect its development, and identify it with the society, the system whereof it would reorganize. Whether it carries by force what is refused to it, or whether what it requires is granted—it goes on demanding till it has obtained all. Perseverance is the characteristic trait which distinguishes it. It is easy to ascertain its presence in the ranks of any opposition. If, when anything which has been demanded in the name of the public weal, has been once granted, the struggle ends—there has been nothing more than a simple and natural opposition there—the opposition of one set of men against another. Whether individual ambition may or may not find its account, the good being once attained, the mass are content. If, on the contrary, one demand, when satisfied, begets new demands in succession, which nothing can satisfy or quiet, there is an opposition of *principles* there. These two kinds of opposition may mutually afford aid to each other, for nothing is more frequent than to see private interest clothed with all the colour of the public good; but the principle always predominates at last; *il fait alors justice de ceux qui voudraient entraver sa marche.*'—pp. 61, 2.

The reflections to which this passage may give rise will bring a sigh from many an honest heart, and smiles upon some of those countenances, of which nature has in legible characters warned all honest men to beware. M. de Polignac applies it to illustrate the events of Charles X.'s reign. During that reign the acts of the government were evidently designed to satisfy the demands of the opposition. In 1824 the crown found the censorship of the press in force; it removed it. The opposition wished to take away the power of re-establishing it: the law of July 18, 1828, abrogated that power. It was wished to facilitate the circulation of the periodical papers in the provinces; that same law authorised this. Apprehensions were expressed lest certain abuses of ministerial influence should be repeated in future elections. The law of July 2, 1828, prevented this. The establishment of some colleges of Jesuits in France was denounced as illegal. The ordinance of June 16, 1828, suppressed them; and measures were taken to prevent any member of that society from taking any part in public education. As further measures of conciliation, two successive amnesties restored the exiles to their country, and set all state prisoners at liberty. After these measures, none of which could be obtained under Louis XVIII., the crown, according to M. de Polignac, might have expected that the three powers of the state would thenceforth engage in public affairs with that spirit of conciliation which ought to prevail in the deliberations of a great family council.

Digitized by Google

council. And without doubt these expectations would, in ordinary circumstances, have been realized; but the democratical principle had been avowed by a party in the state. Having thus far overcome all the resistance which had been opposed to it, this party proceeded with the determination of overthrowing all that might yet be made, pushing forward to new successes, and drawing after it in its progress its defenders and adherents—whatever might be their individual opinions. It seems, indeed, as if a greater degree of moral freedom were retained by the soldier who has enlisted for life, or by any description of bondsmen, even by a negro slave, than by those who have engaged in the ranks of a political party. 'I look upon common sense,' says Lord Chesterfield, 'to be to the mind, what conscience is to the heart, the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong; and I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly, but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other.' Alas! the spirit of party often exacts the sacrifice of both, as rigorously as the spirit of evil in tales of witchcraft enforces his claim upon his deluded and miserable victims. We need not look to France for examples of this truth.

M. de Polignac expresses no such reflections. Fixing his attention upon the general principles which he saw opposed to each other, it is by these alone that he traces the course of events, without referring to the puppets whom they have put in motion. We do well in tracing the effect of general principles upon society—we do better when we deduce from the revolutions which they bring about, some proofs of that all-seeing Providence which, soon or late, rewards nations as well as individuals according to their iniquities. M. de Polignac's language might seem to go further than this, and to imply a creed of political fatalism, if it were taken literally, and not with regard to his peculiar situation. Belief is much more an affair of volition than most people are willing to confess, and motives are not wanting which might incline men, especially those who have been signally unfortunate, and at the same time consider themselves greatly injured, to adopt a faith that may mitigate hostile feelings, subdue resentful ones, and induce an easier and more entire resignation under existing evils, by considering them not merely as being now inevitable, but as having always been so. But, though the language of this pamphlet might bear such an interpretation, and the condition of the writer might thus render such an interpretation plausible—moderation, charity, and patience may be better accounted for in him by that sad wisdom which is the bitter but wholesome fruit of adversity, and by the influence of religion. The practical charity deduced from fatalism is indeed a charity that, according to the uncharitable proverb,

'begins

Digitized by Google

'begins at home,' and a fatal charity it is; for were men once generally to persuade themselves that they are not moral and responsible agents, (a consequence strictly deducible from that doctrine,) this earth would soon be so overspread with crimes, that the plagues in the Apocalypse might presently be expected to commence.

How impossible it was for the machine of government in France to go on when the wheels were continually impeded by systematic obstructions, was brought home to the conviction of the King by a conversation with a distinguished deputy, after the close of the session in July, 1829. The Chamber was at that time divided into a multitude of fractions, characterised by as many dangerous opinions; and Charles X. asked whether, notwithstanding this apparent discordance, it might not be possible to form in the Chamber itself a compact majority for the support of government. The deputy, M. Royer Collard (he is not named in the pamphlet before us,) replied—'*Ne vous y trompez pas, Sire; il ne pourra jamais sortir de la Chambre actuelle qu'une majorité hostile à tout ministère, quel qu'il soit!*'

'These words left a lively and deep impression on the mind of Charles X. I am not the only person,' says M. de Polignac, 'who have often heard him repeat them, and witnessed the powerful effect which they produced upon him. It could not be dissembled that they were conformable to truth. There was then a want of unity in the proceedings of the Chamber;—the different fractions of which it was composed, sometimes conflicting and sometimes coalescing, offered to the ministers nothing but the elements of a majority which was often imperious and always fugitive. One of the representatives of the crown had already exclaimed that they were on the road to anarchy; another had declared that any government would soon become impossible. Who does not perceive in this state of things the presence of a principle more powerful than human combinations, paralyzing the principle against which it struggles, for the purpose of overthrowing it more easily at last? To attribute to men that which here belongs only to a principle would be pronouncing the severest censure upon the representative system—it would be to prove the impossibility of its ever being established in France, by demonstrating the impossibility of its duration. But such an hypothesis would neither accord with our manners, such as the revolution has made them, nor with the political opinions of any party. Before the opening of the session of 1830 the same deputy obtained another audience: Charles X. asked him the same question as in the preceding year, and received the same reply. Now, fully admitting that a majority might exist against the ministry which was at that time placed at the helm of affairs, one cannot comprehend—without confounding all admitted notions of a representative government—that a compact and homogeneous majority could not be formed in favour of any ministry whatsoever. Such political signs announced a near dissolution.'—pp. 67-69.

It

Digitized by Google

It will not be expected, M. de Polignac says, that he should enter into any explanation relating to the formation of that ministry which preceded the events of July, 1830, his object being not to explain facts by men, but to trace them to their causes. Yet he says, *simplement en passant*, that among the persons whom the crown at that time called to its councils, there was one among others to whom it might, perhaps, have been permitted to feel astonished at the intentions which were imputed to him on his entering office. 'Some members of the opposition could, if they had chosen, have rendered justice to his sentiments, for they knew them; an intimacy of many years had sufficiently revealed them. No recent force of contact from which any difference of sentiment might arise could have effaced these old remembrances; for the person in question, occupying an important post abroad, had long quitted the theatre of parliamentary strife. And among all persons, of all classes, ranks, and parties, there was not one who ever heard him utter an opinion which could justify the imputations cast upon him at that time.' He appeals to the opinions which he had at different times maintained in the chamber of peers, and asks what proof could be shown that he had changed them. But leaving this as extraneous to the subject, however important to himself, he proceeds to show what were the intentions and measures of government after he had been called to bear a part in it.

Two evils, which the theorists of the revolution introduced, and which the practical statesmen whom Buonaparte employed in consolidating his despotism had established, were loudly complained of by the opposition at this time,—the centralization in the capital of all those matters relating to the interior administration which might as well be determined in the departments, and the compulsory system of education prescribed by the law of the Imperial university. The first, it may be suspected, had been allowed to continue after the restoration, because there were no other means of satisfying the Buonapartists, who gave in their adhesion (according to the phrase of the day) but by leaving them in possession of their prefectures, sub-prefectures, and other offices connected with this centralizing and injurious system. The second may have been continued from motives connected with better feelings, though not with a wiser policy. Finding such a system of education in force, the devout members of the Bourbon family may have hoped gradually to place it in the hands of the Jesuits, as the fittest agents for instilling into the rising generation those principles to which they attached both a religious and political importance. Both systems were injurious, the latter especially so; but none of those persons who now raised their voices to condemn them, had dared ever to whisper their disapprobation under the imperial government, and it was less for the sake of reform that a change was called

Digitized by Google

called for, than for the purpose of embarrassing the government. La Fayette denounced them both. M. de Polignac took measures for removing them: his opinions had been communicated to the ministers who preceded him, and when he became minister himself, it was announced to the Chambers that legislative measures for effecting the desired reforms would be submitted to them. Other plans were at the same time announced, having for their objects the encouragement of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, making new roads and canals, administering the taxes, and at the same time improving the revenue. But how was this communication received? In the debate upon the address, M. Dupin *aîné* exclaimed, *Quand bien même les ministres nous apporteraient des lois bonnes et utiles pour le pays, ces lois devraient être repoussées—Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* M. de Polignac heard this avowal of an hostility that set at nought all considerations of right and wrong, and that, acting upon the principle of opposition to be pursued *per fas et nefas*, thus openly professed its disregard of all other principles. He rightly understood it, as announcing that the supplies would be refused.

The liberal party did not wait for the Chambers to do this; they hastened to declare that, if the taxes were voted, they would refuse to pay them. *Un noyau d'association*, says La Fayette's encomiast, *formé pour le refus de l'impôt, se propagea avec une prodigieuse rapidité. La presse, s'élevant à toute la hauteur de sa mission, s'engagea dans une guerre de tous les instans contre les projets avérés du gouvernement.* The writer reproaches the Bourbon government with *l'emploi le plus criminel de toutes les espèces de fraudes:* he is, probably, the only writer who *still* dares to represent them as the authors of *un vaste et atroce complot promenant l'incendie dans nos provinces:* but that charge was one of the wicked means employed by the French propagandists of rebellion, when the press on that occasion 'elevated itself to all the height of its mission.'

'No means'—says a writer, who, having been in Paris during this crisis, thought that his observations might go far toward effecting 'a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania'—'from the moment of the formation of the Polignac administration no means were neglected to stimulate the activity of the factious—to alarm the fears, and excite the passions of the ignorant. Everywhere they combined to refuse the taxes, everywhere they stirred up and agitated the populace, and even persuaded a nation that their government were a band of incendiaries ravaging their finest provinces. Oh! those precious fires of Normandy, and their choice imitations on the neighbouring shores of England! Blind or infatuated must they be who do not see that all these fires were lighted by the same brand! The police of the French government was never more active than in its attempts to arrest this scourge, and

Digitized by Google

and to detect its origin. I was well acquainted with the anxiety of the ministers in their private circles, and the deep alarm of the sovereign himself *.'

'Kindled by the same brand' our fires undoubtedly were, though, when once kindled, the newspapers, as well as the regular dealers in treason, fanned them, and their own sparks carried the mischief far and wide. But if the *French* government had succeeded in apprehending any persons against whom there was full moral proof that they were engaged as itinerant incendiaries, that government, without having recourse to the torture, or any other unjustifiable course, would have found means of making them reveal by whom they were employed.

La révolution serait finie, said M. de Bonald, *quand ceux qui l'ont faite l'auraient pardonnée à ceux qui l'ont soufferte.* La Fayette's life bears testimony to the truth of this remark, whatever his heart may do. His encomiast intimates that he was actually engaged in one conspiracy † against Louis XVIII., and that his good fortune saved him from detection. He claims no merit for his political hero on the score of this unsuccessful treason, feeling, probably, that any such merit would be supererogatory in his case. Others, however, have manfully claimed credit for the same thing; the government of Louis Philippe have been called upon to erect a monument in honour of the conspirators who suffered death, and some of those who escaped from that punishment have applied to be indemnified for their losses, and rewarded for their conduct. 'The leaders of the new revolution glory in the constant assertion, that their reiterated devotion and solemn oaths for fifteen years were only the veils of a systematic conspiracy; and that all this time, while a dynasty of fourteen ages confidingly reposed upon their loyalty, and upon the laws, they were, in fact, only the actors in a long drama of duplicity and mystification ‡.' One of them 'de-

* France and England, or A Cure, &c. pp. 70, 71.

† Speaking of a charge made against him in 1823, by the procureur du roi, M. Mayen, which La Fayette 'disdained to deny,' M. Sarrans says, 'L'accusation spéciale dont il s'agit ici n'était point exacte. Mais il est vrai de dire que dans la célèbre affaire de Bedford (Belfort) qui échoua par un accident *fortuit, La Fayette n'avait pas été étranger au mouvement. Son fils et lui répondant à l'appel qui leur avait été fait par de nombreux patriotes et même par des corps de l'armée, se dévouèrent en cette occasion de manière à courir des dangers dans lesquels ils furent bien servis par leur étoile. Mais il est juste d'ajouter qu'avant de prendre ce parti, La Fayette avait dénoncé à la tribune les violations de la charte, et proclamé franchement que dans son opinion, une violation quelconque de cette charte nous rendait à* tous l'indépendance primitive de nos droits et de nos devoirs.'—*La Fayette, et la Révolution de* 1830, tom. i. p. 123 n.

M. Sarrans felt that the disclosure might appear somewhat inconsistent with the *franchise et bonne foi* which La Fayette proclaims when he acts as his own trumpeter; and therefore advances this notable defence—that no man can justly be reproached for acting as a conspirator, if he has previously professedt he principles of an outlaw.

‡. England and France, p. 54.

lights

Digitized by Google

lights in observing, *nous avons joué la comédie.*' If the art of government has received no improvement in latter times, it must be admitted that the art of conspiracy against a government has been carried to perfection. There is nothing in the 'treason-line' that may not now be said with perfect impunity, and scarcely anything that may not be done.

An old zealot of republicanism in our own country has placed 'the perfection of government' in 'such a libration in the frame of it, that no man, or men, under it, can have the interest, or (having the interest) can have the power, to disturb it with impunity.' Not only governments, but men themselves, must be very different from what they are, before the first part of this perfection can be attained: the second is certainly attainable wherever good laws are enforced as they ought to be. But if a government fail to protect itself by the enactment of such laws, or, having such, forbears, either from fear or favour, to avail itself of them, a power above the law will speedily make itself felt; and having once been recognized, it will not rest till it has put all other powers under its feet. A power above the law may be exercised against governments as well as by them; for despotism is neither the only, nor the worst form, in which it manifests itself. And when there exists an active and formidable opposition, founded not upon the different views which men, with the same attachment to the constitution, and with intentions equally good, may take of state-measures, but upon a rooted principle of enmity to the existing institutions, or of hatred to the reigning family,—when such an opposition, proceeding by legal means to effect its revolutionary design, obstructs the wheels of government, with the intention of making it impossible for the machine to go on, a crisis is then evidently at hand, which, to whatever side the die may fall favourably, can be decided only by a power above the law.

In this condition the French government found itself in March, 1830, when a majority of the Chamber voted an address, declaring that they could place no confidence in his majesty's ministry. It may be worth while to notice here the remarks of the *Times* newspaper on this occasion. 'Since his accession to power,' said that journal, 'the Prince de Polignac had done nothing either to forfeit the good opinion of his master, or to prove his incapacity for the administration. Whatever, therefore, could be said or done against the ministry in the legislative Chambers, or in the address of the Deputies, must be considered by the king as directed against his own views of policy,—against his own plans for the government of his people.' And when Charles X. in consequence dissolved the Chambers, and issued a proclamation to the people, the same journalist (whom Carlisle addresses as 'Dread Sovereign of the Press') observed that

'the

Digitized by Google

'the time for putting forth this document was well chosen, and the subject matter of it judiciously selected. The last Chamber of Deputies (he proceeds) acted with blind fury, in rejecting the address, and stigmatizing ministers before they had performed a single act from which the character of their administration could be known. To justify their conduct, it became necessary to slander the government, and even the king himself, upon surmise, and for imputed designs. It would be well if Frenchmen would, before they move, wait till some reasonable ground exists for the apprehension that their rights will be violated, and that they would not put themselves under the guidance of demagogues, some of whom are, probably, enemies to any regular settlement of the kingdom, and a great portion of whom certainly do not understand what true constitutional liberty is.'

That address of the Chamber, M. de Polignac says, was the first stroke of the tocsin sounded against the monarchy. *Députés de* 1830, said M. Pages, *vous ne vouliez que renverser un ministère, mais vous avez brisé une couronne.* Most of those deputies may, indeed, hope to be forgiven, because they knew not what they did; very few among them, it may be believed, had made such large steps in the dark towards rebellion as La Fayette, if his encomiast has not belied him; but the most honourable of them can never forgive themselves. The appeal to the nation failed; at any other time the conquest of Algiers would have made Prince Polignac the most popular of ministers; but that portion of the people who busied themselves in public affairs had neither ears, nor eyes, nor hearts for anything but grievances, imaginary or exaggerated; the opposition orators had dosed them with disaffection, while the Chambers were sitting; and the democratic press dieted them with it at all times. Of such orators it was said by Bayle, *il n'y a pas de plus puissant instrument que la langue de ces gens-là pour troubler le repos public, et pour pousser les peuples à prendre les armes.* And of such a press the ministers spoke truly when they charged it with endeavouring, 'by constant, persevering, daily-repeated efforts, to relax all the bonds of obedience and subordination, to weaken all the springs of public authority, to degrade and debase it in the opinion of the people, to erect against it every embarrassment and resistance.' The elections having, by means of the press, been carried against the king's government, the next move would have been check-mate, and at political chess the game is not to be saved by playing for a stale-mate.

In the Report which the ministers addressed to the king on this occasion, they imputed the whole evil to the periodical press.

'Its art (said they) consists not in substituting for a too easy submission of mind a prudent liberty of examination, but in reducing to problems the most positive truths;—not in exciting free and useful controversy

Digitized by Google

controversy upon political questions, but in placing them in a false light and colouring than by sophisms. Thus it has excited confusion in the most upright minds—has shaken the most firm convictions; and produced in the midst of society a confusion of principles which lends itself to the most fatal attempts. It is by anarchy in doctrines that it prepares the way for anarchy in the state.'

Having just shown in what manner the journals deceived the public by suppressing, mutilating, or misrepresenting facts, and how by such artifices it held up the government sometimes to hatred, sometimes to derision, the Report proceeds thus:—

'This is not all. The press tends to no less than to subjugate the sovereignty, and to invade the powers of the state. The pretended organ of public opinion, it aspires to direct the debates of the two Chambers, and it is incontestable that it brings into them the weight of an influence no less fatal than decisive. This domination has assumed, especially within these two or three years, in the Chamber of Deputies, a manifest character of oppression and tyranny. We have seen the journals pursue, with their insults and outrages, the members whose votes appeared to them doubtful or suspected.'

'Let us not fear to disclose here the whole extent of our evils, in order the better to appreciate the whole extent of our resources. A system of defamation, organized on a great scale, and directed with unequalled perseverance, reaches, either near at hand or at a distance, the most humble of the agents of the government. None of your subjects, Sire, is secure from an insult, if he receives from his sovereign the least mark of confidence or satisfaction. A vast net thrown over France envelopes all the public functionaries. Placed in a constant state of accusation, they seem to be in a manner cut off from civil society; only those are spared whose fidelity wavers,—only those are praised whose fidelity gives way; the others are marked by the faction, to be in the sequel, without doubt, sacrificed to popular vengeance.

'No strength, it must be confessed, is able to resist a dissolving power so active. The press at all times, when it has been freed from its fetters, has made an irruption and invasion in the state. One cannot but be singularly struck with the similitude of its effects during these last fifteen years, notwithstanding circumstances, and notwithstanding the changes of the men who have figured on the political stage. Its destiny, in a word, is to recommence the revolution, the principles of which it loudly proclaims. Placed and replaced at various intervals under the yoke of the censorship, it has always resumed its liberty only to recommence its interrupted work. In order to continue it with the more success, it has found an active auxiliary in the departmental press, which, engaging in combat local jealousies and hatreds, striking terror into the minds of timid men, harassing authority by endless intrigues, has exercised a decisive influence on the elections.

'The periodical press has not displayed less ardour in pursuing, with its

Digitized by Google

its poisoned darts, religion and its priests. Its object is, and always will be, to root out of the heart of the people even the last germ of religious sentiments. Sire, do not doubt that it will succeed in this, by attacking the foundations of faith, by poisoning the sources of public morals, and by covering the ministers of the altar with derision and contempt.'

'Judicial forms do not easily lend themselves to an effectual repression. This truth had long since struck reflecting minds; it has lately become still more evident. To satisfy the wants which caused its institution, the repression ought to be prompt and strong; it has been slow, weak, and almost null. When it interferes, the mischief is already done, and the punishment, far from repairing it, only adds the scandal of the discussion.

'The judicial prosecution is wearied out, but the seditious press is never weary. The one stops because there is too much to prosecute: the other multiplies its strength by multiplying its transgressions. At different times prosecutions have had their different appearances of activity or of relaxation. But what does the press care for zeal or lukewarmness in the public prosecutor? It seeks in the multiplication of its excesses the certainty of their impunity.'

When the principle of democracy had, through the influence of the press, triumphed in the elections, the consequences were plainly foreseen. Ministers perceived, in M. de Polignac's words, that the contest was no longer to be carried on upon the ministerial benches, but that it would be transferred to the steps of the throne. A sense of honour, he says, might equally have led them to resign, or to remain at the post of danger; which they should do was left for the crown to decide; and no doubt they concurred with the crown in thinking that the bravest course was the best. If new ministers, they argued, should be chosen from the majority of the new Chamber, those ministers must either be overthrown by the very principle which had forced them into office, if they deviated from their doctrines; or if they remained faithful to them, they must reduce the crown to subjection. But the monarchical principle upon which the existing system was constituted was a sacred deposit entrusted to their care, and this it was which was endangered. 'Recent acts, passed in the preceding reign, and sanctioned with the approbation of the other branches of the legislature, indicated the course which must be taken for preserving it. The peril was imminent, the necessity seemed to mark out their duty, and the ministers resigned themselves to fulfil it—believing that the Charter expressly reserved to the crown an extraordinary power—to be used on extraordinary occasions for the general good.'

'The ordonnances of July 25,' says M. de Polignac, 'were only a temporary measure which urgent circumstances required; and such the

Digitized by Google

court understood them to be. What indeed did it desire?—a moment's respite,—a forced armistice, (so to express myself,) at a moment when the shock of two adverse principles threatened the public tranquillity. It was necessary to offer explanations, to come to a mutual understanding,—to expose what were the difficulties of the present situation, what the dangers—to deal with the different interests, which were contending with each other; but how could this be done, when the clamour occasioned by the general agitation overpowered the voice of the monarch?'—p. 84.

In proof that these were M. de Polignac's sentiments, he quotes from a report in his own writing, dated in April, 1830, and seized among other papers in the king's cabinet, these words, relating to the attachment which the people felt to their then existing constitution:—

'*Aucun pouvoir ne pourrait arrache rcette conviction du cœur des Français; elle y a déjà jeté des racines tellement profondes, que si*, par force majeure, *un évènement quelconque imposait l'obligation* de devier *de nos institutions actuelles*, cette deviation momentanée *ne pourrait être accueillie favorablement, que si elle contribuait à assurer plus immuablement encore* les bases sur lesquelles est fondé *le système actuel de notre gouvernement.*'—p. 87.

'I must say,' continues the ex-minister, 'for adversity will never make me depart from truth, that I would equally have concurred in any measures that might have been proposed, holding out the immediate hope of a suspension of hostilities between the two principles which were then disputing the ground: but I must also add, that although a sentiment of honour, which every Frenchman will no doubt know how to appreciate, imposed upon me the obligation of not abandoning, at the approach of danger, the post I occupied—yet, nevertheless, if I had not partaken of the belief, that imminent danger was then threatening the crown, and if I had not also been convinced that the measure adopted by the crown, found in preceding examples a sufficient sanction, no influence from any quarter, however elevated, no political consideration would have drawn from me an assent, which my duty would have required me to refuse. I acted upon conviction, and if I have acted erroneously, at least I have erred in good faith.'—pp. 88-9.

That the conduct of the French government in issuing the ordonnances was most unfortunate, all Europe has felt, is feeling, and will yet, it must be feared, feel more severely. That it was impolitic, may be affirmed with as little hesitation—not merely because the government, confiding in its own upright intentions, miscalculated its moral strength, but also because it placed itself in a condition, which, in case of failure, took from it the right of calling upon its allies, and appealing to the faith of treaties. But that the military means, which it had prepared for preventing or suppressing an insurrection, were amply sufficient if they had been judiciously employed,

Digitized by Google

employed, one of the ex-ministers has undertaken to show in a lithographed note, relating to this particular part of the subject, which note is now before us. Buonaparte suppressed the more formidable insurrection of Vendémiaire, with half the force that was at Marmont's disposal. It is stated in this note, that Marmont made the most positive assurances, and repeated them when the resistance was at its height, that his position was inexpugnable, and that he could maintain it for a month. The authority on which this is stated cannot be disputed; but it is acknowledged that no apprehension had been entertained of any defection on the part of the soldiers, and that that defection may account for Marmont's confusion and hesitation, and finally for his precipitate retreat which proved fatal. These points are now of little importance, except as to the feelings of the parties on whom the responsibility rested. The military commander cannot be suspected of treachery nor of incapacity; and neither would he have been confused in judgment, nor the ministers deceived in their expectations, if military fidelity could have been relied on. Had the government succeeded, the Parisians and the French people would have acquiesced as heartily in its success, as they have done in the same measures when more fortunately pursued by the ministers of Louis Philippe.

When Metastasio heard of the revolution, as it was called, in Sweden, in the year 1772, he turned to Dr. Burney the musician, and said *Ecco, un altra scena per la drama!* and he observed that such sudden events ought not to surprise any one who considered how full the head of man is of contradiction and caprice. Revolutions of that kind involve no deeper interests than the Poeta Cesareo might have introduced in one of his dramatic pieces, which, being perfect specimens of emasculated genius, were excellently adapted both for their performers and their audience. Their causes and consequences may be developed in a tragedy of five acts, or an opera of three. Of such it was, that the most popular whig writer of his time said, in George I.'s reign, 'I think no man is now to learn that conscience and the opinion of right have little or nothing to do in revolutions; but the resentments of men, or the gratifying the views and expectations of private persons and aggregate bodies.' Yet even of these he said, 'God knows one revolution is enough for one age, and were a second to occur in this country, such a convulsion would shake the very foundation of the earth, and turn all nature topsy-turvy.*' The extravagance of the language shows that the writer thought it impossible to express his sense of such a calamity too strongly.

One revolution in an age, however, though it was the most

* Cato's Letters, vol. iii. p. 109.

Digitized by Google

tremendous in human history, has not been enough for the French; or, more accurately speaking, for that part of them, who, though in truth a small minority, take upon themselves to act as if they were the nation, call themselves so, and are, for a time, obeyed as such at home, and recognised abroad. For it cannot too often be repeated, that it is by small but active minorities that all revolutions are brought about—as a little leaven leaveneth the mass. 'It is surprising,' says the same writer, 'what minute and contemptible causes create discontents, disorders, violences, and revolutions amongst men; what a small spring can actuate a mighty and many-headed multitude; and what mighty numbers one man is capable of drawing into his disgusts and designs.'*

Ῥᾴδιον μὲν γὰρ πόλιν στῦ-
σαι καὶ ἀφωνοτέκνους· ἀλλ' ἐπὶ χώ-
ρας αἶδε ἴσασι δυσκαλὲς
ἀνὴ γίγνεται· ἐξανύσαι
Εἰ μὴ Διὸς ἀγαμέσιοι κυδε-
ναντὲς γίνηται.—Pindar, Pyth. 4.

If the evils consequent upon a revolution could ever be remedied without that divine assistance, the necessity for which is thus acknowledged by the heathen poet, France would have been at this day the most flourishing country in Europe. Never, indeed, had it been so prosperous as under the restored Bourbons. Treated as it had been with unexampled magnanimity by its conquerors, it was left with nothing to fear from without, nothing to desire if it had rightly understood its own interests; and there were no real or imaginary grievances to threaten danger from within. If the Duc d'Angoulême's expedition into Spain added no glory to the French name, it was of more importance to the character of the French army than the most brilliant of Buonaparte's campaigns. It was something to re-establish their military reputation in a country out of which they had been beaten; but it was of far greater moment that, by their good conduct in other respects, they removed that infamy which the atrocities committed in the service of King Joseph the Intruder had brought upon them; thus proving, that that ineffaceable reproach belongs to the system of Buonaparte's government, to him individually, and to such of his generals as acted in the spirit of that system, not to the national character of the French. The honour both of the army and the nation (using the word honour, in its highest sense) was thus vindicated; the old policy of the French cabinet, which has at all times been steadily and wisely pursued, was never more successful; and France recovered its influence at the court of Spain. In England, meantime, we had the usual stir, which,

* Cato's Letters, vol. iv. p. 109.

upon

Digitized by Google

upon any outbreak of revolutionary troubles anywhere, is raised here by designing spirits, turbulent tempers, empty heads, and brazen tongues. It was impossible for the British government to produce any good effect by mediating between two parties both so radically and incorrigibly wrong as Ferdinand and the Cortes; but as if we had for once changed character with our neighbours, while they acted wisely, promptly, and successfully, we amused ourselves with the excellent song of the Buckinghamshire Dragoon, and with one of Mr. Canning's happiest displays of humour in the House of Commons upon the same personage, thus doubly immortalized in prose and rhyme. It was not long before an interference with the government of Portugal, not more well-intended than it was ill-judged, made the English name for the first time unpopular in that country; and thus twelve years had scarcely elapsed since the deliverance of the peninsula from the cruel and insolent invasion of the French had been effected mainly by the English arms, when the course of affairs inclined both the Portuguese and Spaniards to regard the French more favourably than the English!

Except the Spanish Liberales, (who are, most of them, individually as much to be commiserated, as they are collectively to be condemned,) there were none who could, with any pretence of reason, complain against France for its interference with the affairs of Spain: for it was in accord with that system of policy by which alone the peace and tranquillity of Europe could be preserved; and though a measure of obvious policy for France itself, it was a lawful policy, pursued by lawful means. No proof has yet appeared that there was any object of direct aggrandizement secretly in view; and there was a present good to both countries: to Spain a great good, whatever the propagandists of revolution may pretend, the contest there not being between despotism and a well-balanced constitution, nor even merely between two bad governments—but between order and anarchy—between a small minority who would violently, and at any cost, eradicate old abuses, and the great body of the nation, who with that patience that characterizes the Spaniards, would rather bear the evils that they have, than fly to others of which, without further experience, they know already but too much. The other powers of Europe acquiesced, therefore, in what was done; but there was a time when some of those powers, and especially England, would not have so complacently regarded the French conquest of Algiers. No king of France, since the year 1688, would have been permitted to make such an acquisition to his dominions.

After the first overthrow of Buonaparte, an attempt was made to establish a sort of—league, should it be called?—order, institution,

Digitized by Google

tution, or joint-stock company?—for the suppression of piracy, specially intended against the Barbary corsairs, though far more needed against the new race of buccaneers who had then grown up amid the revolutions in South America, and have since been produced by similar causes in the Levant. Sir Sidney Smith was the most conspicuous promoter of the scheme. One might wish that it had been set on foot by persons of greater influence, and that it had met with as favourable a reception as was bestowed, not long after, in this country, upon more preposterous speculations. If the preliminary difficulties had been overcome, the European powers might have been well contented to see a new Christian kingdom erected on the Barbary coast. Among those difficulties would have been the choice of a king. At that time, Prince Leopold had something better in view, otherwise his passion for a crown might have been more comfortably gratified there than in Greece, and more consistently with the general interest of Europe (to say nothing of British faith!), than in Belgium. There were, indeed, sundry kings just then out of place: but, of these, Joachim Murat could not have been trusted; neither could Joseph nor Jerome Buonaparte, even if the one had not been too odious, the other too despicable to be thought of. Lucien would have been too much of a philosopher to accept the charge; and Louis is so good a man, so every way worthy to enjoy the privileges and comforts of private life, that, in respect for his virtues, it ought not to have been offered to him. Gustavus was insane. Eugene Beauharnais, who, for his character and talents, deserved the preference, might perhaps have thought himself better provided for elsewhere. There might have been English objections to any other Frenchman, and the French, on their part, might have objected to an Englishman; so that the Knight of Acre could not have been transformed into the Dey of Algiers; but, from any other nation, a king might have been chosen by election, or by lot. If, among the number of constitutions then in abeyance, there had been none to suit the circumstances of the intended kingdom, Jeremy Bentham (having succeeded to the Abbé Sieyes in that line) could have provided them with a constitution and a code at the shortest notice; and M. Dumont would have translated them into intelligible phraseology. A loan could have been raised, for the service of this new state, in England, by Joseph Hume and other dealers in Greek scrip. Religion must have been left open, as in the United States of America. The *lingua franca* must have been the language; and the Bible Society would soon have fixed this composite speech by a translation of the Old and New Testament, undertaken for the purpose.

Schemes that seem visionary are not always absurd. Had an enterprise

Digitized by Google

enterprise of this kind been undertaken, instead of the expedition under Lord Exmouth, an honourable asylum would have been opened for those numerous persons who, many of them, more by their misfortunes than their faults, were dangerous or discontented subjects in their respective countries—Buonapartists and republicans from France, Josephists and constitutionalists from Spain, Carbonari from Italy, Patriots from Poland, (there, at least, that appellation may sorrowfully be admitted,) Phil-Hellenes from Germany, and *liberty boys* from Great Britain and Ireland—who are well disposed of anywhere where they can do no mischief:—to say nothing of those brave soldiers (a very different class!) who, finding their occupation gone at the peace, sacrificed their lives in the thankless service of the new South American republics, and served the cause of anarchy, when they thought they were serving the cause of freedom. That opportunity went by; and it was left for the French, under Prince Polignac's administration, to make a conquest, the importance of which, if it be retained by that power, we shall feel whenever we are again engaged in war with France.

With this hold on the African side of the Mediterranean—with this influence in the Peninsula—with its comparatively unencumbered resources, with its increasing industry, and its revived commerce, the condition and the growing strength of France under Charles X. might have caused some jealousy in England, if such jealousy had belonged to the character of an English government. The personal feelings of Charles X. were no doubt friendly towards England,—probably more so than his brother's—still they were, as they ought to be, French; and it need not be said, how little the personal feelings of a limited sovereign are to be relied on in political transactions. If Louis XVI. could have acted according to his own feelings and sense of right, he would have taken no part in the American war, and might have lived long to reign over a loyal people. Charles X. could not but know that Great Britain is more vulnerable in Ireland than she has ever been in her colonies; and the keepers of his conscience must have been poor proficients indeed in their own divinity, if they had not convinced him that it was his bounden religious duty to assist the Irish Roman Catholics in a holy war for the emancipation of Ireland, and the re-establishment there of the Roman Catholic church in all its claims. The author of 'England and France' believes, from his own observation, that France is still a Catholic country:—

'For my own part,' he says, 'I am satisfied that there is much more religion in France than either the French or British philosophers choose to believe: nay, that it is capable of being excited to an enthusiasm

siasm which might influence public affairs; as if, for instance, the advocates for war and bigots of popery were, for once, to unite in preaching a crusade for the deliverance, from the harsh yoke of England, of Roman Catholic Ireland.'

But the amount of religious belief in the nation at large is, in this point of view, of no material importance; in the court and cabinet of France it is of the greatest. A war against England, if it opened with any strong hope of inflicting actual injury upon that old enemy and recent conqueror, would always be popular in the French army,—and in the nation also, for they are a military people; the Roman Catholic religion would be the strongest inducement to a religious king for engaging in such a war; and it would be the most formidable ally with which he could connect himself, not merely *notwithstanding* those concessions which the English government, in its miserable mispolicy, had made to it, but *in consequence* of them.—'He that diggeth a pit, shall fall into it; and whoso breaketh an hedge, a serpent shall bite him.'

In that religion, also, a French cabinet might discern a means which might render the reconquest of Canada feasible, and find a motive whereby such a king as Charles X., sincere in his belief of the Roman Catholic faith, might be induced to attempt it. After more than seventy years of British government, French Canada is French still. There is a time when prescription properly constitutes right, however unjust in its commencement, because more evil would be done by redressing an old wrong than by permitting and legalizing its consequences; and yet, notwithstanding its obvious necessity, there is in this so much violence done to the moral sense, that we should be especially careful how we suffer new wrongs to be committed, and put in progress towards this prescriptive claim. But though usurpation may be thus at length legitimated, no length of time can legitimate a foreign conquest. Even in such unions between adjacent countries as are brought about by intermarriages and the course of descent, a moral union is difficultly, slowly, and imperfectly at last, effected, if there be any difference of manners and language. But, in case of conquest, where such differences exist, and there is a difference of religion also, the union never can be complete; for the moral sense is always ready to revolt against the right of the strongest, which is the only right acknowledged; and *this* can neither be conciliated nor subdued.

At this time, the newspapers describe the state of that province thus:—

'There is a growing spirit of opposition at present at work in Lower Canada, which has given some trouble, and threatens, if not crushed in time, to give far more. Great exertions are making by the

Digitized by Google

the descendants of the French settlers to increase the influence of the Catholic church, and, by the cultivation of the French language, and the exclusion of everything English, to assimilate themselves, as nearly as possible, to the condition of a French colony. For this purpose, they are not content with exerting their influence on those around them, but are also stirring, by every means in their power, to prevent English emigrants from settling in the province. Not only do they circulate unfounded reports, as to the condition of the colony, but they endeavour, by every imaginary obstacle, to thwart the wishes and designs of the executive, insisting on retaining the old French laws and customs in opposition to those sanctioned by the colonial government. This spirit of insubordination has been for some time in progress, and as of late they have been blessed by the importation of a number of agitators from *la belle France*, the energies of the priests have acquired new vigour; and if a considerable degree of caution be not used in repressing this contumacy, we shall speedily have a declaration of the "Canadian republic."'

Grievances can never be wanting in distant colonies, and men are never wanting anywhere to make the most of them for their own purpose. Farmers may differ about the value of mangel würzel, fiorin grass, Swedish turnips, and Siberian wheat; but, your designing politician knows that nothing is so well worth cultivating as a grievance. This, however, is certain, that whatever grievances we hear of from Lower Canada are only symptomatic—the real disease is, that the people are French,—French in manners, French in language, French in religion, French in heart. This is not said to their disparagement; far from it; it is to the honour of the mother-country that they are so. Perhaps there is no other colony, in modern times, where the foundations were laid so carefully, and so well. What then can be more likely than that an ambitious minister, under a religious king, like Charles X., should project a treaty with the United States, for dividing the Canadas between them? Nor is it to be supposed, that no minister would entertain such a project, and rely upon the influence of religion for its success, unless he were under that influence himself. What Chateaubriand feels, others might easily profess—and would profess, if the sovereign were a bigot. A man who enriched himself by church plunder in Spain, may appear in a religious procession at Paris. Before Buonaparte's abdication,—before the allies had entered Paris,—but as soon as the restoration of the Bourbons appeared certain,—'that cowardly sycophant, of infamous reputation, the Arch-Chancellor Cambacerès,'* went to his parish church (that of St. Thomas Aquinas), which he had never been known to attend before; the great cen-

* A Narrative of Memorable Events in Paris in 1814, being extracts from the Journal of a Détenu. This book, which contains much interesting information, was not printed till the year 1828.

tral

tral doors were thrown open for his reception, not more to the disturbance than to the astonishment of the congregation; and he 'was ushered in, full-dressed in white; and with all the homage of ecclesiastical pomp, priests and sacring-boys swinging incense, he was conducted to the place of honour,—there to begin a *novena*,—a nine days' devotion, for the obtaining of certain petitions, through the mediation of some chosen saint or favourite image!'

It is well for England, the staff of whose strength was broken when her government abandoned the Protestant ground upon which her constitution had been established,—it is well for England that the French committed a blunder of the same kind—in rebelling against the restored family. In politics, as in war, mutual blunders not unfrequently balance the account between contending parties. Horace Walpole has remarked this: 'it is almost my systematic belief,' he says, 'that as cunning and penetration are seldom exerted for good ends, it is the absurdity of mankind that often acts as a succedaneum, and carries on and maintains the equilibrium that Heaven designed should subsist.' Some of the chief agents in the liberal conspiracy expected that jacobinized France would be far more formidable than Catholic France.

'The perfidious English government,' said one of the journalists—one of that fourth estate, which, like the fifth monarchy, is to subdue all others, 'the perfidious English government will deceive no one; and since it persists in its treacherous principles, we will unmask it to the eyes of the world. We will ask if it be in the nineteenth century, in 1830, after the revolution that has taken place in France, and which threatens all despotic governments, that a king should allow himself to say—in speaking of the nation by which he is gorged with honours and riches—*my* people, *my* subjects, *my* dominions, *my* possessions, *my* Parliament? These expressions, which would be ill-chosen were they not insulting, are no longer adapted to the times, and the language of kings must take a more moderate tone.' 'England, free and constitutional as she seems to be,' said the same journalist, 'is in great want of a political scouring.' 'We fear greatly that all that is preparing for the security of other states is a general and terrible war, from one end of Europe to the other. If that be the measure to which we are to be led by these august negociators, we will make an appeal to the liberty of all nations; we will cry to arms, to arms, and we shall see to whom the victory will remain.' 'The English and Prussian powers had better take care how they awaken the remembrance of Waterloo, and of the capitulation of Paris.' 'When Napoleon threatened England with invasion, it was well for her dynasty that an arm of the sea separated her from us. Steamboats *now* can carry arms and battalions.'

But

Digitized by Google

But these men deceived themselves. France has not chosen to be jacobinized again, and the time for its being again Napoleonized cannot arrive—till it has gone through more stages of revolution, if it be fated to go through them, as a further punishment for its offences. Except in his religious relations, the present king occupies the same position as the last; his struggle is with the press and the march-of-intellect-men, and he brings cannon to clear the streets of insurgents, with better success (happily for Paris and for France) than his predecessor, but not with better cause. Just before that crisis, a Frenchman and partizan of the Orleans revolution wrote thus from Paris.* 'I am in continual communication with about three hundred citizens *interested in maintaining tranquillity*, (which is, being interpreted, *men who have something to lose*,) and almost every man of them, were they legislators, would place in the hands of government powers the most extensive, in order to restrain the seditious.' Such an exertion of vigour had long before been called for by the *Times*, in language and in a temper characteristic of that journal:—

'Whence this tenderness for mobs?' it asked. '*Are the flesh and bones of these marauders so precious, that they are not to be trodden upon by horses' feet, or carved a little by hussars' sabres*, while perpetrating tumults which compromise the national character, and cast into idleness and starvation the honest and the industrious?' 'The nation,' said the correspondent of this journal from Paris, 'is tired of revolution and longs for repose. So powerful and so general is this feeling, that were the revolution of 1830 to be again commenced, with their present experience, I do not hesitate to assert, that the people of Paris—the heroes of July—aye, and *omne verum utile dictu*—Louis Philip himself, would prefer the ordinances, the camarilla, and the Jesuits, to the ruin, disorders, disappointments, and disgusts, that accompanied and followed the fall of the late government.'

'*Triste vérité*, (says one of those journalists who laboured to bring on the mischief) *mais il faut la déclarer, au risque de procurer à nos ennemis un moment de joie. Il n'est pas rare d'entendre un libéral, signalé naguère pour son ardeur, vous dire en confidence, et d'un air consterné, Nous avons eu tort de consommer la révolution. Il fallait accepter l'abdication de Charles X. et de son fils, et reconnaître Henri V. Que nous a valu un changement de dynastie que nous n'eussions obtenu par une simple substitution de personne, dans l'ordre de la succession légitime? Ah! si la chose était a refaire! S'il était possible de revoquer les faits accomplis en Juillet, le parti du* statu quo *aurait peut-être de bonnes raisons à opposer à celui de la révolution.*' †

In one of those later books of Amadis de Gaule, which, though pretending to be translated from the Spanish, were composed in French, the author introduces a monster that, when grievously wounded, tears out its own heart; upon this he moralizes thus,

* Times, 12th July, 1832. † Journal du Commerce for Feb. 1831.

'*Ainsi*

Digitized by Google

'*Ainsi en prend il souvent à ceux qui se liguent et unissent pour dissiper un estat, qu'ils sont enfin les bourreaux d'eux mêmes.*' This, which was evidently said with a retrospect to the League, may be with more effect applied prophetically to the first Revolution, which the revolutionists themselves compared to Saturn. The French have, in this instance, learned to be wise from their own harms,—the chief wisdom that they have derived from dear-bought experience; but there is still a party in that country, with whom '*Robespierre est un Dieu, Marat un grand homme, et la guillotine le plus sublime des institutions.*' These men are not numerous; but they are energetic, indefatigable, and incorrigible; always preparing for mischief, and always ready to avail themselves of any opportunity with which the men of the Movement, in their own selfish and short-sighted manœuvrings, may favour them. They are like some of our own political fanatics, whom Mr. Gibbon Wakefield has ably delineated under the appellation of Rotunda-Owenites; like them, they would sacrifice the whole of the existing generation opposed to them, with less compunction than a General, in performance of a duty not less indispensable than dreadful, orders men to occupy a post in which he knows they must be cut off. While France continues a monarchy, this atrocious faction will be kept down, (indeed, it is at this time making more progress in England than anywhere else,) but if the sovereignty of the people should in reality, as in appearance, triumph over the old principles of government, and King People choose to dismiss his viceroy, the sub-king Louis Philippe, and rule in person, a series of struggles would then ensue, in which the battle would be finally to the strong. La Fayette and *the feebles* would find themselves, as they did in 1792, hated by those against whom they had acted, and despised by those for whom they had as intentionally, as short-sightedly, been acting. Another reign of terror would commence, for the revolutionary demi-god who rides in triumph, must feed with human victims those who yoke themselves to his car. The many-headed beast loves blood.

A great step was gained for the anarchists when the principle of legitimacy was successfully attacked, and for a time, overthrown. In the succession, which by such catastrophes is thrown open, they look upon themselves as the natural and rightful heirs, perfectly understanding that force must then constitute the right, and forgetting that armed despotism never fails at last to exclude them, and take possession for itself as residuary legatee. It may be questioned whether this faction, on the whole, has gained or lost by the Revolution of the Three Days. Before that time, they were employed, not without a certain degree of success, in insinuating their principles through the press, and producing, with more or less disguise, biographies, apologies,

Digitized by Google

apologies, justifications, or panegyrics of their heroes and martyrs. But the first revival of revolutionary troubles brought to remembrance the horrors and abominations of their former reign, and *then* any theory was more likely to find favour than that which had led the way to such practices. 'The growth of every thing both in art and nature,' says Hume, 'at last checks itself.' So it proved with Jacobinism, which, when it obtained power, brought about its own destruction by its excesses—so it will prove with Journalism, that fourth estate which has been described by one of its members as a power stronger than both the Chambers. The French journalists, in working for the revolution of the Three Days, worked for its overthrow, whatever course events may take. They were bent upon dethroning Charles X. at any cost and by any means.

'*La taquinerie contre un ministre*,' says M. de Custine, '*lorsqu'elle va jusqu'à appeller l'enfer le ciel, et le ciel l'enfer, me paraît avoir des conséquences encore plus fâcheuses pour la morale, que n'en aurait l'esprit de soumission au pouvoir, fût-il poussé trop loin. L'obéissance, même exagérée, ne nous fait renoncer qu'à des droits, tandis que l'esprit de revolte nous fait sacrifier des devoirs.*'

It is edifying to find the English 'Times' describing the conductors of the liberal press in France as men whose true object, no doubt, had been to embarrass a government which they were resolved to overthrow *per fas et nefas*, and to find that journal, of all journals, remarking, that 'it would not be surprising, if, like other incendiaries, they had lighted a fire which they were unable to extinguish!' 'In every revolution,' a French journalist observes, '*the people* have to act a part, of which nothing can supply the place,—the part of energy and blind intrepidity, for which they are particularly suited by their want of foresight, their precarious condition, and their being used to perilous labours. But the populace should not be called in to deliberate on the results of the victory, because wisdom, not boldness, is *then* required.' Hear, ye people, what is the part assigned to you in these bloody dramas by those who flatter and deceive you, and who, for their own ends, excite you to rebellion and slaughter! You are to rise in arms at their call, and defy the cannon and the executioner in furtherance of their views, because your blind intrepidity and your want of reflection fit you for such work; if you succeed, your occupation is gone; and if, finding (as ever has been and ever must be found) that such success brings with it to you none of the impossible benefits which were promised from it, you put in practice against the new government the lessons which were instilled into you for the purpose of overthrowing the old, it is then asked, whether 'your flesh and bones are so precious that they are not to be trodden upon by horses' feet, or carved a little by hussars' sabres!'

In

Digitized by Google

In the first revolution, the men who raised the storm as journalists, thought themselves qualified to direct it as legislators. The National Convention swarmed with such adventurers; and among them, with a few whose intentions and dispositions deserved a better fate than their erroneous opinions brought upon them, were some of the most infamous heads that fell under the guillotine. In the second revolution, men of the same calling looked for the same advancement, expecting to be called in when wisdom was required, and blind brute force had done its work; and some of them were not disappointed. Only a few weeks after the Three Days, an anti-Bourbonist wrote thus from Paris:—

'The writers of the periodical journals have shown a great deal of ability and courage: they deserve to be rewarded; but instead of being admitted to an honourable rank, which would have speedily allowed them to arrive at elevated functions, they have been suddenly called to the superior places. The result of this inconsiderate proceeding is, that their ambition has been excited, and there is not an author of political articles who does not consider his dignity and his *rights* as overlooked, if he is not made a prefect, procureur-général, or counsellor of state at least.'

'The commonwealth is our mistress,' says a rogue in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays to his comrade; 'and who would serve a common mistress but to gain by her?'

But if a few individuals have won the stake for which they played the game of patriotism, the fourth estate is far from having bettered its condition by its victory of the Three Days. During one year of Louis Philip's reign there were three hundred and ninety-five prosecutions of the press; and though in the great majority of these cases the prosecution failed, a resolute government must always eventually succeed in such a contest. A correspondent of the 'Times' says—

'the opinion that no government can exist in France in presence of an unrestricted press, is far from being a tenet peculiar to the *juste milieu*. If the people, that is the thinking part of the public, those who read the newspapers and apply themselves to politics, were polled out on this question, I am persuaded that a large majority would be found to support the heterodox doctrine, that freedom of thought and government of any kind are so radically opposed to each other as to be incapable of co-existence. If a majority of the people are of this opinion, I am sure I am within bounds when I say, that it is entertained by at least nine-tenths of the electoral body.'

In whatever manner juries and courts may decide, this is the public feeling in France; and the person on whose authority it is here produced, is an unexceptionable witness to this point, for he argues in favour of an unrestricted press. Owing to that bias, more probably, than to any disingenuous intention, he has expressed

Digitized by Google

expressed himself inaccurately; for it is not *freedom of thought*, but the *license of the press*, which the French people have now discovered to be inconsistent with the safety of any government. This truth is known by every government in Europe,—by none better than by the government of Louis Philip, and it will be known by every people in the course of another generation.

Lord Bacon has said that 'knowledge is power;' and these words are often ostentatiously produced by men who have just knowledge enough to render them mischievous members of society. Knowledge, indeed, is power; but power is not necessarily a good either to those who exercise it, or those over whom it is exercised; if it were, there could be no oppressive government, and no rebellious subjects. Wealth, also, is power; but the possession of wealth entails a fearful curse upon those who make an ill use of it; and that it is more likely to hinder than to help us in our pilgrimage toward a better world, we have been warned by the highest and holiest of all authorities. Drunkenness, in one of its stages, is power; frenzy is power; wickedness is power; a knife in the hand of a madman or a murderer is power. Power, without responsibility, is admitted to be an evil, an intolerable evil, by all except those who exercise it, or are profiting under its exercise: yet this is the power which the press claims for itself everywhere when it can make its claims heard, and which it exercises at this day in England. And a stamp duty upon newspapers is complained of as a tax upon knowledge!

But the French romancer's allegory of the monster applies also to this blatant beast. When the first race of democratic journalists in France, who deposed Louis XVI., but did not wish to murder him, and yet wanted courage to protest against that murder, were made to feel that, even in this world, the wages of sin is death, and followed him to the scaffold upon charges equally unfounded, one of the demagogues of the day declared that the press had now done its work, and the time was come when the continuance of its liberty could no longer be permitted. It was the notorious Chabot. Accordingly he voted against this liberty, saying, '*qu'elle avoit été nécessaire pour amener le règne de la liberté; mais que, ce bout une fois atteint, il ne falloit plus de liberté de la presse, de peur de compromettre la liberté elle-même.*' Upon this principle the *ne-plus-ultra* republicans were to have legislated, if *they* had overthrown the Directory. What they intended in this respect was effected by Buonaparte, and he had no difficulty in effecting it: for then, as now, the French people were feelingly sensible how great is the evil of a licentious press; and the journalists, not daring to resist an authority which made itself feared, became its obsequious instruments. In every stage of the revolution,

Digitized by Google

revolution, says the observant Détenú, who passed the years of his detention in Paris, 'the newspapers were the base organs of calumny, and the persecutors of every unfortunate person proscribed by the state. It was very common to see them pouring forth the most vindictive slander against persons in one day's paper whom they had indiscriminately praised in the preceding. Flatterers and sycophants to every new minister and new order of things, they by turns became panders to tyranny, and eulogists of faction and terror.' Under the Jacobins their business was to madden the people,—under Buonaparte it was to misrepresent the course of events, and keep them in ignorance of everything which tended to show either the iniquity or the ill success of his inordinate ambition. And it is worthy of notice, that the press has never been more actively employed than by those governments whose interest it has been to delude and inflame the people. The National Convention affords a very striking proof of this. Prudhomme tells us, that during the three years of their reign they had four persons travelling to buy up paper as fast as it was manufactured; and that they struck off four hundred thousand copies of each of Robespierre's speeches, and of others which they were most desirous of circulating.

We need not refer to more recent examples at home. This indeed is certain, that when the sovereignty of the people is acknowledged, and the ministers of his majesty, King-People, are to be guided by public opinion, no government can be stable, nor in fact be carried on, unless it takes the direction of public opinion into its own hands. It will do this at last by corruption or by force;—of necessity it must do so; and to the great present relief of the nation, and to the entire satisfaction of all who, rejoicing that anarchy is at an end, do not trouble themselves with reflecting that the way is then prepared for despotism; for there can be no freedom without a free press, as surely as there can be neither freedom nor order with a licentious one. If peace be preserved on the continent, the first stable government in France will control the press. This determination Louis Philippe has shown, and he will persevere in it.

> '*Peragit tranquilla Potestas*
> *Quod violenta nequit, mandataque fortius urget*
> *Imperiosa quies.*—CLAUDIAN.

The first strong government will do so—whatever, in other respects, may be the course of events. The government of Louis Philippe may become strong, and effect this preparatory work for the restoration of settled order; but that government is built upon sand; for of such sovereigns it may truly be said, that

> 'A breath unmakes them as a breath has made.'

The

Digitized by Google

The truth concerning such revolutions as that which placed him upon the throne, comes out in process of time, much in the same way as the plot of the Alchymist is opened by a quarrel among the parties. It is now apparent from the facts which M. Sarrans has divulged in his panegyrical account of La Fayette, that the Bourbons must have recovered their authority immediately after the Three Days, if the Duke of Orleans had not consented to accept the crown, and become King of the French, not by the grace of God, but by the pleasure of the people. And who were they by whom that pleasure was expressed? The question is indignantly answered in a curious pamphlet*, written to vindicate the Belgian revolution from the imputation of partaking the same character as the French, or resting upon the same grounds. Was it by the French people themselves?

'*Non; la révolution les a surpris au milieu de leurs travaux ou de leurs plaisirs. On leur a dit, "il n'y a plus de Roi de France," et huit jours après, la même voix leur a porté cette grande, cette étonnante nouvelle, la France a fait une nouvelle charte et choisi un nouveau Roi; et pas un d'eux ne pouvait concevoir comment il avait concouru à ce grand événement, sans quitter son champ ou sa maison. Il est vrai que peu de temps auparavant des députés avaient été élus, qui devaient porter aux pieds du trône les vœux et les plaintes respectueuses du pays, éclairer le pouvoir sur ses véritables intérêts, et au besoin défendre les libertés publiques: mais que ces mêmes hommes eussent prononcé la déchéance d'une dynastie et donné une couronne, c'est ce que la France, l'eût elle voulu, ne les avait pas chargés de faire; il's n'ont donc pu exprimer que leurs vœux particuliers, et non la volonté de ceux qui les avaient envoyés à d'autres conditions, non le vœu de la France qui ne leur avait donné aucune mission. Ne croyez pas même que tous les députés aient travaillé à la construction du nouveau trône. Ils étaient une centaine! Et ils se sont dits la France! Et les tribunaux français envoyent sous les verroux quiconque ose le nier!*'

The conspiracy for transferring the crown to the house of Orleans began before any republican opinions had been openly broached in France. Those tumults and crimes which form, as it were, the prelude to the dreadful tragedy of the revolution, were instigated by the agents of the late Duke in furtherance of this design. But the intention of deposing the reigning family was not confined to the profligate partizans of this basest of bad men. In the Constituent Assembly a disposition was shown to favour the reversionary title of the Spanish Bourbons; and when in the constitution of 1789, the principle of hereditary succession was declared, the Assembly inserted a saving clause, '*qu'elle n'entendoit*

* La Révolution Vengée; ou Considérations Politiques sur les Causes, les Evènemens, et les Suites de la Révolution Belge. Par un Catholique Patriote de Bouillon Louvain. Mars 1832.

Digitized by Google

rien préjuger sur le fait des renonciations.' This was intended to check the well-known views of the Orleanists. But the Comte de Puisaye (whose memoirs were printed in 1804) deemed it certain that the constitutional party would take the first opportunity of placing another branch of the Bourbons on the throne, to the exclusion of Louis XVIII. and his brother;—an opinion which evinces his sagacity, though at that time he thought of the Spanish, and not of the Orleanist branch. There were two motives for this intention: hatred to the principle of legitimacy in some, and, in others, personal hatred against a family whom they had injured too deeply ever to forgive. Forgiven they might be, for it is sometimes the unhappy necessity in which restored princes are placed, that they must heap favours upon their old enemies; but for the offending party to forgive, and be reconciled at heart to those whom they have wronged, is what nothing but that change of heart which brings with it a death unto sin can effect.

By this same principle of inveterate hatred some chief movers of the last revolution were actuated. To aid them in that systematic opposition to all the measures of government by which this object was to be brought about, they had such Buonapartists as General Foy, whose hands were incarnadined in the peninsular war, and such patriots, *par excellence*, as Benjamin Constant, who was thus described by a Frenchman, when, after the honours of a Parisian apotheosis, his remains had been deposited in the re-desecrated Pantheon:—

'M. Constant had all that weakness of human nature which thirsts for emotions; and he sought to gratify that desire, sometimes in the boudoirs, sometimes in the chances of hazard, but never with more ardour than in the stirring events of political life. The storms of the tribune had peculiar charms for him. It has been a matter of surprise that so reasonable a man, and one who, in his private conversation, proved himself to be a prudent statesman, and a friend of just government, should sometimes, in the tribune, and particularly since the revolution of the Three Days, have belied his own sentiments by an intemperate opposition, which was frequently devoid of any object. But M. Constant was, in the utmost degree, jealous of his popularity; he lost all energy when he saw it sinking; and the man who had disdained the favour and the gifts of sovereigns, could not bear up against the slightest popular disgrace.'

A less friendly, but not less faithful, hand, characterized this patriotic gambler and attendant at *boudoirs*, in a vigorous satire which, we believe, has not yet found its way to the press:—

'*Ce député, constant à l'immoralité,*
Qui joue avec les lois, les peuples, la science,
Comme avec l'or; qui joue avec la vérité
Au sort, après les dès jette sa conscience;

Aussi

Digitized by Google

Aussi foible, aussi faux, qu'il paroit effronté,
Et qui, toujours joueur, n'a trouvé dans ses chartes
Qu'un moyen de jouer, et de brouiller les cartes.

By such men in the tribune, and by their coadjutors in the press, the mischief was prepared; and it was carried into effect by the Polytechnic pupils, the rabble, and the boys, and the deluded part of the people of Paris, no small proportion of them consisting of workmen who were let loose for the purpose by their employers. Till the crisis arrived all had been done with professions of the most inviolable loyalty. 'How smooth and tender,' says old Fuller, 'are the gums of infant treason; but, oh! how sharp are the teeth thereof when once grown to full greatness.' The 'Belgian Patriot,' notices, with honest indignation, this hypocrisy on the part of the old French opposition: '*Tout annonçait,*' he says, '*ses projets de destruction, qu'elle n'a pas craint d'avouer, depuis qu'ils sont accomplis;*' and he groans over the condition to which France has been reduced by the success of their machinations: '*voyez la divisée en mille parties, se débattre avec peine entre le principe de sa révolution qui veut dominer, et le besoin d'ordre matériel que le repousse.* Unhappy land,' he calls it, 'where neither authority nor liberty can take root.'

But there has been a deeper cause for all this evil than that principle of democracy which though, as M. de Polignac justly represents, it has been the great agent, is itself as much an effect as a cause. The 'Belgic Patriot' censures the Bourbons for not having restored enough at the time of their own restoration.

'The charter of 1814,' he says, 'far from re-establishing any of the institutions of France, legalized the revolution and its excesses. It is no breach of respect towards the name and memory of Louis XVIII. to say, that *malgré ses lumières et sa haute raison*—he was the dupe of his party—and that he destroyed France and his family by giving to the kingdom a constitution which was the work of the doctrinary coterie: a system either perfidiously or unfortunately combined, in which liberty must necessarily tend towards revolt, and authority to despotism; while at the same time it deprived power of all moral force, and compelled it to employ hypocrisy and corruption as the only possible means of government. In proportion as the European spirit shall be reformed, it will be better understood than it is at present,—that the charter, which was received with such enthusiasm, and which promised happiness to France, was the most astonishing political deception in the history of modern ages.'

'The constitutional act of 1830, the unhappy fruit of an abortive revolution, has not advanced the work of political regeneration. It has, it is true, proclaimed some principles, and classes the different powers more accurately; but on examining it carefully, it is easy to convince oneself that they who framed it did not labour for the people,—that they

Digitized by Google

they have only transferred despotism from the throne to the electoral body, without giving to always neglected France the liberties which have so often been promised to her, and which she formerly possessed before the royal authority altered them for its own advantage.

'Thus, after so many revolutions and different changes, you may look vainly in France for the traces of that social edifice which time and custom had erected upon the foundations of religion and of liberty. The *Commune*, that free institution of the Roman world, formed upon the model of a family, and perfected by Christian civilization,—the *Province*,—that primary country, the true *civitas* of the ancients, having its chiefs, its customs, its rights—its language apart—its individual life; the *States*,—august assemblies, wherein the fathers of the people discussed the interests of the province freely, and wholly independent of those of the other parts of the kingdom; in fine, France itself, a federative republic, of which the king was, in reality, only the hereditary president. All this has disappeared, with ancient faith, and with true liberty; and it seems as if every new revolution pleased itself with levelling all their traces, to destroy even the thought that they might ever again be restored. We all know what constitutionalism has substituted for this admirable organization, and how it has subdivided these great territorial divisions into miserable portions, making the soil of France like a chess-board, where each portion of the population, *ayant sa casse et son étiquette, numérottée pour l'impôt, vit dans la dépendance et sous le bon plaisir de la Capitale!*—pp. 31, 32.

'Liberty does not appertain exclusively to the constitutional form; it is part of religion itself, and of the traditions of the world; and it is precisely because I wish to have it great and extensive that I reject the narrow conceptions of modern constitutionists. European society was freer than it is at present before that fatal epoch, when, with the religious reformation, the absolute independence of the sovereign power, and the servitude of the people began. In going back so far, it will recover, with its old belief, the titles of its emancipation, its true political rights, and its natural institutions, such as religion, experience, and time had made them. It will retemper itself (so to speak) at its sources, and leaving in the past its barbarous manners and its ignorance, and embellished with the splendour of the virtues and the talents of our age, it will advance, free and happy, in the rays of a new civilization—which, by its rapid progress, will establish upon earth the reign of order and of justice, that is to say, the kingdom of God, for the coming of which all Christians prefer their daily prayers. These thoughts are little to the taste of our arrogant age; and, perhaps, the moment is not yet come for accomplishing this movement of social regeneration. Meantime facts are speaking intelligibly to those who are willing to understand. The moral world cannot remain stationary; for it, stagnation would be death. It cannot advance, for almost all nations are on the verge of the abyss! It must, then, retrace its steps if it wishes to live, and if it is to live—retrace them, but speedily to march forward with more ardour and

Digitized by Google

and more success, to the conquest of all science and all truth.' —pp. 27, 28.

'The Bourbons when, by a series of prodigies they were replaced upon the throne, had a divine mission to fulfil. They had to re-edify from its ruins, the social edifice, which their fathers had overthrown, for the purpose of erecting the fabric of religious and political despotism. Men who have advanced with the age will understand me if I assert that, of all the princes of that branch, not one had done the work of the Lord: some have had nothing but vices,—others, only the virtues of private life (*des vertus bourgeoises*); and by an inscrutable judgment of heaven, these have been the most severely tried. Are we not justified in believing that they have been set aside, because they understood not the high duties to which they were appointed.'—p. 15.

On the quay at Calais there stood, till the Revolution of the Three Days, a pillar with this inscription:—

Le 24 Avril, 1814,
S.M. Louis XVIII.
Débarqua vis-à-vis de cette colonne,
Et fut enfin rendu
A l'amour des Français;
Pour en perpétuer le souvenir
La ville de Calais
A élevé ce monument.

As an additional means of perpetuating this remembrance, a brazen plate had been let into the pavement, upon the precise spot where his foot first touched the soil. It was the left; and an English traveller noticed it in his journal as a sinistrous omen, that when Louis le Desiré, after his exile, stepped on France, he did not put the right foremost. Louis was a selfish person. The people at Ghent, where he took up his quarters before the battle of Waterloo, spoke with indignation of his apathy at a time when everything was in suspense: he ate well, they said, and he slept well; and when tidings of the victory arrived, at an unseasonable hour, his attendants were very unwilling that he should be disturbed with the news. Whatever may be the authenticity of the memoirs ascribed to him, they probably represent his opinions and sentiments fairly, as far as they were known; and the inference is not favourable to the religious state of his mind. There has been no medium in the Bourbon family, between infidelity and that entire prostration of reason which the church of Rome requires. If he had been happy enough here to have reached the *juste milieu*, as nearly as it can be reached by any one who remains in communion with that church, he would have found himself equally opposed by the liberals and by the bigots

in

Digitized by Google

in any attempt which he might have made for the promotion of Christian knowledge: for the one party was not more zealous in circulating the impious writings of Voltaire and his school, than the other in maintaining that system of intolerance and fraud by which, in Roman Catholic countries, generous minds are provoked to a proud and contemptuous disbelief of all religion.

'*Voltaire*,' said a French journalist in the year 1790, '*n'a point vu tout ce qu'il a fait, mais il a fait tout ce que nous voyons:—s'il n'eût pas brisé le joug des prêtres, jamais on n'eût brisé celui des tyrans.*' The consistent Romanist repeats this latter assertion, and deduces from it, as a legitimate consequence, the policy, the duty, and the necessity of persecution. 'Humanly speaking,' says the Abbé Proyast, 'that is the best, the humanest policy by which, at the price of some drops of guilty and factious blood, torrents of innocent blood are spared; that sage and far-sighted policy which would have averted so many celebrated crimes, and so many calamities; that which, being beforehand with the Luthers and the Calvins, the conspiring diets, and the conspiring freemasons—would have destroyed the germ of those moral revolutions which, from age to age, have brought fanaticism and distraction into Christian societies.' *Cette religion vierge et intolérante par essence*, he calls the Roman Church—and he asserts that, in Catholic empires, 'every enemy of the mother church waits only for an opportunity to shew himself an enemy of the state.'

'All power,' says this vigorous writer, who, while he advances the boldest pretensions of his audacious church, knows also how to present its most imposing arguments with full effect,—'All power comes from God, and appertains to him as an inalienable domain. In creating the first man, and in creating him alone, the Almighty (*le Monarque par essence*) undoubtedly created the first king; and the order of nature sufficiently indicates to us the most perfect form of government, by showing us that it is a single intelligence which maintains the harmony of the universe, and a single chief that must govern a family. The visible vicar of the Divine Power, at the moment when he legitimately takes possession of the magistracy, receives, in that act, his institution from the Creator. From that time he is his representative and his organ; substituted to all his rights divine in the temporal order; his ministry is sacred and his person inviolable; to obey him is a duty, and to resist him a sacrilege. And this temporary minister of the Essential Sovereignty (*la Souveraineté par essence*) can be accountable for his administration only to the Sovereign whom he represents, nor properly set aside except by him alone.

'But man being created for immortality, he must, of necessity, be subject to another authority which may direct him in his happy destination.

Digitized by Google

nation. Two powers, therefore, have been instituted to govern on earth, in the name of heaven—both ministers, and not proprietors, of the inalienable power of the Creator. These, as emanations from the same principle, ought to concur in one common end, and that end is the accomplishment of the great design of the Creator for his creatures. The one has for its object the welfare of men in the present life; the other prepares them for eternal happiness. The world is well governed when these two governments accord; if they are disunited, the wisest institutions are threatened with approaching ruin. Each is sovereign, independent, absolute, in all his own concerns; they owe each other a mutual assistance; but it is by way of correspondence and concert, not of subordination and dependance. The power of the prince stops at the door of the sanctuary. Here it is that he says, "Fear God for whom I bear the sword;" and that the pontiff adds, "Honour the king whom God has given you." It is not by virtue of any human compact, but in obedience to the positive command of the same master, that the pastor enjoins his flock to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and that Cæsar, on his part, will not permit the family over which he governs to refuse to God that which belongs to God.'

'Such,' says Proyast, 'are the principles which we may call the catechism of a Christian—immutable principles, which no Catholic, especially, can dispute, without outraging his faith; a devotion reciprocally sacred for the pontiff as for the Catholic prince; a tutelary system alike for him upon whom heaven has imposed the duty of obedience, and for him who derives from the same source the right of requiring it. If we render homage principally to Catholicism for this dogma, it is because in fact the Roman Catholic religion is the only one which has a right to claim it; it is the only one which has retained it in all its integrity; the only one which has constantly stricken with its anathemas the attacks which, at different times, have been made upon it; the only one, in fine, which not only has never varied, but which can boast the happy impossibility of ever varying upon this point, either as to the principle, which it holds immediately from its divine author, or as to the consequences, over which an infallible authority watches. I am a Catholic, and by that alone, the chief whom heaven and not earth has given me, is sacred to me. He is so, independently of the religious ceremony which testifies it, and which is only the promulgation of the dogma that I profess. He is sacred in his power, for that is the power of God; sacred in his person, for that is the minister of God. It is therefore in the heart of the Catholic that the consecration of his sovereign is essentially operated; and that consecration in his faith must endure as long as it, but cannot be guaranteed beyond it. This is a truth of which philosophism has not lost sight in its calculations. That great conspirator, the monster Mirabeau, who was to give the French Revolution its decisive impulse, was so struck by it—he saw so clearly that it was only in Catholicism that

Digitized by Google

that the title of those who govern is unassailable, that he said fairly to his accomplices, *Pour révolutionner la France il faut commencer par la* DE'CATHOLICISER. He did not talk of *decalvinising* certain of our provinces, nor of *dejansenising* certain corporations; their actual state of revolt against the spiritual power guaranteed beforehand their inclination to withdraw themselves from the yoke of the temporal.

'And let it not be supposed, that because I am a Catholic, I must therefore be more credulous or blind to my own interests, when I regard him who governs me as the immediate depository of the Divine Power, and by that title independent of all popular caprice. If in this I submit to a dogma of my religion, I profess, at the same time, that of a sane and enlightened reason. The Catholic dogma is also the key-stone of the vault of that great social edifice whereof I am a member; remove that key-stone—dare only to touch it, immediately the whole trembles and is shaken, and presently everything in the state is confounded, and falls to pieces. Chaos and anarchy succeed to ancient order; the governing authority has lost its rights, but I, the governed, have I preserved mine? and what is become of my happiness and my security?'—pp. 110, 156, 157.

In this point of view, since the usurpations of the papacy have been suspended, has the Roman Catholic system been represented to Roman Catholic kings, in its political relations; and this view they cannot fail to understand, and heartily to approve, however little some of them may have believed what is false in the system of their church, or however incapable they may have been of feeling the everlasting truths that are retained in that great mystery of iniquity. There is no other royal family so pledged to this church by hereditary feelings as the Bourbons. It is said that the heavy afflictions which came upon Louis XIV., in his latter years, were received by him as a chastisement for his ambition; and it has been asserted that he was forewarned, in some mysterious manner, of the heavier visitations which were to fall upon his posterity. The truth of this may well be called in question; and any expressions of his successors which have been supposed to refer to such foreknowledge, are sufficiently explained by an ordinary degree of foresight. This, however, is certain, that if Louis le Grand repented of his ravages in the Palatinate, and of his other wars, he felt no compunctious visitings for the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and the *dragonades* which followed it; he accounted that atrocious policy among his good works, and is lauded for it, at this day, by those who respect his memory. However the Gallican church might resist certain pretensions of the Vatican, it was of the same spirit as the Roman church. The Italian poet, who died in the arms of Francis I., complimented the French by saying, that, from their beginning as a nation, they had neither changed, nor

Digitized by Google

nor desired to change their laws. In this observation there was none of that prophetic spirit which sometimes belongs to poetry; but it is true of the spirit of the French church, from the time of its first corruption. That church displayed the same temper under the Restoration, as when it was in its strength; like John Bunyan's old giant, who, when no longer able to sally out upon pilgrims, and destroy them as his lawful game, sat grinning at them in his den as they passed by. The books which were circulated, and may better be described as counter-poisons to infidelity than an antidote for it, are proof of this. Proof was given also in the law of sacrilege, where the punishment (humanly speaking) went far beyond the measure of the offence. It was manifested in those acts of scandalous intolerance which sometimes occurred at the funeral of an actor in Paris, and with circumstances of more odious brutality on the death of an heretical * foreigner in the provinces. It was manifested also in those tumults which, on the first days of the Restoration, broke out against the Protestants in Normandy, and in the south of France. They commenced, no doubt, in a political feeling, the Protestants having, in the course of the Revolution, become the wealthy proprietors of confiscated estates; but they speedily assumed a religious character, in the dreadful meaning which that expression conveys, when applied to insurrection and war, and the cry of 'Let us have another St. Bartholomew!' was heard.

The religious history of the French people is indeed, in every point of view, deplorable. From the commencement of the Reformation, the excesses in that country on both sides were equal —though the bonfires of persecution and St. Bartholemew's red-lettered day make an awful difference in the balance of crimes. Unhappily it must be deemed of little consequence on which side there was most Christian truth, when there was such an utter abandonment of Christian charity on both. The wars which grew out of the Reformation, bad as they were in their origin, became worse in their progress, for, beginning on misdirected principles of religion, they became, in their course, almost wholly political and factious. There is the sin of persecution upon the nation; the sin of apostacy upon that large part of it which followed the example of Henry IV., and the sin of impiety upon that, it may be feared, still larger portion, who have rejected all revealed truths. With this apostacy immorality has kept pace. No other capital produces so great or so injurious an effect upon the provinces as Paris. When the Czar Peter saw the morals of the higher classes

* The cases of Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Jordan will be remembered.

in

Digitized by Google

in that city, and the disposition of the lower, he said that if he was King of France he would burn it to the ground.

'Every empire,' said the Emperor Timour, 'which is not established in morality and religion, from that empire all order, grandeur, and power shall pass away.' How are those foundations to be re-laid in a land where—to use the same emperor's words, 'the evil-minded have opened the door of discord and desolation, and have awakened the sleeping destruction?' Re-laid they must be, before there can be any secure superstructure of civil order; but not with the same materials, or they will again be undermined and give way. If as a punishment for the manifold sins of our own distracted and corrupted nation, the Church of England, by the inveterate malice of its old enemies, and the treachery of those who should defend it, were to be overthrown, its foundations would remain unshaken, for it is built upon the rock, and a generation would not pass away before it would be re-edified upon the same basis, with fairer proportions, and on an extended scale. There can be no such restoration for the Romish Church in France: before the national church can be re-established in that country, it must be purified of all that is directly repugnant to the word of God,—of all that insults the understanding and outrages the feelings of man. There may arise a government strong enough for effecting this, but till it is effected no government can be stable.

Hitherto it has not been within the bounds of reasonable hope that this should be attempted by the Bourbons. Can it be accomplished by Louis Philip? If he thought it desirable (and for supposing this there is not the slightest ground), he is even weaker than his predecessor:—

> —— 'for nothing 's more uncertain
> Than power that stands not on his proper basis,
> And borrows his foundation.'

He has still to maintain a struggle with the principle of democracy, which only attained half its object in placing him upon the throne. With what difficulty he has been able to form a ministry has just been seen. The Chamber which that ministry has to meet has been recently thus described:* 'Fear,—fear of a republic on one side, and of a Carlist revolution on the other, actuates it; but this fear is of such a nervous, unsettled, fluctuating sentiment, that there is no accounting what influence an orator, or an insurrection, or any of the chance accidents of public life might have upon it. As to a veritable principle, any thing fixed, or to be depended on, it is not to be found.' And what

* 'Times,' 22nd September, 1832.

says

Digitized by Google

says the trumpeter of La Fayette,—that La Fayette—that old incorrigible—who, as his trumpeter declares, *est toujours la plus haute et la plus pure personification de la révolution de Juillet*—an Avatar of the revolutionary principle, its Krishna, or its Rama,—he tells us that the actual question is now less a question of liberty than of equality; that Louis Philip is *roi de par les pavés*; that torpor within, and peace without, are the conditions upon which the system of his government exists; it cannot, therefore, exist during a war which must appeal to all the national strength, and to all generous passions; that the duty of the popular king was to press forward with all sails set upon the tide of the revolutionary waters; that legitimacy fell, eight and thirty years ago, with the head of Louis XVI. (!); that the present is a system of terror, which, like that of Robespierre, must have its 9th of Thermidor; that if Louis Philip, *roi de par les pavés*, refuses still to obey the impulse of the movement,—of the La Fayettists—of those who would kindle the flame of an insurrectionary war over Europe,—in that case—*le refus de l'impôt est le sens littéral, le sens complet, et en quelque sorte le dogme en pleine vigueur du système représentatif.*

'*Et alors que faire? Des ordonnances? des coups d'état? Mais si l'on n'était pas de force à jouer ce jeu—*

'*Attendons le jugement de* DIEU!'

And with these words, which, under the profanation of the holy name, threaten insurrection and appeal to physical force, M. Sarrans, formerly editor of the 'Courrier des Electeurs,' and late aide-de-camp of La Fayette, concludes a work which has this merit, that it faithfully represents its hero and his times.

The power to which this agitator appeals has been described by the 'Belgian Catholic,' in graphic language, which would be weakened by translation.

'*L'Emeute,—puissance mystérieuse qu'a fait éclore le soleil de Juillet, qui a ses agens, ses ministres, sa police et sa diplomatie; drame politique qui se joue dans la rue, soumis, comme celui du théâtre, à certaines règles de temps et de lieu, aux applaudissemens ou aux sifflets des curieux; science nouvelle, qui a ses maîtres et ses docteurs, ses doctrines particulières, son langage, sa discipline—L'Emeute—personnage robuste, au teint plombé, à la voix rauque, aux bras nus, à l'œil fier, à la démarche hardie, qui marche ou s'arrête, s'avance ou recule, à l'ordre d'un chef qu'on ne voit pas, et qui est partout; personnage téméraire, qui se fait un devoir de l'audace, jouit au milieu du désordre, frappe sans haine, tombe sans se plaindre—L'Emeute—prodigieuse invention de notre siècle, mélange singulier de courage et de férocité, phénomène moral horrible à voir, précieux à observer, dans lequel l'extrême civilisation semble se rattacher au premier anneau*

Digitized by Google

anneau de la barbarie, et qui montre, au milieu de la nation la plus polie de l'univers, une masse d'hommes conduits à l'état sauvage, ramenés à une enfance brutale par la corruption des mœurs et par l'athéisme—L'Emeute enfin, produit de la capitale—spéculation politique et financière, exploitée maintenant, dit-on, par des étrangers ennemis de la France, et qui du lieu de sa naissance se répand partout où il y a des hommes à ruiner, un commerce à détruire, partout où l'autorité peut être attaquée avec succès. L'Emeute est la vie de la France depuis les glorieuses journées de Juillet.' —pp. 49, 50.

But when M. Sarrans asked what was to happen if the government should not be strong enough to put down this insurrectionary power, he ought to have asked himself also what was to be expected if it should. 'Let not he that girdeth on his harness boast himself, as he that putteth it off!' The sort of language which he holds towards Louis Philip's government was held toward the Directory by the last and fiercest of the Jacobins, and the Directory appointed Buonaparte to answer it. The party of the Movement may deceive themselves, but they cannot long deceive others. No Government can be carried on with a legislative body that refuses to vote the indispensable supplies, nor with a press which, when they are voted, excites the people to refuse payment. No people, who are civilized enough to feel the necessity of order, will be contented with a Government which cannot make itself obeyed. The Parisians themselves,—who have long repented of the Three Days more sincerely than they ever exulted in them,—will support any Government in any measures that are necessary for preserving internal peace. If this can be done only by a military despot, they will submit to him, as entirely as they did to the Emperor Napoleon. If a Restoration be required for it, the French will again consecrate the spot upon which a restored Bourbon shall first set foot, and will kiss the ground upon which he has trod.

The principle of order must triumph in France, unless the world is to be re-barbarised; and in Europe that principle is incompatible with democracy, whatever it may be in America. It must rest upon the foundation of religious obedience to lawful authority: this is a Christian duty, and 'other foundation can no man lay.' Through what changes the French Government may pass before the foundation can be re-laid, it is impossible to foresee. But if in the Bourbons the sins of the fathers have been so heavily visited upon the children, what has the house of Orleans to look for! The crown which Louis Philip has obtained in consequence of his father's crimes, may be expected to carry with it a curse,—if it has been taken as ambitiously by the son, as it was sought

Digitized by Google

sought by the father. No man, since Washington, has had an opportunity of becoming so truly great as Louis Philip would have made himself—by accepting the regency, and faithfully administering it for the young Henry of Bourbon;—not even Buonaparte, at the peace of Amiens,—for he had already exhibited his remorseless character,—but the Duke of Orleans might have answered the best promises of his best days. It is possible that he may yet answer them. He has hitherto preserved the monarchy,—he has hitherto withheld the people from blood,—he has hitherto maintained peace. He may effect reforms in the church which no Bourbon would originate, and which, if once effected, no Bourbon would overthrow; and if, having done this, he were to transfer the crown to the legitimate heir, so doing, he would best consult the welfare (and we verily believe, the wishes) of France, the real happiness of his own family, and his own honour, for his character would then be raised above all parallel and all praise. So to act would, indeed, be to make the utmost possible reparation for his father's crimes, and might entail a blessing upon his posterity.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF

No. XCVI.

ART. Page

I.—1. Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; and an attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes. By Samuel Hibbert, M.D., F.R.S.E.

2. Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.

3. Letters on Natural Magic. By Sir David Brewster, K.H. - - - - - - - - - - 287

II.—1. An Inquiry into the Poor-Laws and Surplus Labour, and their Mutual Reaction. By William Day, Esq.

2. Cottage Allotments in some Parishes of North Hampshire. By the Rev. Lovelace B. Wither - - 320

III.—1. The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion. By William Kitchener, M.D.

2. The Horse and Carriage Oracle. By John Jervis, an old Coachman. Revised by William Kitchener, M.D., Author of the Cook's Oracle, &c. &c. - - - 346

IV.—Observations on the Healthy and Diseased Properties of the Blood. By W. Stevens, M.D. - - - 375

V.—Zohrab the Hostage. By the Author of 'Hajji Baba' 391

VI.—The History of Charlemagne. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 421

VII.—Mémoires de Louis XVIII., recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Duc de D ****. - - - - 455

Digitized by Google

ART. Page

VIII.—Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a Detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting Events in his Life; from the years 1733 to 1749. Edited by Miss Jane Porter - - - 480

IX.—1. Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c. By William Gore Ouseley, Esq., Attaché to His Majesty's Legation at Washington.

2. The Refugee in America; a Novel. By Mrs. Trollope 507

X.—1. La Fayette et la Révolution de 1830. Histoire des Choses et des Hommes de Juillet, par B. Sarrans le Jeune, Ancien rédacteur an chef du Courrier des Electeurs, Aide-de-camp de La Fayette jusqu'au 26 Décembre, 1830, jour de la Démission de ce Général.

2. England and France; or, a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania - - - - - - - - - 523

XI.—1. How will it work? By J. G. Lemaistre, A.M.

2. How it must work. By Henry Francis Lord Teynham.

3. A Plan of Church Reform, &c. By Lord Henley.

4. Safe and Easy Steps towards an Efficient Church Reform: one more efficient than that of Lord Henley. By a Clergyman of the Church of England.

5. Remarks upon Church Reform, and Sequel to Remarks upon Church Reform. With Observations upon the Plan proposed by Lord Henley. By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, &c.

6. Church Reform. By a Churchman.

7. Substance of a Speech delivered at a Meeting of Evangelical Dissenters of different Denominations held in Edinburgh on 13th September, 1832 - - - 542

Digitized by Google

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I. 1.—*Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; and an attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes.* By Samuel Hibbert, M.D., F.R.S.E. Second Edition, enlarged. Edinburgh. 1825.

2. *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft.* By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. (Published in the 'Family Library.') London. 1830.

3. *Letters on Natural Magic.* By Sir David Brewster, K.H. (Published in the 'Family Library.') London. 1831.

NOTWITHSTANDING the eagerness with which almost all educated persons disclaim a belief in the supernatural, and denounce, as a vulgar absurdity, the very notion of apparitions, yet there are few, even of the boldest and least credulous, who are not occasionally the victims of the very apprehensions which they deride;—and many of them have been driven to confess that their scepticism receives a more powerful support from their pride than from their reason.

Occupied with professional toil, or engrossed with the objects of sense, and the dazzling prizes of ambition, the man of the world scarcely recognizes himself as the possessor of a spiritual nature,—

> '——this faculty divine
> Is chain'd and tortured,—cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
> And bred in darkness;'—*Byron.*

but even over this darkness the truth will some time or other shine,—

> 'The beam pour in, and time and skill will couch the blind.'

In the infinite variety of his works and ways the Almighty has provided numerous means for maintaining a strong sense of the supernatural. A mind even of ordinary energy naturally turns inwards when drawn from its daily routine of thought and action; and if it is placed under circumstances of powerful association, or witnesses striking phenomena in the natural or moral world, it speedily reverts to its own origin and destiny, and spontaneously claims kindred with the spiritual. Amid the solitude of ancient grandeur the traveller feels as if he were still encircled with its former tenants;—he acknowledges 'the power and magic of the

Digitized by Google

ruined battlement;' and, 'becoming a part of what has been,' he recognizes, in the sacred awe which breathes around him, that

'There is given
Unto the things of earth which time has bent,
A *spirit's feeling.*'

But it is not merely by its own creations that the mind feels its connexion with the spiritual world. There are events and scenes in nature so rare in their occurrence, or so overpowering in their grandeur, or so terrific in their effects, that the mind springs, as it were, its earthly cable, and feels itself in the immediate presence of more exalted intelligencies. In the darkness and crash of the thunderbolt human courage stands appalled, and we feel as if the divine ubiquity were concentrated in this powerful appeal to our fears. In the still more terrific phenomena of the earthquake the poet has well described

'The awe
Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw
From their down-toppling nests; and bellowing herds
Stumble o'er heaving plains,—and man's dread hath no words.'

When the northern lights were first exhibited to our ancestors, they regarded them as an army of spiritual beings marshalled in prophetic array to warn them of approaching strife. In their indefinite outline they recognized the forms of their departed heroes; —in the meteoric play of their lights they saw the glancing of contending arms; and in the slow and rapid movements of the aërial columns they shadowed forth the evolutions of battle; while the crimson tints of the electric light painted to their imaginations the torrents of the blood-stained field. The frequent occurrence of these phenomena has now deprived them of their influence over the mind; but even we remember the awe which they inspired when they were seen accompanying and following the revolutionary wars of the last century.

Nor is it by material phenomena alone that the mind is drawn from its earthly concerns to a due sense of its position and its relations. Moral events address themselves still more powerfully to mankind, and through the channel of the affections we are often roused from a lethargy that would otherwise have been fatal. When domestic affliction presses its cold hand upon the heart, and throws a blackness over nature, material objects almost cease to influence us;—the mind discovers its true place in the scheme of infinite wisdom;—it longs to follow the disembodied spirit from which it has been torn, and would almost welcome the stroke that could effect its liberation.

Such are the means by which ordinary men are impressed with a serious,

Digitized by Google

a serious, though an unacknowledged, awe of the unseen world. To the philosopher and the Christian such reminiscences are less requisite. Occupied with the study of his own mind, or with that of the material universe, the wise man is too much conversant with mental abstractions, and too familiar with the proofs of an all-pervading spirit, to doubt the existence of a supernatural community, or to pronounce dogmatically against the opinions of those—

'Who deem that such inhabit many a spot,
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.'

Every article of the Christian's faith, and every effort that his duty demands from him, is associated with the convictions of supernatural agency. The student of the Old Testament will scarcely renounce the belief 'that descending spirits may converse with men;' and, even in the miraculous events of the new dispensation, he discovers abundant proofs of a frequent communication between the worlds of matter and of spirit. The feelings thus inspired by the sacred canon are fostered by every act of Christian piety. He whose struggles are to shake off the incubus of earthly passion,—whose aspirations are after things unseen, and whose motto is STAND IN AWE AND SIN NOT, is not likely to disclaim the possibility of supernatural appearances.

But while we allow, on these grounds, that a feeling in favour of apparitions is universally prevalent,—and while we respect even the sacred principle on which a belief in them may be founded, yet we cannot find any evidence for admitting their existence.

The miraculous interpositions which were necessary at the establishment of Christianity have undoubtedly ceased; and, in proportion as knowledge has been diffused, and the doctrines of the reformed religion advanced, in the same proportion have the stories of apparitions diminished in number.

Even those who are believers in the reappearance of departed spirits, or in the apparitions of persons still alive, entertain no common opinion concerning the nature of these unearthly visitants. Nobody surely believes that the spirits of just men made perfect are reinvested with their sublunary drapery to frighten or to warn the careless,—and still less can it be supposed that the shades of the wicked are entrusted with this spiritual diplomacy. If such effects were necessary under the divine government of the world, they could be produced by the simple machinery of mental impressions, which have all the vivacity and force of the pictures of real objects.

Some of the ancient philosophers, indeed, did attempt to assign a physical cause for the supposed reappearance of the dead; and our modern alchymists continued to invest that explanation with all the solemnity of truth. As the reptiles cast their skins, and leave behind them their real external covering, in like manner it

Digitized by Google

was supposed by Lucretius that the spirits of the departed were the superficial films or outward exuviæ of the human body, which had escaped from the general law of mortality. This speculation was improved and extended by the alchymists of the seventeenth century, who conceived that by the processes of *Palingenesy*, as it was called, they could reproduce the rose, or any other plant, from its ashes. The saline residuum of the flower, mixed with a *certain* substance, was exposed to a gentle heat, and from the midst of its ashes there arose, in all its native beauty, the stem, the leaves, and the corolla of the plant. In this fanciful result, which the alchymists declare that they obtained, Kircher speedily discovered what he thought was the real origin of apparitions. As the saline particles of each part of the plant were supposed, in virtue of their specific affinities, to resume their places in its resuscitated phantom, so he conceived that the saline particles of the human body, liberated by decomposition, were exhaled from its earthly tenement, and resumed, in a shadowy outline, the same position which they had held in the living frame.

This explanation of ghosts was in perfect harmony with the speculations of the age; but even in these times an appeal was occasionally made to experiment, and the chemical magician experienced no difficulty in extricating phantoms from the soil of the churchyard, or in causing the shade of the executed felon to hover above his pounded bones. In the time even of Louis XIV. these experiments were believed to have been successfully performed. Three Parisian alchymists, having taken some earth from the burial-ground of the church of the Innocents, exposed it to distillation in a glass phial. The sudden appearance of human forms within their transparent prison, drove the terrified chemists from their laboratory, and terminated, for a while, their magical transformations.* The story, however, got abroad, and the wise men of the day

* Had these alchymists lived in later times, when masses of *adipocire* were extracted from the same burying-ground, they might have performed their experiments more elegantly, by lighting up their apartments with wax candles, which they could easily have moulded from this sepulchral deposit. A brief history of this remarkable substance may interest the general reader: 'Adipocire was discovered at Paris in 1787, when the burying-ground of the church des Innocens was removed, on account of its insalubrity, and the space which it occupied laid out for buildings. This burying-ground had been for many centuries the receptacle of the dead in one of the most populous districts of Paris, and contained several large cavities, (*fosses communes*,) about thirty feet deep and twenty feet square. Each of these immense pits, which had been heaped above their natural level, contained about fifteen hundred adjacent coffins, including the bodies of the poorer inhabitants who were uniformly doomed to this species of dishonourable interment, so that a space of nearly two hundred thousand cubic yards was completely filled with one hideous mass of corruption. When the proposed alterations in this part of the city were to be put in execution, it became necessary to remove the greater part of the soil with its putrid contents, and it was during this operation that Messrs. Fourcroy and Thouvet obtained the following

Digitized by Google

day resolved, at whatever hazard, to confirm or to expose the results of their predecessors. An experiment was made on the body of a malefactor, and the following account of it, given by Dr. Ferriar, is an abstract of that which appeared in the '*Miscellanea Curiosa.*'

'A malefactor was executed, of whose body a grave physician got possession, for the purpose of dissection. After disposing of the other parts of the body, he ordered his assistant to pulverize part of the cranium, which was a remedy at that time admitted in dispensatories. The powder was left in a paper on the table of the museum, where the assistant slept; about midnight he was awakened by a noise in the room, which obliged him to rise immediately. The noise continued about the table without any visible agent; and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld, to his unspeakable dismay, a small head, with open eyes staring at him; presently two branches approached, which formed into arms and hands; then the ribs became visible, which were soon clothed with muscles and integuments; next the lower extremities sprouted out, and when they appeared perfect the puppet (for his size was small) raised himself on his feet; instantly his clothes came upon him, and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution. The affrighted spectator, who stood hitherto mumbling his prayers with great application, now thought of nothing but making his escape from the revived ruffian; but this was impossible, for the apparition placed himself in his way, and, after diverse fierce looks and threatening gestures, opened the door and went out.'

This theory of apparitions,—the only one which seemed perfectly intelligible to the wisdom of the age,—rose high in popular estimation, and was supported by a very respectable constituency even in England. Dr. Webster, in his book on Witchcraft, not only sanctioned it with his express approbation, but brought forward new evidence in its support. He considered the regeneration of plants from their ashes as established by the ocular testimony of Borelli, Kircher, and others, who, he says, *would have been ashamed to affirm it if it were not true*, and he concludes that it is not only possible, but rational, that *animals*, as well as plants, have their ideas, or figures, or actual shapes existing after the gross body is destroyed. Hence, says he, *since the shapes and apparitions of*

ing interesting facts:—In one of the pits, which had been filled up about fifteen years, the bodies had sunk to the bottoms of the coffins, as if they had been flattened by the pressure of some weight; and, upon removing the linen shroud, there appeared irregular masses of a soft unctuous substance like cheese, of a brownish colour, and apparently intermediate between wax and fat. After further examination, it appeared that this adipocire was composed of every part of the body except the bones, nails, and hair; that it was more perfect in the centres of the pits than in the parts nearer the surface; that in the space of about thirty-five years, where the ground is dry, it becomes brittle, semi-transparent, and of a granulated texture, and that it was never produced when the bodies were interred singly.'—*Edinburgh Encyclopædia.* Art. Adipocire.

men

Digitized by Google

men do appear, it necessarily follows, 'that their corporeal souls do exist apart, and attend upon, or are near, the blood and bodies.' Such was the logic of the day, when grave men convinced themselves that every human body was attended with a spare soul, which saved the other the trouble of disentangling itself from its earthly appendage. These Siamese twins of matter and of spirit were inseparable even in death, and when *Chang* was reduced to his primordial dust, *Eng* remained his faithful representative in the spiritual assembly of the dead.

In more modern times, Lavater invested the imaginations of individuals with the power of influencing the imaginations of others at a distance, and enabling the latter to create a vivid phantasm of the former. This, however, was only a partial extension of the ancient hypothesis, and the Swiss philosopher did nothing more than lengthen the ligament which bound together the Siamese brotherhood.

From the ancient theories of apparitions we now pass to their history,—that chronicle of truth and fable, which, while it inspires the timid with alarm, and yields a small triumph to the sceptic, may yet be advantageously examined by the philosopher, and studied by the Christian.

The various phenomena of apparitions may be divided into two great classes:—Those which have been seen by several persons at the same time;—and those which have been seen by only one person.

1. The *first* of these divisions embraces two very opposite classes of phenomena. While it includes the supernatural visions which were displayed during the Jewish theocracy, and at the establishment of Christianity, it comprehends, also, the whole system of imposture which prevailed in the heathen temples. The first of these branches of the subject is too sacred to be treated in conjunction with the second. The singular events in which the Almighty spoke to his peculiar people, and the miracles by which our Saviour and his disciples overpowered the incredulity of their hearers, were special interpositions for accomplishing the high objects of the divine government. When human reason had placed these relations on the basis of historical evidence, philosophy shrunk from their examination, and faith received them with holy reverence.

Far different from these beneficent revelations were the lying miracles of ancient idolatry. When, in the progress of evil, sovereigns ceased to be the fathers of their people, they contrived to associate the influence of the priest with the arts of the sage, in a dark conspiracy to enslave their species. The sciences of the times, limited as they were, became the powerful instruments of imposture among ignorant minds; and through many a dark century, the whole

Digitized by Google

whole mass of social life was bound in the chain of spiritual despotism. At one time the heathen deities addressed themselves, in oracular responses, to the ears of their worshippers;—at another, they appealed to the eye, in the full costume of spiritual apparitions. Their statues walked and spoke, and wept and sung, —and a large tribute of imposture was levied from every department of knowledge. Men could not but give credence to what they thus saw with their eyes, and heard with their ears. No artificial stimulus, perhaps, was applied to their senses or imagination. It was through their ignorance alone,—their ignorance of the powers of nature and the resources of art, that they became the willing victims of a base superstition. It is only when knowledge has made considerable inroads on the domain of the magician, that he is compelled to enlist the creative faculty in his service.

The principal apparitions of former times seem to have been of an optical nature. The properties of lenses and concave mirrors, and especially that of forming images in the air which eluded the grasp of the observer, and possessed all the characters of an incorporeal existence, were certainly known to the ancient magicians. Hence it was easy to obtain, from inverted and highly illuminated statues or pictures, aërial representations of their gods, or of their departed friends. But though such apparitions had the requisite resemblance to their prototypes, they still wanted the reality of life. This defect, however, they were able to supply; they possessed the art of giving an erect position to inverted images, so that from living beings it was easy to exhibit erect apparitions in the air. Persons who resembled their divinities, or the individuals whose apparitions were required, were no doubt dressed in appropriate attire, so as to furnish aërial images exhibiting all the expressions, and repeating all the movements of the original object.

It would appear from a passage of Damascius, quoted by M. Salverte, that the ancients possessed even the art of the modern phantasmagoria. He describes a mass of light as seen on the wall of the temple, which at first appeared very remote, but which, as it approached the eye, gradually transformed itself into a countenance of divine and supernatural beauty. With this power of transformation, which optical machinery so well supplied, it became easy to convert one apparition into another, and even to produce those metamorphoses of men into animals which appear to have been effected by the ancient conjurors.

Owing to the impenetrable secresy which reigned in the temples of idolatry, no accurate description of any individual apparition has been handed down to us; but in later times, when the manipulations of magic were more exposed to public scrutiny, we meet with

Digitized by Google

with a few examples which are well calculated to exhibit the means by which they were produced.

One of the earliest of these occurred during the ninth century of the Christian æra. The Emperor Basil, being inconsolable for the loss of a favourite son, had recourse to the prayers of Theodore Santabaren, Archbishop of the Euchaites, who had long been celebrated for possessing the gift of miracles. The emperor required a parting glimpse of his child: the prayers of the archbishop were heard; the disconsolate father was indulged with a sight of his son, exhibited in a magnificent dress, and mounted on a superb charger. The apparition advanced to the emperor, threw itself into his arms, and vanished. It is impossible to suppose that a real horseman was on this occasion the instrument of deception. The disappearance of the apparition in the arms of Basil, exactly after the manner of a phantasmagoric image, clearly indicates its optical origin, and proves that the aërial image either of a portrait, or of a living youth resembling the deceased prince, was the evanescent spectre which the father vainly pressed to his heart.

In more modern times we meet with a still more striking example of the employment of optical images in the art of necromancy. The celebrated Benvenuto Cellini, having become acquainted with a Sicilian priest, skilled in literature and the black art, expressed a desire to witness the power of his incantations. The priest consented, and a day was fixed on which they should repair to the Colisseum. Cellini took with him two intimate acquaintances, Vincenzio Romoli and Agnolino Gaddi, and also a youth of twelve years of age. The priest was assisted by another necromancer, a native of Pistoia. Having reached the Colisseum in the evening, bringing along with them fire, assafœtida, precious perfumes, and compositions of a nauseous odour—the priest began by drawing circles upon the ground with the most impressive ceremonies. The strangers were then handed into the circle through an opening in it made by the priest. The perfumes were thrown into the fire, and the ceremony commenced; of which Cellini has given the following account:—

'Having committed the care of the perfumes and the fire to my friend Vincenzio, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a pintaculo or magic chart, and bid me turn it to the place that he should direct me; and under the pintaculo I held my boy. The necromancer, having begun to make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of demons, who were the leaders of the several legions, and questioned them—by the power of the eternal uncreated God, who lives for ever—in the Hebrew language, as likewise in Latin and Greek, insomuch that the amphitheatre was almost in an instant filled with demons. Vincenzio Romoli was busied in making a fire,

Digitized by Google

a fire, with the assistance of Agnolino, and burning a great quantity of precious perfumes: I, by the direction of the necromancer, desired to be in the company of my Angelica. The former, thereupon, turning to me, said, "Know that they have declared, that in the space of a month you shall be in her company."

'He then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now about a thousand more in number than he had designed; and, besides, these were the most dangerous: so that, after they had answered my question, it behoved him to be civil to them, and dismiss them quietly. At the same time the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying, that there were in that place a million of fierce men who threatened to destroy us; and that, moreover, four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were endeavouring to break into our circle. During this time, whilst the necromancer, trembling with fear, endeavoured, by mild and gentle methods, to dismiss them in the best way he could, Vincenzio Romoli, who quivered like an aspen leaf, took care of the perfumes. Though I was as much terrified as any of them, I did my utmost to conceal the terror I felt, so that I greatly contributed to inspire the rest with resolution; but the truth is, I gave myself over for a dead man, seeing the horrid fright the necromancer was in.

'The boy placed his head between his knees, and said, "In this posture will I die, for we shall all surely perish." I told him, that all these demons were under us, and what he saw was smoke and shadow; so bid him hold up his head and take courage. No sooner did he look up, but he cried out,—"The whole amphitheatre is burning, and the fire is just falling upon us;" so covering his eyes with his hands, he again exclaimed, that destruction was inevitable, and he desired to see no more. The necromancer entreated me to have a good heart, and take care to burn proper perfumes; upon which I turned to Romoli, and bid him burn all the most precious perfumes he had. At the same time I cast my eye upon Agnolino Gaddi, who was terrified to such a degree that he could scarce distinguish objects, and seemed to be half dead. Seeing him in this condition, I said,—"Agnolino, upon these occasions a man should not yield to fear, but should stir about and give his assistance; so come directly and put in some more of these perfumes. The boy, hearing a crepitation, ventured once more to raise his head, when, seeing me laugh, he began to take courage, and said, that the devils were flying away with a vengeance.

'In this condition we staid till the bell rang for morning prayer. The boy then told us, that there remained but few devils, and these were at a great distance. When the magician had performed the rest of his ceremonies, he stripped off his gown, and took up a wallet full of books, which he had brought with him. We all went out of the circle together, keeping as close to each other as we possibly could, especially the boy, who had placed himself in the middle, holding the necromancer by the coat, and me by the cloak.

'As we were going to our houses in the quarter of Banchi, the boy told

Digitized by Google

told us that two of the demons whom we had seen at the amphitheatre went on before us, leaping and skipping, sometimes running upon the roofs of the houses, and sometimes upon the ground.'

Mr. Roscoe, from whose translation of the life of Cellini the preceding account is abridged by Sir David Brewster, infers, from the words addressed by Cellini to the terrified boy, 'that the whole of the appearances were merely the effects of a magic-lantern, produced in volumes of smoke from various kinds of burning wood.' In coming to this conclusion, however, as Sir David observes, Mr. Roscoe has forgotten that the exhibition took place about the middle of the sixteenth century, *before the invention of the magic-lantern.* Cellini died in 1570, and Kircher, the inventor of this instrument, was not born till 1601, so that the images of the demons must have been formed by some other apparatus. That this apparatus consisted of one or more concave mirrors, or of lenses, can, therefore, scarcely be doubted. Highly illuminated pictures or figures of demons, placed out of sight, were the objects from which the mirrors or lenses threw distinct images upon the volumes of smoke which rose from the fire. The magic circle, to which the spectators were religiously confined, was no doubt placed a little on one side of the rays reflected from the mirror, so that the images of the demons formed in the air would vanish when the smoke disappeared, and would be again revived upon every wreath of smoke which rose from the fire. A slight change in the position of the objects, or in that of the mirror, would cause the aërial pictures to change their places, to flit from one wreath of smoke to another, and to give the idea of a legion, or a constant succession of demons. The same effect might have been produced by a large multiplying glass; but however this may have been executed, it was obviously under the management of the conjuror of Pistoia, while the master necromancer had taken his place within the magic ring in order to observe the progress of the experiment, and give directions by signals for any new appearances which he might think proper to invoke.

There can be no doubt, that the object of the compositions which diffused nauseous odours was to intoxicate or stupify the spectators, for the purpose of increasing their liability to deception, or of adding imaginary phantoms to those which were before their eyes; but it is not easy to discover from the details what parts of the exhibition were due to this secondary cause. The boy, as well as Agnolino Gaddi, were so overpowered with terror, that they were constantly influenced by their imagination; but when the boy declares that 'four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were endeavouring to break into their circle,' he describes, in the most accurate manner, the effect that would be produced by pushing the

Digitized by Google

the original figures nearer the concave mirror, and thus magnifying their images on the smoke, and causing them to advance towards the spectators. Brewster supposes that the optical apparatus by which these effects were produced was inclosed in a box, with an illuminating lamp and sliding figures, and that this box, with its lamp burning, was carried home with the party; and thus 'easily understands' the declaration of the boy, 'that as they were going home to their houses in the quarter of Banchi, *two of the demons whom they had seen at the amphitheatre went on before them, leaping and skipping, sometimes running on the roofs of the houses, and sometimes on the ground.*'

Another example of an apparition seen by two persons at the same time, occurred in our own country, about the end of the seventeenth century, and is described in Bovet's *Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloyster.* The author of this work informs us, that about the year 1667, he was residing along with some persons of honour, in the west country, in the house of a nobleman, which had been a nunnery. He had heard from the servants, as well as from visitors, that the house was frequently disturbed by *noises, stirs,* and *apparitions,* but at that time he entertained no fear of such annoyances, as the house was full of strangers, and the nobleman's steward, Mr. C., lay with him in a fine wainscot room, called 'My Lady Chamber.' He then proceeds to describe the events of the night in the following manner:—

'We went to our lodging pretty early, and, having a good fire in the room, we spent some time in reading; then having got into bed, and put out the candles, we observed the room to be very light by the brightness of the moon, so that a wager was laid between us, that it was possible to read written-hand by that light upon the bed where we lay. Accordingly, I drew out of my pocket a manuscript, which he read distinctly in the place where we lay. We had scarcely made an end of discoursing about that affair, when I saw (my face being towards the door, which was locked) entering into the room five appearances of very fine and lovely women. They were of excellent stature, and their dresses seemed very fine; they covered all but their faces with their light veils, whose skirts trailed largely on the floor. They entered in a file, one after the other, and in that posture walked round the room, till the foremost came and stood by that side of the bed where I lay, with my left hand over the side of the bed, for my head rested on that arm, and I determined not to alter the position in which I was. She struck me upon that hand with a blow that felt very soft, but I did never remember whether it were cold or hot. I demanded, in the name of the blessed Trinity, what business they had there, but received no answer. Then I spoke to Mr. C.,—"Sir, do you see what fair guests are here come to

Digitized by Google

to visit us ?"—before which they had all disappeared. I found him in some kind of agony, and was forced to grasp him on the breast with my right-hand (which was next him underneath the bed-clothes) before I could obtain speech of him. Then he told me, that he had seen the fair guests I spoke of, and had heard me speak to them, but withal said that he was not able to speak sooner unto me, being extremely affrighted at the sight of a dreadful monster, which, assuming a shape between that of a lion and a bear, attempted to come upon the bed's-foot. I told him, I thanked God, nothing so frightful had presented itself to me; but I hoped, through his assistance, not to dread the ambages of hell.'

Alarmed by these apparitions, the steward forsook his companion, and on the following night Bovet was consigned alone to the haunted chamber. A short while after he got into bed, he heard something *like a woman* in a *tabby gown* trailing about the room :—

'It made,' he observes, 'a mighty rustling noise, but I could see nothing, though it was near as light as the night before. It passed by the foot of the bed, and a little opened the curtains, and thence went to a closet door on that side, through which it found admittance, although it was close-locked. There it seemed to groan and to draw a great chair with its foot, in which it seemed to sit, and turn over the leaves of a large folio, which, you know, make a loud clattering noise. So it continued in that posture, sometimes groaning, sometimes dragging the chair, and clattering the book, till it was near day. Afterwards I lodged several times in this room, but never met with any molestation.'

Dr. Ferriar regards this apparition as a waking illusion, while Dr. Hibbert supposes it to have been a lively dream. Both these opinions seem to be excluded by the fact, that the apparitions of the five women were both seen and heard by the nobleman's steward as well as Mr. Bovet. To imagine that two persons could, at the same moment, fall into the same waking vision, or dream the same lively dream, is inconsistent with everything that we know of the operations of independent minds. The origin of the apparitions is not difficult to discover. The house where it appeared was a scene of gaiety and festivity, and being filled with strangers, it is highly probable that they had diversified the amusements by attempting to terrify the author and the steward. The appearances, so distinctly described by Bovet, might have been produced by a dexterous application of optical means, for the soft blow which was struck upon his hand might have been an effect of the imagination, occasioned by the attempt of the optical figure to touch his hand. We are of opinion, however, that the five personages who entered the room were real females,

Digitized by Google

females, under the direction of their noble master. It is not likely that the steward, who must have been familiar with the apparitions of the castle, would have forsaken Bovet from fear. He was probably withdrawn by the party, in order to subject the author to a solitary experiment; and when it was found that he could even face the lady with the tabby gown, he was permitted to enjoy his slumbers without any further molestation.

In the class of apparitions which we are now considering, viz. such as are seen by two persons at the same time, we may enumerate those which have their origin in certain recondite functions of vision, which are entirely unknown to the vulgar, and have been little, if at all, examined by philosophers. To the deceptions which spring from them, the best and the least informed are equally subject, and it is highly probable that they may come into simultaneous operation in the minds of more than one observer. The thousand and one apparitions, which have continued from age to age to terrify the young and the ignorant, have generally presented themselves during the hours of twilight and of darkness, when the horizon was faintly illuminated by a declining moon, or by the twinkling light of the stars, or the still feebler illumination of a shrouded sky. At such hours the imagination is itself auxiliary to physical causes; and when the vision acquires its vividness from the one, and a species of reality from the other, the soundest mind may be baffled in tracing the causes of the deception,

'Which out of things familiar, undesign'd,
When least we deem of such, calls up to view
The spectres whom no exorcism can bind—
The cold—the changed—perchance the dead—anew,
The mourn'd—the loved—the lost!'

Under the circumstances which we have described, all objects are extremely difficult to be seen from the obscurity in which they are involved. The imperfect vision of those which we can command, compels us to fix the eye upon them more steadily, but the more exertion we make to accomplish our purpose, the greater are the difficulties which we encounter. Owing to a property of the retina, when acted upon by highly attenuated light, the eye itself is thrown into the most painful agitation—the object swells and contracts, and it sometimes partially disappears, and again becomes visible when the eye has recovered from its temporary delirium. These effects may be most distinctly seen when the objects in a room are illuminated with the last gleams of a fire nearly extinguished; but they are likely to be most efficacious, as a source of deception, when there is just sufficient light to render white objects faintly visible.

The

Digitized by Google

The influence of this principle is aided by another condition of the eye, which it necessarily assumes during partial darkness. In order to collect the feeble light which prevails, the pupil expands itself nearly to the whole width of the iris; but it is demonstrable that, in this state of the pupil, the eye cannot accommodate itself to the distinct vision of near objects, so that the forms of persons and things actually become more confused and shadowy when they are at the very distance at which we calculate upon obtaining the best view of them. The combinations of these affections of the eye must therefore powerfully contribute to the production of illusions in the dark. It is a curious circumstance, that the spectres of this kind are always white, which they ought to be, because no other colour can be seen, and they are always created either out of inanimate objects which reflect more light than others around them, or which are projected against a more luminous ground, or they are formed out of human beings or animals whose colour or change of place renders them more visible in the dark. When the straining eye discovers an inanimate object, whose different parts reflect different degrees of light, its brighter portions may enable the spectator to preserve a sustained view of them, but the evanescence and subsequent revival of its fainter parts, and its consequent change of outline, will give it the aspect of a living body; and if the spectator has not courage to examine it more narrowly, and if it occupies an unapproachable position, and especially one where animate objects could not reach, the mind would not be slow in assigning to it a supernatural origin. From similar causes, a human form, traced in the faint lineaments of twilight, may experience similar transformations, increased by its general locomotion, or by the movements of its individual parts. In positions favourable for receiving and reflecting light, it may in a new position suddenly disappear, when the observer has conceived it to be under the full command of his vision; and if this disappearance take place in some unfrequented path, where the figure has no means of escaping from the observer, the event cannot fail to make a deep impression on the mind.

Those who have been subject in their youth to the fear of an unseen world, will recognize in these observations the phenomena which they have witnessed, and the sources of fear with which they have been agitated. When minds of such a cast are placed under the circumstances we have described, the organs of sight and of hearing become painfully sensitive. They place themselves on the alert to catch every gleam of light, and to collect every breath of sound, and, like the timid and too cautious sentinel, they are ever disturbing the garrison with the tidings of an imaginary enemy. When two persons perform the same nocturnal journey, the physical causes

Digitized by Google

causes to which we have referred may operate similarly, and even where they do not, the inferior courage, or the sharper vision of the one, will soon give identity to the forms which are presented to them both. Their imaginations even may be directed into the same channel, if their journey is one of high importance, or of affecting interest; if they are bearers of the same message of love, or the same tale of woe; if they are embarked in crime, or escaping from justice, or in pursuit of murderers; or are charged with any great errand in times of public commotion or war—their minds will obviously be agitated by the same hopes and fears, and their imaginations roused by the same excitement. Two independent minds may thus, as it were, become one—just as two chronometers, with different rates of going, or two strings vibrating different notes, are forced by a sympathetic action into the same physical condition. Similar, and even diversified, phenomena will thus make the same mental impression; the creations of the imagination will receive the same similarity of character, and a double testimony will thus be obtained in favour of the apparitions of sense or of the visions of fancy*.

These observations are strikingly illustrated by the following story, which was related by a sea-captain from Newcastle, and published by Mr. Ellis, in his edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities:—

'His cook,' he said, 'chanced to die on their passage homeward. This honest fellow, having had one of his legs a little shorter than the other, used to walk in that way which our vulgar idiom calls *with an up and a down*. A few nights after his body had been committed to the deep our captain was alarmed by his mate with an ac-

* These views are well, though partially, illustrated, in the case of dreams, by the following anecdote, in which similar dreams were produced in a gentleman and his wife at the same time, and by the same cause. It is given by Dr. Abercrombie, on the authority of a MS. of the late Dr. Gregory:—'It happened,' says he, 'at a period when there was an alarm of French invasion, and almost every man in Edinburgh was a soldier. All things had been arranged in expectation of the landing of an enemy; the first notice of which was to be given by a gun from the castle, and this was to be followed by a chain of signals, calculated to alarm the country in all directions. Further, there had been recently in Edinburgh a splendid military spectacle, in which five thousand men had been drawn up in Prince's Street, fronting the castle. The gentleman to whom the dream occurred, and who had been a most zealous volunteer, was in bed between two and three o'clock in the morning, when he dreamt of hearing the signal-gun. He was immediately at the castle, witnessed the proceedings for displaying the signals, and saw and heard a great bustle over the town from troops and artillery assembling, especially in Prince's Street. At this time he was roused by his wife, who awoke in a fright, in consequence of a *similar dream*, connected with much noise and the landing of an enemy, and concluding with the death of a particular friend of her husband's, who had served with him as a volunteer during the late war. The origin of this remarkable occurrence was ascertained in the morning to be the noise produced in the room above by the fall of a pair of tongs, which had been left in some very awkward position, in support of a clothes-screen.'

count

Digitized by Google

'count that the cook was walking before the ship, and that all hands were on deck to see him. The captain, after an oath or two for having been disturbed, ordered them to let him alone, and try which, the ship or he, should first get to Newcastle. But turning out, on further importunity, he honestly confessed that he had like to have caught the contagion; for on seeing something move in a way so similar to that which our old friend used, and withal having a cap on so like that which he was wont to wear, he verily thought that there was more in the report than he was at first willing to believe. A general panic diffused itself; he ordered the ship to be steered towards the object, but not a man would move the helm! Compelled to do this himself, he found, on a nearer approach, that the ridiculous cause of all their terror was part of a main-top, the remains of some wreck, floating before them.'

There is yet another class of apparitions, of an optical nature, which may be seen by more than one person, and which have their origin in that property of the retina which produces what is called *ocula spectra*, or accidental colours. If we cut the human figure out of a piece of bright scarlet paper, and placing it on a sheet of highly illuminated white paper, look at it for some seconds with one or both eyes steadily fixed on one point of it, we shall observe the red colour to become fainter, as if it were diluted with white light. If the red figure is now quickly removed, we shall see upon the white paper a green figure perfectly similar to the red one, and this figure is called the spectrum, or accidental colour of the red figure. The colours of the spectral figures vary with those of the real ones, as in the following table, which we extract from Sir David Brewster's second letter to Sir Walter Scott:—

'The original colour of figures.	Colour of spectral figures.
Red	Bluish-green
Orange	Blue
Yellow	Indigo
Green	Reddish-violet
Blue	Orange-red
Indigo	Orange-yellow
Violet	Yellow
White	Black
Black	White.'—*Brewster*, p. 21.

These accidental colours often appear when we are not aware of the causes in which they originate. In an apartment, painted with brilliant colours, and illuminated with the solar rays, all the shadows will have the accidental colour of that of the room. A solar beam, passing through an aperture of a blue window-curtain, will appear orange; and, in general, whenever the eye is affected with one predominating colour, it will see, at the same time, the spectral or accidental colour, in the same manner as the

ear

Digitized by Google

ear hears simultaneously the fundamental and harmonic sounds of a vibrating string.

When figures are seen projected against very strong lights,—against highly illuminated clouds, for example, or against the solar rays reflected from a sheet of water, and diffused by the ripple of its surface, the spectator will carry about with him for some time a white spectral figure upon a dark ground. But even in ordinary lights similar apparitions may be produced by more transient impressions; and we have no difficulty in believing that the following story is a true one:—

'A figure dressed in *black*, and mounted upon a white horse, was riding along, exposed to the bright rays of the sun, which, through a small opening in the clouds, was throwing its light only upon this part of the landscape. The black figure was projected against a white cloud, and the white horse shone with particular brilliancy by its contrast with the dark soil against which it was seen. A person interested in the arrival of such a stranger had been for some time following his movements with intense anxiety, but upon his disappearance behind a wood was surprised to observe the spectre of the mounted stranger in the form of a *white* rider upon a *black* steed, and this spectre was seen for some time in the sky, or upon any pale ground to which the eye was directed.'

2. We now come to consider that class of apparitions which have been seen only by one individual at the same time.

These appearances may originate in three different causes.—1st. They may be the result of pure optical illusion, presented to a person of the soundest mind and in the most perfect health; or of certain physical affections of the eye, occasioned by some temporary derangement of its functions, and exaggerated by the imagination.—2d. They may have their origin entirely in the imagination, when rendered morbid by an early-instilled and deeply-seated belief in apparitions, and when excited by local and temporary associations.—3d. They may arise in persons of the soundest minds, and with the best-regulated imaginations, from a diseased state of the vital functions,—exhibiting themselves in open day, and in the midst of the social circle.

1. To the first of these sources of spectral illusions we have made some reference in the preceding pages. The subject is one of great extent, and requires too much scientific discussion to be treated in a popular form. We shall, therefore, confine our observations at present to an account of two different derangements in the functions of the retina which may produce the illusions under consideration.

The first of these, a very remarkable one, which has been for the first time closely examined by Sir David Brewster, is thus

Digitized by Google

described by Sir Isaac Newton, in the sixteenth of his optical queries:—

'When a man in the dark presses either corner of his eye with his finger, and turns his eye away from his finger, he will see a circle of colours like those in the feather of a peacock's tail. If the eye and the finger remain quiet, these colours vanish in a second of time. Do not these colours arise from such motions excited in the bottom of the eye by the pressure and motion of the finger, as at other times are excited there by light for causing vision? And do not the motions, once excited, continue about a second of time before they cease? And when a man, by a stroke upon his eye, sees a flash of light, are not the like motions excited on the retina by the stroke?'

Although Sir David has frequently repeated these experiments with the greatest care, he has never, he says, been able to observe the green and blue colours of the peacock's feather, nor, indeed, any colour whatever, 'except a red tinge, which is produced by the passage of the external light through the closed eyelids. The circles of light,' he adds, 'continue while the pressure lasts; and they may be produced as readily when the eye has been many hours in total darkness, as when it has been recently exposed to light.'—p. 18.

In absolute darkness, according to his experiments, the slightest force, which is just sufficient to compress the soft membrane of the retina, creates a distinct sensation of light; and if rays from an external object are allowed to fall upon the retina, when it experiences this pressure, the excited portion will be more sensible to their light than any other part, and consequently will appear more luminous. As the ball of the eye is filled with incompressible fluids, an increase of pressure will cause the eye-ball to protrude round the point of pressure, and consequently the retina under the protruded part will be *compressed* by the outward pressure of the fluids within, while the retina on each side, viz. under the point of pressure, and beyond the protruding ring, will be drawn, as it were, towards the latter and *dilated*. The portion of retina, therefore, under the finger, which was in the first instance compressed, is now dilated; the ring which surrounds it compressed, and a remoter ring dilated. Under these circumstances, when the eye is exposed to light, there is seen a bright luminous circle shading off externally and internally into total darkness. Hence we are led to the important conclusions, that the retina gives out light when compressed in absolute darkness,—that its sensibility to light is increased when compressed under exposure to light,—and that when it is dilated under the influence of light, the dilated portion is insensible to all luminous impressions.

What Sir David styles the *phosphorescence of the eye, under pressure,*

Digitized by Google

pressure, shows itself frequently when the observer is in perfect health. A flash of light shoots from the eye-ball, when the eye or the head receives a sudden stroke. Gleams of light are seen during the inhalation of the air, and its subsequent protrusion in the act of sneezing; and if we blow forcibly through the nostrils, two patches of light will appear above the axis of the eyes, and in front of each, while other two luminous spots unite into one, and appear, as it were, about the point of the nose, when the eyes are directed towards it.

If the eye-balls are made to roll by the action of their own muscles, the retina is affected at the place where the muscles are attached, and the pressure thus occasioned exhibits itself in two crescents of light, one opposite to each eye, and towards the nose. In certain states of indisposition, particularly when the stomach experiences a temporary derangement, accompanied with head-ache, the phosphorescence of the retina shews itself in new and even alarming forms. The pressure of the distended blood-vessels produces, in total darkness, a faint blue light, varying in its shape and in its intensity, and continually passing before the eye and disappearing. This constantly flitting cloud becomes green, yellow, and even red, as the head-ache grows more intense, and all these colours are sometimes seen at once upon its margin.

When we consider the great diversity of shapes which the imagination conjures up without effort, upon looking into a fire or upon an irregularly shaded surface, it is not difficult to understand how these masses of coloured light, varying as they do in their forms, in their brightness, and in their movements, may be moulded by the same power into those natural and fantastic shapes which so often haunt the couch of the invalid.

When the derangement of the stomach is produced by poisonous substances the functions of vision are singularly disturbed, and the retina peculiarly affected. The following curious example of this is related by Dr. Patouillet, a physician, of Toucy, in France.

'On the 26th of January, 1737, Dr. Patouillet was called to a cottage near Toucy, where he was surprised to find nine persons together, all having the true symptoms of being poisoned; with this difference, that some were speechless, and showed no other signs of life than by convulsions, contortions of their limbs, and the Risus Sardonicus; all having their eyes starting out of their heads, and their mouths drawn backwards on both sides; others had all the symptoms alike. However, five of these now and then opened their mouths, but it was to utter howlings; and whenever they expressed articulated words, it seemed as if they would prophecy. One, for example, said, "In a month my neighbour will lose a cow;"—another, "In a little time you will see the crown-pieces of sixty pence at five livres." Among these nine persons there was a woman five months gone with

Digitized by Google

child, and a child of ten years; four boys, of nine, twelve, fifteen, and eighteen; and three girls, of fifteen, seventeen, and nineteen years of age. The madness of all these patients was so complete, and their agitation so violent, that, in order to give one of them an antidote, he was forced to employ six strong men to hold him, while he was getting his teeth asunder to pour down the remedy; and as they could not all be watched at once, one of the boys got away, and ran to a pond one hundred paces from the house, into which he leaped, but as he was seen he was soon taken out.

'It was in vain to examine these wretches concerning the nature of the poison they had taken, as they were quite senseless. Happily the father of the family, by being absent, was free from this misfortune. Of him Dr. Patouillet learnt, that digging his garden the preceding day, he had found several roots resembling common parsnips, and having carried them home for parsnips they were boiled in the soup; and the unlucky mistake was not apprehended till the children were in this dreadful state. He described the plant which he had taken for parsnips, and when Dr. Patouillet went into the garden he found it to be henbane, the *Hyoscyamus niger* of Linnæus, which is a very strong poison.

'Having administered the proper remedies, Dr. Patouillet went next day to visit the patients, and found them in a quite different condition. They had all recovered their senses, but remembered nothing of what had happened. During the whole of this day every object appeared double, but when he returned to see them on the day following he was surprised to find that though objects now appeared single they were *as red as scarlet.* This last symptom gradually disappeared on the third day, and the invalids gradually recovered.'

The scarlet vision which accompanied the convalescence of these individuals was no doubt produced by the same cause as the coloured masses already described. Had the poison been taken in less quantities, so as to have occasioned only a physical derangement in the functions of the eye, without affecting the minds of the patients, it is highly probable that its influence would have been characterized by spectral forms.

2. The apparitions arising from the second cause which we have mentioned constitute the most numerous, though the least interesting class. They have their origin generally in the nursery, and haunt the imaginations only of the young and the ignorant. Every sight which cannot be explained, and every sound which cannot be traced, is construed into something supernatural, and the unfortunate victim at last brings himself to see and to hear when the external world presents no objects to his senses. Fear is usually the source of this disease, and knowledge and religion its best cures; and if a sense of shame, and the dread of ridicule, have not banished it before the age of manhood, the convalescence of the patient is hopeless, and he may groan under the ignoble despotism to the last hours of his life. 3. We

Digitized by Google

3. We come now to the most interesting part of our subject,—to the consideration of those spectral apparitions which present themselves even at mid-day to persons of sound minds and of well-regulated imaginations. The details of these phenomena, while they present to the general reader all the interest of a romance, furnish curious points of speculation to the physician and to the natural philosopher, and when they have been better examined, and brought under the dominion of inductive principles, they may lead the metaphysician to important discoveries respecting the mutual influence of the mind and the body.

In the works named at the head of this article, Dr. Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott have recorded many curious cases of spectral illusions, and have treated the general subject with much ingenuity and learning. New and remarkable cases, however, have occurred since these volumes were published, and by the help of recent inquiries respecting some of the more recondite functions of vision—more especially those of Sir David Brewster—we may be able to place the subject in a more manageable form, and to give a rational as well as a consolatory explanation of phenomena which have been regarded by some as the indications, and by others as the effects, of mental aberration.

One of the most extraordinary illusions is that of Nicolai, a bookseller at Berlin, who communicated an account of his own case to the Prussian Academy of Sciences. A translation of his memoir was published in 1808, in an English journal of very limited circulation, and with the exception of what is contained in the brief abstract of it given by Dr. Hibbert and Sir Walter Scott, is still but little known to the general reader. Towards the end of the year 1790 and the beginning of 1791, M. Nicolai had been agitated by various misfortunes, which preyed deeply upon his mind, and on the 24th of February an event occurred which threw him into violent distress. About ten o'clock in the morning, when his wife and a friend had entered his room, for the purpose of consoling him, he suddenly perceived, at the distance of a few paces, the standing figure of a person deceased, which remained from seven to eight minutes, and which the rest of the party were of course unable to see. A little after four o'clock in the afternoon the same figure appeared to him when he was alone, and upon his going to mention this to his wife, the spectre accompanied him to her apartment, alternately vanishing and reappearing. A little after six o'clock several stalking figures also appeared, but they had no connexion with the figure already mentioned. When his mind had become more composed, and his bodily indisposition had been removed by medical treatment, our bookseller expected that these appearances would take leave of him. His expectations, however,

Digitized by Google

however, were disappointed, for they increased in number, and underwent the most extraordinary transformations.

The standing figure of the person deceased never appeared to him after the 24th of February, but several other figures occupied its place. These figures were chiefly those of persons whom he did not know, though he sometimes saw those of his acquaintances. The figures of persons alive occurred more frequently than those of persons who were deceased, and he distinctly remarked that the acquaintances with whom he daily conversed never appeared to him as phantasms. When, after some weeks, he had become familiar with these unbidden guests, he endeavoured to conjure up phantasms of his acquaintance, and for this purpose he tried to bring them before his imagination in the most lively manner; but though he had but a short time before seen them as phantasms, he never could, by this process, succeed in giving them an external locality.

When he was conversing with his physician and his wife concerning the phantasms which hovered around him, the figures sometimes left him altogether, and again appeared either singly or in groups. The apparitions were generally human figures of both sexes, who, like people at a fair, passed to and fro, as if they had no mutual connexion, though they sometimes appeared to have business with one another. On one or two occasions he saw persons on horseback, dogs, and birds, all of which appeared in their natural size, and of the same colours which they exhibited in real life, though somewhat paler.

When these apparitions began to be seen more frequently, Nicolai began also to hear them speak; sometimes they addressed one another, but generally they spoke to himself, in short speeches, which never contained anything disagreeable. This loquacity in the apparitions occurred most frequently when he was alone, though he sometimes heard it in society, intermixed with the actual conversation of the company.

Although these appearances had ceased to excite any disagreeable emotion, and had even afforded him frequent subjects of amusement and mirth, yet, as his disorder had sensibly increased, and as the figures had appeared to him for whole days together, and even when he awoke during the night, he found it necessary not only to take medicine, but to apply leeches. This was done on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon; and during the operation, while he was sitting alone with the surgeon, the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast upon one another till half-past four o'clock. The figures then began to move more slowly, their colours became gradually paler, and, after intervals of seven minutes,

Digitized by Google

nutes, he could distinguish a palpable diminution in their intensity, without any change in the distinctness of their figures. At about half-past six o'clock they became entirely white, and moved very slightly; their forms, however, were still perfectly distinct, and without decreasing in number, they gradually became less perceptible. Instead of moving off or vanishing as they had usually done, they now dissolved immediately into air; whole pieces of some of them continuing for a length of time, and at last disappearing. About eight o'clock not a vestige of them remained; and Nicolai never again was disturbed by these spectral illusions.

Accustomed to the investigation of mental phenomena, Nicolai took a great interest in studying the facts which had thus occurred to himself, and he has recorded various excellent observations, of which the following are the most interesting to the Pneumatologist.

1st.—He endeavoured to discover if the figures were presented to his mind by some association with his previous thoughts; but though he sometimes thought that he had discovered some such associations, especially during the latter period of his visions, yet, he assures us, that on the whole, he could trace no connexion between the figures and the state of his mind, or the nature of his employments, or the other thoughts which occupied his attention. 2d. He found that he could always distinguish phantasms from real figures, and he never once erred in making this distinction. 'I knew, extremely well,' says he, 'when it only appeared to me that the door was opened, and the phantasms entered, and the door really was opened and some person came in.' 3d. The appearance of the phantoms was, in every case, involuntary, and depended little, if at all, upon external circumstances. They were equally distinct, whether he was alone or in society, whether he was in broad day-light or in darkness, whether he was in his own house or in that of a neighbour. He noticed, however, that they were less frequent in another person's house than in his own; and they very seldom appeared when he walked in the public streets. 4th. The figures sometimes disappeared when he shut his eyes, and sometimes they remained; when they vanished in the former case, nearly the same figures appeared when his eyes again opened. 5th. The figures were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive, and they appeared oftener in motion than at rest. 6th. On two or three occasions, after he had ceased to observe these appearances, he felt a propensity to see them, or a sensation as if he saw something, which in a moment was again gone.

This sensation he experienced after an interval of eight years, when

Digitized by Google

when he was drawing up his memoir on the subject, for the Academy of Sciences at Berlin.

Previous to the time of Nicolai, no distinct cases of spectral illusion had been well described. Justus Moser observed the phantasms of flowers; and Nicolai mentions a friend of his own, who occasionally saw, in different colours, circles, squares, and other mathematical figures. Since the publication of Nicolai's paper, however, these phenomena have been more accurately observed, and we now possess several interesting cases; but as very few of these have been recorded in the words of the patients themselves, it is not easy to separate the facts from the exaggerations or changes which they may have experienced from different narrators.

In this dearth of accurate information, a case has lately occurred, which is equally remarkable for the number and variety of the illusions, and from the accuracy and fidelity with which the phenomena have been described. Sir David Brewster had occasion a few years ago to spend some days in the society of the lady who was subject to this peculiarity. At that time she had seen no spectral visions, but they had, more than once, formed the subject of conversations in which she seemed to feel the deepest interest. In these conversations, Dr. Hibbert's book was referred to, and Sir David jocularly stated to the lady, that if she should ever see an apparition, she might distinguish a genuine ghost, existing externally, from a spectral illusion, created by her own mind, by pressing one eye, or straining them both, so as to see objects double, as the *external ghost* would in this case be doubled, while the spectral illusion would remain single.

A few months after this conversation took place our author was greatly surprised to learn that this lady had herself become the victim of these mental creations. From the 26th of December, 1829, till the 30th of April, 1831, no fewer than thirteen cases of spectral illusion occurred to her. *Seven* of these happened when she was alone, *four* when she was with her husband, and *two* when she was in the company of friends. Minute accounts of all these are given by Sir David Brewster, from the communications of the lady's husband, who appears to be one of his personal friends, and of whom he says, that if it were permitted to mention his name, his rank in society, and his eminence in the scientific world, would satisfy the most sceptical reader, that 'the case has been philosophically as well as faithfully described.' The lady, he says, from her previous knowledge of the subject, watched her own case from its commencement, as one of spectral illusion, and she was never induced to misinterpret her perceptions by any superstitious fears, or to exaggerate them by any love of the marvellous. The phenomena, therefore, which she saw and described, have

Digitized by Google

have all the attributes of scientific facts, which the philosopher may employ with confidence in his researches.

We regret that our account of these illusions must be abridged from the original narrative, but we shall endeavour as much as possible to preserve the expressions which were used, and to describe all the leading phenomena:—

1st. The first illusion which Mrs. A. experienced affected only the ear. On the 26th of December, 1829, when she was standing near the fire in the hall, and on the point of going to dress for dinner, she heard her husband's voice calling her by name—'—— come here, come to me.' She imagined that he was calling to have the door opened, but upon going there she was surprised to find nobody. On her return to the fire, she heard the same voice and the same words very distinctly, and they were repeated a third time, in a loud, plaintive, and somewhat impatient tone. Imagining that Mr. A. was in search of her, she went to her room, and was surprised afterwards to learn, upon his return to the house, half an hour afterwards, that the whole was an illusion.

2d. On the 30th of the same month, when Mrs. A. entered the drawing-room she saw the figure of her husband standing with his back to the fire. As he had gone out for a walk half an hour before, she asked him how he had returned so soon. The figure looked fixedly at her with a serious and thoughtful expression of countenance, but was silent. She imagined that Mr. A. was absorbed in thought. She sat down in an arm-chair near the fire, and within two feet of the figure, which still stood before her. As its eyes, however, continued fixed upon her, she said, 'Why don't you speak?' Upon this the figure moved off to the window, at the farther end of the room, with its eyes still fixed upon her, and passed so very close to her, that she was struck by the circumstance of hearing no step nor sound, nor feeling her clothes brushed against, nor any agitation in the air. She then conceived, for the first time, that this was a spectral illusion, and recollecting the experiment which had long before been suggested to her, she was on the eve of trying to double her vision when the figure disappeared at the window. Mrs. A. instantly followed it, shook the curtains, and examined the window, being still unwilling to believe that it was not a reality.

3. The next illusion, which took place in the presence of Mr. A., was seen on the 4th of January, 1830. It was that of a cat, which she saw sitting near her husband's feet on the rug, and looking her in the face. Mr. A. was in the act of stirring the fire, when she called to him to take care, as he was hitting the cat with the poker. Mr. A. convinced her it was an illusion, asked her to touch it, when

Digitized by Google

when getting up for the purpose, she seemed as if she was pursuing something which moved away, and following it a few steps, she remarked that it had gone under the chair. There were two cats in the house, and it was immediately ascertained that both of them were in the housekeeper's room.

4th. About a month after this occurrence, when Mrs. A. was arranging her hair at her dressing-glass previous to going to bed, she was suddenly startled by seeing, over her left shoulder, in the mirror, the figure of a near relative who was then out of England. It was dressed in grave-clothes, closely pinned round the head and under the chin. The eyes were open, and met hers in the glass, but the features were solemn and rigid. After a few minutes she turned round to look for the reality over her shoulder, but it was not to be seen, and had also disappeared from the mirror. Mrs. A. felt herself at this time listless and drowsy from having taken a fatiguing drive during the day, and she describes herself as feeling a sort of fascination which at first compelled her to gaze on this melancholy apparition.

5. On the 17th of March, when Mrs. A. had dismissed her maid previous to going to bed, and was sitting with her feet in hot water, repeating a striking passage which she had read during the day, she perceived, in a large easy chair before her, the figure of a departed friend, her own sister-in-law. The figure was dressed with great neatness, as was usual with her, but in a gown of a peculiar kind, such as Mrs. A. had never seen her wear, but exactly such as had been described to her by a common friend, as having been worn by her sister-in-law during her last visit to England. She noticed particularly the dress, air, and appearance of the figure, which sat in an easy attitude, with a handkerchief in one hand. She felt a difficulty when she tried to speak to her, and in about three minutes it disappeared. Mr. A. entered the room about a minute afterwards, and found his lady slightly nervous, but fully aware of the nature of the apparition. She experienced on this occasion a peculiar sensation in the eyes, which seemed to be relieved when the vision was over.

6th. Eight months passed away before Mrs. A. saw any other apparition. On the 5th of October, however, between one and two in the morning, she awoke her husband, to tell him that she had just seen the figure of his deceased mother draw aside the bed-curtains, and appear between them, in the same dress in which Mrs. A. had seen her for the last time, at Paris, in 1824.

7th. The next apparition which she saw presented itself in her own drawing-room, in the midst of a circle of her friends. On the 11th of October, the figure of a deceased friend appeared to be moving towards her from the window at the farther end of the room.

Digitized by Google

room. It approached the fire-place, and sat down in the chair opposite to that which Mrs. A. occupied. The prevailing sentiment in her mind was a fear that the company should observe her staring at vacancy in the way she was conscious of doing, and should suppose her to be deranged. Under this fear, and recollecting a story of a similar effect in Sir Walter Scott's work on Demonology, which she had lately read, she summoned up resolution to seat herself on the chair occupied by the figure. The apparition remained perfectly distinct till she sat down, as if in its lap, when it disappeared.

8th. On the 26th of the same month, about two o'clock P.M., when Mrs. A. was sitting near the window, beside her husband, he heard her exclaim, 'What have I seen!' and, upon looking at her, he perceived a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. A carriage and four had appeared to her to be driving up the entrance-road to the house; as it approached, she felt inclined to go up stairs to prepare to receive company, but, as if spell-bound, she felt herself unable to speak or to move. When the carriage arrived within a few yards of the window, she saw the figures of the postillions and the persons inside take the ghastly appearance of skeletons, and other hideous figures. The whole scene then vanished, and she made the exclamation above mentioned.

9th. On the 3d of December, about nine P.M., when Mrs. A. and her husband were reading in the drawing-room, he felt a pressure on his foot, and upon looking up he observed Mrs. A.'s eyes fixed with a strong and unnatural stare on a chair abour ten feet distant. Upon asking what she saw, the expression of her countenance changed, and when she had recovered herself, she told him that she had seen his brother, who was then alive and well in London, seated in the opposite chair, dressed in grave-clothes, but with a ghastly countenance, as if scarcely alive.

10th. Omitting other three cases, of no particular interest, and in one of which she saw moving about the room the duplicate of a favourite dog, which then lay on her lap, we reach the 30th of April, 1831. On this day, as Mr. A. was writing in his own room, his lady entered, and upon seeing him, started back, with a strong expression of surprise in her countenance. Upon asking the cause of this, she assured him that she had that moment left him in the next room, and she was evidently at first doubtful which was the reality. Mr. A. had appeared to her standing at a book-case, looking at a book, which he seemed to have taken out of it. She approached within a foot or two of his figure, but, as he did not speak, and seemed to be occupied, she did not address him. She then left the room, and entered his instantly.

In communicating this case, Mr. A. remarks, 'you will observe

Digitized by Google

serve that the figure *by no means followed the direction of the eye;* Mrs. A. saw it on entering, approached, took out a book, during which, of course, she must have looked off the figure, and left the room, still believing the figure there. *It was not, therefore, painted on the retina,* and interposed in whatever direction she turned her eyes.'

As Mrs. A. was aware of the interest which her case would excite, she made several careful observations on the phenomena which she had beheld, and on the state of her feelings and sensations at the time: of these the following are the most important:—1st. Some of the spectres were seen in bright day-light, and she confidently states that they were as vivid as the reality, and had all the brightness of colouring which characterises external objects.—2nd. The first apparition of her husband concealed the real objects behind it.—3rd. In three cases the spectre moved away to one side.—4th. She experienced a sort of fascination which compelled her to gaze on the apparitions. On two occasions she found herself unable to speak or move, as if spell-bound; and on another, she could only indicate her condition to her husband, by pressing upon his foot.—5th. During the existence of the illusion there was always a strange expression in her eyes and countenance. On one occasion, her eyes were fixed on the spectre with a strong and unnatural stare; and when it disappeared, her countenance resumed its usual expression.—6th. After having been subject to seven of these illusions, Mrs. A. described to her husband '*a peculiar feeling in the eyes as preceding for some hours these visions, which sensation appears to be relieved when the vision is over.*'—7th. She was never able to discover any train of thought connected with the subject of the apparitions.

With the important information which these two cases furnish, we are now able to investigate the cause of spectral illusions. In every recorded case, they have had their immediate origin in bodily indisposition. M. Nicolai and Mrs. A. were both subject to a disorder in the digestive organs: in the former, it occasioned giddiness; and in the latter, a peculiar affection, or tension, as it were, about the head, so that there was clearly a determination of blood to the region of the brain. The spectres of Nicolai generally appeared when digestion began, and they vanished upon the application of leeches, which were supposed to remove an obstruction in the small muscles of the abdomen. Mrs. A. was obliged to take a daily tonic, and her apparitions seem to have been, on several occasions, produced when she was prevented from having recourse to it.

In their mental character, too, there was considerable resemblance between Nicolai and Mrs. A. The former possessed a lively

Digitized by Google

lively and active imagination, and he had a peculiar facility in presenting to his mind in the distinctest manner, the figures, the dress, the features, and the complexion of the characters in novels or plays which he had sketched in his mind. Between waking and sleeping, pictures of every description, and often the strangest forms, presented themselves to him, now changing their shapes, and now disappearing; and he informs us, that when he either thought deeply or wrote attentively, thoughts occurred to his mind which had no connexion with the subject before him, and which were often so lively that they seemed as if expressed in actual words. Mrs. A., in like manner, has, to use the language of her husband, 'a naturally morbid imagination, so strongly affecting her corporeal impressions, that the story of any person having suffered severe pain by accident or otherwise, will occasionally produce acute twinges in the corresponding part of her person. An account, for instance, of the amputation of an arm, will produce an instantaneous and severe sense of pain in her own arm. She is subject to talk in her sleep with great fluency, to repeat poetry very much at length, particularly when unwell, and even to cap verses for half an hour together, never failing to quote lines beginning with the final letter of the preceding, till her memory is exhausted.'

From these facts it appears, that the immediate cause of spectral illusions is a disorder in the digestive organs, and by a comparison of the two cases under review, it is manifest that the duration of the illusions increases with the severity of the malady. Mrs. A.'s complaint was one of trivial magnitude, compared with that of Nicolai, and, consequently, her apparitions continued only for a few minutes, and never reappeared after their evanescence. Though distinct and vivid, they were not carried about with her like those of Nicolai, but they seem to us to have been effaced by the act of closing the eyelids, for whenever the fixed stare was at an end, the spectres disappeared. On this account not one of her apparitions were ever seen when her eyes were shut.

The next point to be determined is the *locality* of the illusion, or, to speak more correctly, the place of its production. That the eye is the seat of the visual illusions, and the ear of the auricular* ones, cannot be doubted. Spectres which are *seen*, and

* Our limits will not permit us to treat of the illusions of the ear—which, however, are discussed at great length in Sir David Brewster's book. They depend on the same principles as those of the eye. The ringing in the ears, which arises from affections of the stomach, or from fullness of blood, are analogous to the luminous masses seen by the eye in darkness. The celebrated Moses Mendelsohn was subject every evening to an alarming species of catalepsis. If he had heard any lively conversation during the day, a stentorian voice repeated to him, while in the fit, the particular

Digitized by Google

and which have a position in front of the eye, must surely be *seen* by the exercise of ocular functions—that is, they must be impressed on the retina. Spectres which are effaced by closing the eye-lids, must owe their visibility to a function of the eye, which is affected by the closing of the eye-lids; and spectres which follow the eye-ball in its ascending and descending movements, and which accompany the patient into another room, must surely be impressed upon that part of the organ of vision which can alone receive images, and which alone has the power of giving them an external existence. It may be said, however, that the spectres sometimes move away to a side, while the eye does not follow them. This too is perfectly consistent with their being impressions on the retina, and though an apparent objection to our position, is, as we shall presently find, an argument in its favour.

We have already seen that, in certain states of the stomach, masses of coloured light appear before the eye, and though they partake in the general motion of the head, they yet have a lateral, or an ascending, or a descending motion, arising from the transit, as it were, of the pressure across the retina,.and analogous to the shifting of the luminous rings when we vary the point of contact by which they are excited.

All these phenomena, in short, are perfectly similar to those of ocular spectra, which are produced by the action of strong lights upon the retina. These spectra, when faintly impressed, may, like the spectres of disease, be effaced by the closing of the eye-lid;—they vary in intensity and in colour in a very capricious manner. They sometimes pass obliquely across the eye, like an impulse propagated along a fluid;—they can be revived by the action of the imagination months after they have disappeared; and, as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton, the impression may be conveyed from one eye even to the other. In all these cases the ocular spectra have been created by the stimulus of direct light, which, like the pressure either of the finger or of the blood-vessels, produces a high degree of susceptibility in the retina to the reverse action of the mind.

The effect of diminishing this pressure of the vessels, and along with it the sensibility of the retina to mental delineations, is finely seen in the phenomena observed by Nicolai when he was under

---

ticular words or syllables which had been pronounced with an impressive accent, or loud emphatic tone, and in such a manner that his ears reverberated with the sound. Can it then be doubted that when Mrs. A. heard the voice of her husband, the tympanum of her ear actually vibrated with the sound? The same may be said of the sense of touch. When Mrs. A. actually felt the pain of amputation in her arm, was there not an actual affection of the nerves while the pain lasted?

the

Digitized by Google

the influence of leeches;—the motion of the figures became slower and slower, and their colours paler till they were almost stationary and entirely white; they then lost their distinctness of outline, and, previous to their entire dissolution, only fragments of the spectra were visible.

We have already described the visions of Nicolai, between sleeping and waking;—with such visions every person of an active imagination is familiar; and, from hundreds of experiments, continued for years, Sir David Brewster is not afraid to say he has 'ascertained that they obey the laws of ocular spectra, and are real pictures formed by the mind upon the retina.'

In support, as well as in illustration of these general views, we shall quote a case of spectral illusions communicated to Dr. Abercrombie. It is alluded to by Brewster, but well deserves to be given at length:—

'A gentleman of high mental endowments, now upwards of eighty years of age, of a spare habit, and enjoying uninterrupted health, has been for ten years liable to almost daily visitations from spectral figures;—they in general present human countenances,—*the head and upper parts of the body are distinctly defined,—the lower parts are, for the most part, lost in a kind of cloud.* The figures are various; but he recognizes the same countenances repeated from time to time; particularly, of late years, that of an elderly woman, with a peculiarly arch and playful expression, and a dazzling brilliancy of eye, who seems just ready to speak to him. They appear also in various dresses, such as that of the age of Louis XIV., the costume of ancient Rome, that of the modern Turks and Greeks,—but more frequently of late, as in the case of the female now mentioned, in an old fashioned Scottish plaid of tartan, drawn up, and brought forward over the head, and then crossed below the chin as the plaid was worn by aged women in his younger days. He can seldom recognize among the spectres any figures or countenances which he remembers to have seen; but his own face has occasionally been presented to him, gradually undergoing the change from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. The figures appear at various times of the day, both night and morning;—they continue before him for some time, and *he sees them almost equally well with his eyes open or shut,—in full day-light, or in darkness.* They are almost always of a pleasant character, and he seems to court their presence as a source of amusement to him. He finds that he can banish them by drawing his hand across his eyes, or *by shutting and opening his eye-lids once or twice for a second or two; but, on these occasions, they often appear again soon after.* The figures are sometimes of the size of life, and sometimes in miniature; but they are always defined and finished with the clearness and minuteness of the finest painting. They sometimes appear as if at a considerable distance, and gradually approach until they seem almost to touch his face;—*at other times they float from side to side, or disappear in ascending*

Digitized by Google

ing or descending. In general the countenance of the spectre is presented to him, but, on some occasions, he sees the back of the head, both of males and females, exhibiting various fashions of wigs and head-dresses, particularly the flowing full-bottomed wig of a former age. At the time when these visions began to appear to him, he was in the habit of taking little or no wine,—and this has been his common practice ever since; *but he finds that any addition to his usual quantity of wine increases the number and vivacity of the visions.* Of the effect of bodily illness he can give no account, except that once, when he had a cold and took a few drops of laudanum, the room appeared entirely filled with peculiar brilliant objects, gold and silver ornaments, and precious gems; but the spectral visions were either not seen or less distinct.'

In this most interesting description the philosopher cannot fail to recognize the kindred phenomena of ocular spectra;—the fragments of figures, and their termination in a kind of cloud, define the limits of the highly susceptible or excited part of the retina. Like ocular spectra, the apparitions are seen with the eyes open or shut; and, like them too, they disappear by a frequent closing of the eye-lid, and float from side to side, and vanish with an ascending or descending motion. The two classes of facts, indeed, are *mutatis mutandis* demonstrably identical in their physical developement.

Sir David Brewster's whole theory of spectral illusions may therefore be expressed thus shortly. In the healthy condition of the mind and body, when the imagination is well regulated and the organs of sense are the faithful interpreters of the external world, the ideas of memory and of imagination are feeble compared with those of sensation. In reference to visible objects, both classes of impressions are painted on the retina, though with very different degrees of force. When in the midst of society, or surrounded with the beauties of the natural world, we summon up the scenes of former years, we become for a moment insensible to external objects. The mental picture, as transient as it is feeble, soon disappears, and the mind is again under the dominion of surrounding impressions.

The affairs of life could not be carried on were the memory to intrude bright representations of the past into the domestic scene, or scatter them over the external landscape; and our powers of reason and of judgment could not be exercised if the dazzling phantasms of the imagination were to be mixed up with the sober realities of our existence. The two opposite impressions, indeed, could not be contemporaneous: the same nervous filament which is conveying the forms of memory from the sensorium to the retina, could not, at the same time, be carrying back the impressions of external objects from the retina to the brain. The mind cannot perform

Digitized by Google

perform two different functions at the same instant, and its occupation with one of two classes of impressions necessarily produces the extinction of the other; but so rapid is the exercise of mental power, that the alternate appearance and disappearance of the two contending perceptions is no more recognized than the successive observations of external objects during the twinkling of the eye. But though in ordinary minds the relative intensities of these two opposite influences on the retina are nicely adjusted to the purposes of life, yet there are various causes which disturb that adjustment, and give a predominance even to the weaker power. In a mind inured to abstract thought, and accustomed to the exercise of the imagination, the mental pictures become extremely vivid, and external influences sometimes cease to make any impression. In darkness and solitude, when the external world is almost closed to the senses, the workings, even of ordinary minds, are depicted in more vivid hues; and in the state between waking and sleeping the slumbering senses are often roused by the glare of the pictures which flash upon them from within. Like spectral apparitions, the last impressions are wholly involuntary, and though they may have sprung from a regular series of associations, yet it is impossible to discover a single link in the chain.

In the case of spectral illusions the adjustment is disturbed by causes of a different kind. The retina is rendered more sensible to the pictures of the mind by a temporary derangement of the vital functions; and according to the amount of this derangement and the time of its continuance, the apparitions which result have every variety of intensity and duration. Sometimes they are so bright that they obliterate all external impressions. Sometimes they are pale and evanescent, and permit outward objects to be seen beside them, and even through them. Sometimes they appear only in fragments, which seem occasionally to be growing out of pictures and other bright objects in the apartment; and sometimes they have only a brief and transient existence—floating like a wreck across the eye, and eluding the scrutiny of the observer. Now if these spectres were *merely* ideas of the memory and the imagination, rendered more brilliant by a peculiar condition of the body, why are these two faculties of the mind sometimes incapable of giving a fixed locality, a completeness of form, and the proper colouring to the ideas which they have conjured up? On Brewster's theory the answer is simple and satisfactory. All these phenomena depend upon the state of the nervous membrane on which the ideas are impressed. They depend upon the extent and position of the excited portion, on the varying intensity of its excitation, and on the stability or change of place of the exciting cause.

Digitized by Google

There is one objection to these views which may at first sight seem formidable. If the retina of both eyes were destroyed, so that the optic nerve terminated in a circular section, how could the memory and the imagination give an external existence to their ideas?

We are not aware that the effects of a destroyed retina have ever been accurately observed and described; but we shall take it for granted that they have, and that the operations of the memory and the imagination have been found to remain unaffected by the extirpation of that membrane. The transmission of perceptions along the nerves to the brain, and the re-transmission of mental impressions, are matters of which we know nothing; but the possibility of conveying an impression from the exscinded extremities of the filaments of the optic nerve to the points where these filaments had their termination in the retina, may be inferred from the well-known fact, that in the case of amputated limbs the patient continues, during his life, to experience occasionally distinct sensations existing, as it were, in the amputated parts.

ART. II.—1. *An Inquiry into the Poor-Laws and Surplus Labour, and their Mutual Reaction.* By William Day, Esq. London. 1832.

2. *Cottage Allotments in some Parishes of North Hampshire.* By the Rev. Lovelace B. Wither. 1832.

IN grateful conviction of the benefits which the establishment of a legalized system of relief for the poor has conferred on every rank and order of British society, we have lost no opportunity of vindicating the principle of that law from the attacks of theorists, who, confounding use with abuse, and impatient of the errors which have lately crept into its administration, persist in regarding the entire institution with hostility.

Far from denying the existence of defects both in the letter and present practice of the poor-law, we have anxiously and repeatedly pointed them out to public notice, and urged their correction. Our efforts, we trust, have not been wholly fruitless. The subject is now pretty generally understood; and a strong persuasion prevails, that of the many important matters claiming the instant attention of the legislature, there are few more pressing than the amendments required in the working of the poor-laws. The purpose of the present paper is to state in detail our opinion as to what these modifications should comprehend.

It may be said we should have waited for the report of the commission lately appointed by government to inquire into this subject;

Digitized by Google

subject; but those who with ourselves have anxiously watched the many similar investigations which have been entered upon for several years past, with no better result than the printing of several bulky folio volumes of evidence and as many prefatory reports, may be excused for doubting, whether the newly-appointed commission, with all its apparatus of stationary querists and ambulatory examiners, will be productive of any more substantial benefit than the preceding parliamentary committees.

Indeed, after the full body of information collected by the different select committees on the poor-laws of 1817, 1819, 1828, and 1831, and by those on labourers' wages in 1824, on emigration in 1826, and on criminal commitments in 1827; after the laboured inquiries which no less than seven parliamentary committees have thus consecutively made, within the last fifteen years, into the condition of the poor, and the operation of the laws which affect that condition—inquiries, conducted with the utmost pains, by the examination and cross-examination of the most experienced magistrates, clergymen, and parish officers, from all parts of the kingdom, and the first political economists of the day; above all, after the striking events of the winter of 1830, and the facts elicited at the ensuing special sessions, all of which spoke out, trumpet-tongued, on the mischiefs of the present system, and the danger of any further delay in its reformation; after all this, it might be supposed that enough had been done in the way of inquiry, and a sufficient mass of evidence collected, to enable any competent person to form an opinion on the nature of the evil and the means of stopping it; in short, that the day of investigation had gone by, and that of action arrived. On this ground, at least, we may be excused for bringing forward, and recommending to the legislature, a substantive proposition for a remedial enactment, founded on the information already before the public, as well as on our individual inquiries and experience, without waiting for the additional evidence and report, which, after some further delay, may be promulgated by the sitting commission, to slumber, probably, on the same shelves with the evidence and reports of their predecessors.

The statute of Elizabeth, then, which subsequent enactments have but little improved, and in some respects altered for the worse, has two main and simple objects in view, viz.:—First, To 'provide for the *necessary relief* of the lame, blind, impotent, old, and such other among the parishioners as are *poor, and not able to work.*'—Secondly, To provide 'for *setting to work* all such other persons, married or unmarried (children as well as adults), *as have no means to maintain them, and use no ordinary and daily trade.*' Neither of these provisions can require justification.

Digitized by Google

The law does not throw upon society the burden of supporting the helpless poor, except their near relatives are first proved to be incapable of assisting them; and, in this case, few will deny it to be better that they should be maintained by a certain, regular, and systematic collection from their wealthy neighbours, duly proportioned to the means of the giver, and the wants of the receiver, than that they should be left to the uncertain, unequal, unfair, and demoralizing resource of casual charity, which starves the retiring sufferer to pamper the mendicant impostor, and exempting lordly wealth and stony-hearted selfishness from contribution, throws the burden upon those who are barely removed above the necessity of asking alms for themselves. Nor is the other branch of the law less imperatively required—that by which society obtains—or would obtain, under a good administration of the law—all the benefit of the labour of those able-bodied persons who otherwise would be compelled to subsist in idle vagrancy, upon plunder, or extorted doles, the pests and terror of the land.

With respect to the mode in which the *first* of these general purposes, the relief of the helpless poor, is carried into effect, we know of no well-founded objections to the law as at present generally administered. The act of the 59th Geo. III., by which parishes were enabled to manage their poor through a select vestry, and to build workhouses for their reception, has placed this part of the law in as good a condition as it is, perhaps, susceptible of. The scrutiny exercised by the overseers, the select vestry, and ultimately the magistrate, backed by the probable prospect of an irksome confinement in the workhouse, is sufficient to secure parishes against imposition and unfounded demands, unless these several parties are grossly negligent of their own interests, as well as their duties—and for such neglect, when it occurs, no change in the law can provide a remedy.

The administration of that part of the poor-law, which requires the overseer to find employment for those who are capable of work, but cannot procure it for themselves, is much more defective. The ordinary practice of overseers is, to send such applicants to the surveyor of the highways (or way-warden), to be employed by him; but as this person has usually many more hands than he wants, or than he is desirous of paying from the funds in his possession, they are often bandied to and fro between these two parish officers—either wholly unemployed, or, at best, when nominally set to work, doing next to nothing—coming late, and going off early; and, in the interval, gathered in groups in a quarry or gravel pit, without superintendence, and with that indisposition to work, which compulsory labour for insufficient pay—pay proportioned to the number of their several families, not to the

Digitized by Google

the work done—is sure to generate. The consequences of this system are ruinous. In the first place, there is a nearly total waste of the labour of all these able-bodied persons, which, though no profit can, perhaps, be made on it (or it would be hired by private employers with that view), must yet, if judiciously applied either in public or private improvements, repay the greater part, if not the whole of the cost of maintaining them. This cost now falls, as a dead loss, on the owners of property in the parish, and is, in fact, so much of the capital of the country diverted from productive to unproductive consumption, and utterly wasted, together with the labour which it professes to employ. Another and yet more lamentable result is the corruption and demoralization of a large part of the population, who, through imperfect employment, become almost physically incapacitated for labour, and acquire habits of idleness, evasion, and profligacy, which frequently lead to crime. It is notorious that there is no better school for poachers, and petty depredators, than the parish gravel-pit, or road-side quarry.

These grave evils are to be remedied only by the complete removal of whatever *permanent* redundancy of labourers any parish may contain, and by affording to those who are thrown out of work for a few weeks or days, and for whom the parish can provide no remunerative employment, some means of maintaining themselves by their exertions independently of parochial aid. The measures by which these two objects may, in our opinion, be in a great degree attained, will be found in a subsequent page.

But, in addition to the two legitimate classes of paupers, the impotent, and the unemployed able-bodied, for whom the act of Elizabeth severally prescribes relief and employment, there exists, in many parishes of the south of England, a third class, admitted upon the books as regular receivers of poor-rate, notwithstanding the unquestionable fact that such payments are wholly unauthorised by any statute, and most pernicious in their consequences. We mean, of course, the able-bodied labourers already in full employment on account of private masters (that is to say, in the words of the act, '*using* an *ordinary and daily trade*'), who, on the plea of their wages being insufficient to support their families, have those wages *made up* by allowances from the overseer to the scale adopted by the magistrates as the minimum of subsistence. The history, character, and miserable consequences of this surreptitious practice, have been displayed at such length in former numbers of this Journal, in the able Report of the House of Commons Committee, of 1828, and in a variety of other works,*

* On the Poor Laws and their Abuses.—Ridgway, 1829, 30; and Mr. Drummond's speech at the meeting of the Surrey magistrates, 1832.—Ridgway.

that

Digitized by Google

that we need scarcely dwell upon them here. It is sufficient to observe, that these payments to labourers already in full work, are an illegal and fraudulent device of the larger farmers, for shifting a portion of the necessary wages of their labourers on the small farmers who hire little or no labour, the tradesmen, householders, and clergyman of the parish;—that they tend to reduce the nominal wages of labour to the bare maintenance of a single man, the wives and families being turned over to the parish, and thus to convert the whole labouring population into paupers, receiving their means of maintenance at the parish pay-table as eleemosynary relief, and in portions determined, not by their relative industry, or the value of their labour, but by the number of mouths in each family. The gross receipts of the working class, wages and relief together, may be, and in some places *are*, thus cut down to the *minimum* on which the lives of the individual men, women, and children can be sustained, according to a nice calculation from the price of necessaries!

Those who have not personally witnessed the working of this deleterious practice can scarcely form a conception of the scenes which take place almost daily before a magistrate in those rural districts where the abuse is countenanced. Let us give a sample. The dramatis personæ are the Justice, the Overseer, and the able-bodied Labourer.

Labourer. 'I'm come for relief, your worship. I've a wife and four children, and work for Farmer Clark. He gives me eight shillings a-week wages, but I can't keep my family on that. I have been to the Overseer to have my pay made up, but he won't give me nothing.'

Justice. 'Well, Overseer, why don't you make up this man's wages? A family of six cannot be expected to live on less than ten shillings a-week at the very lowest.'

Overseer. 'Your Honour, the rest of the farmers, all but Farmer Clark, give ten shillings a-week; and if he did the same, this man might keep his family well on his earnings. But the rest say, that if they are obliged to support the families of Clark's servants out of the rates, why they must lower *their* wages to eight shillings too, and throw the families of *their* labourers upon the parish likewise.'

Justice. 'It can't be helped. The wife and children of this man must not starve; and I have no power to make Farmer Clark pay higher wages than he chuses to offer; so you must allow the two shillings necessary to *make up his pay*.'

The consequence is, that the other farmers are compelled, in self-protection, to lower their wages to eight shillings, upon which Farmer Clark reduces his to six, and the same scene is perhaps re-enacted

Digitized by Google

re-enacted at the next petty sessions, with the substitution of six for eight shillings as the lowest rate of wages, and eight for ten as the higher. The final result is, that in some districts the wages of farm-labour are reduced, during the winter months, to three or four shillings a-week for an able man; and almost every individual of the labouring class is, as a thing of course, on the parish books, *a pauper*. We have known an able-bodied single man set to thrash corn in a barn at sixpence a-day, by the side of another not a whit stronger or better workman than himself, but who, because he had a wife and five children, was receiving two shillings per day. Judge of the feelings of the first man, of his probable inclination to work on such terms, and then wonder who can that he preferred a vagabond and criminal life to one of *industry—so rewarded*. Now, suppose this shameful abuse to be discountenanced, instead of connived at, by the magistracy—or stopped at once (for nothing else will stop it effectually) by a declaratory law imposing penalties on overseers who give relief in any shape to able-bodied persons already in full employment—How would the scene be varied then?

Labourer. 'I come for relief, your worship. My master, Farmer Clark, gives me but eight shillings a-week wages, and I can't maintain a wife and four children out of that.'

Justice. 'No, my good friend, that is certainly too little to keep them upon; but if your master will not raise your wages rather than part with you, you must leave his service, and apply to the overseer for work. You will then employ him (speaking to the overseer) on the parish account—at task work, if possible—at a rate of pay which will enable him, by proper exertion, to maintain his family.'

Overseer. 'Yes, your worship; and Farmer Clark may take in his place John Lane, the single man, who has been so long on the parish for want of work, and has been idling his time on the roads for half-a-crown a-week, till I doubt whether he's worth much now as a farmer's labourer. However, Farmer Clark's wages will suit him better than they do this poor fellow, who bears the character of an honest, industrious workman. When the farmer has parted with him for a worse, he'll be sorry; and I think still, rather than come to that, he'll raise his wages, so as to let him keep his family in bread.'

The general result would be (and has been wherever the experiment has been locally tried)* that wages must rise, and permanently keep up, to a sufficiency for the maintenance of a *considerable* family. In extreme cases, where the number of infants

* See the evidence of Messrs. Brickwell and Hall, and of William Hale and Lister Ellis, Esqrs., before the Poor Law Committee of 1834.

incapable

Digitized by Google

incapable of work is so large that the existing demand for labour would not admit of wages reaching the amount necessary for their maintenance, the father would come upon the parish for work as well as relief; and this is the *only* description of able-bodied pauper that could ever appear on the book, were the poor-law properly interpreted. A broad and wholesome line of demarcation would then be drawn between the pauper and the independent labourer, between *parish pay* and *wages*. We should then be able to ascertain precisely the real amount of surplus labour existing in any parish, or in the country at large, and take the proper measures for its abatement. But while the two classes are so mixed up as they are at present, it is impossible to be sure what the redundancy is, or even whether there is any. The present practice holds out a strong inducement to farmers to hire fewer labourers in the open market at fair wages than they really require—trusting to obtain their services as *roundsmen*, or parish labourers, at far lower terms; their wages, or at least their maintenance, being then chiefly paid out of the rates.

Not the least obnoxious feature in this vile custom is, that it necessitates an inquiry by the overseer, vestry, and magistrate successively, into the minutest details of the amount of money earned *by every individual of the labouring class*, if they wish to protect the parish from gross imposition. Take another scene:—

Justice. 'Overseer, John Stiles has applied to me for an order of relief upon you. He says he worked this last week four days turnip-hoeing for Farmer Johnson, and two days breast-ploughing for Farmer Clark; that he earned only five shillings and threepence halfpenny in the first four days, and three shillings and fourpence in the two last, making in all eight shillings and sevenpence half-penny. He has a wife and four small children. You know the customary allowance for a family of six persons is ten shillings a week. Why have you not made up his pay?'

Overseer. 'Why, Sir, I have reason to believe he has neglected his work, or he might have earned his full pay at these two jobs. I suspected as much, and took the trouble to go to Farmer Johnson's yesterday, to make inquiry about it, though he lives four miles off from me; and from what I heard from him, I think Stiles might have earned seven shillings at least in those four days among the turnips.'

Stiles. 'That be'nt true. The turnips were terrible foul; and though I worked as hard as man can work who hasn't scarce vittels to eat, I couldn't earn wages at 'em. And then, the breast-ploughing at Farmer Clark's was in such 'nation bad ground, 'twas unpossible to do more nor I did.'

Justice. 'Well there is such a difference in your statements, it

Digitized by Google

it is impossible for me to know which is right. Overseer, you must get some respectable neighbour to look at the turnips, and also at the ground which Stiles breast-ploughed, and let him give his opinion before the Bench at the next meeting, as to the quantity of ground that Stiles ought to have hoed and breast-ploughed in these several days. Meantime, you must relieve Stiles, for his family can't live upon air.'

At the next meeting—more conflicting evidence. A neighbouring farmer is brought in by the overseer to declare his opinion that Stiles might have earned, if he had chosen, six shillings and sixpence among the turnips, and four shillings at the breast-plough. Stiles, on his side, brings in a host of fellow-labourers, who are ready to swear they have tried both the turnip-hoeing and breast-ploughing in those particular fields, and that Stiles could not have earned a farthing more than he did. Stiles, moreover, asserts that the weather was bad during that week — the ground worked ill, &c. &c. &c.—so that the question gets further complicated, and the decision, after much loss of time to all parties and their witnesses, is for a compromise, that is to say, none at all.

And this is the sort of inquisition that must be held upon the fractional earnings of *every labouring man in the kingdom*, if he is allowed to work for one party, and look for his maintenance to another. The whole system of labour is put out of joint by this illegal and iniquitous abuse; and a rickety, unsettled, and dangerous state of things introduced:—the dread of riots and incendiary fires—or a vague notion of what is fair or liberal in employers, being the only regulator of the current rate of wages, in place of the relation between the demand and supply of labour—and the fear of the tread-mill the only regulator of the amount of a day's work, in lieu of the desire to obtain increased earnings, or to gain a good character. How long this state of things can continue, without occasioning another explosion similar to that of the autumn of 1830, he must be a bold man who should attempt to prophesy. Much must depend upon seasons and crops. All we can say is, that the elements of disturbance are still more rife than they were then—the evil is daily on the increase—the promises held out to the labourers at that time have been broken in numberless instances since—the bond of union between the masters and men is becoming hourly weaker, and the feelings of the latter towards the upper classes of society more estranged. There is every reason to believe, that unless some material change in their position takes place, which shall enable them to earn a decent maintenance by their industrious exertions, the first unfavourable harvest, or severe winter, will lead them to break out again into violence.

The

Digitized by Google

The abolition of the practice of supplementing wages out of the poor-rate must immediately better the condition of the labouring class, by causing a rise of wages in those districts where they have been lowered through this screwing process. It can deteriorate the condition of none, since, if a few labourers, with extremely large families, are forced to quit their situations, they will yet receive, as parish workmen, wages to the full as high as they get at present, while the single men, or men with small families, who exchange places with them, will be benefited by an increase of pay. There are, therefore, no grounds for anticipating, as some have professed to do, opposition or repugnance to the change from the labourers themselves. If there is a consequent pressure on any one, it will be on their employers, on those who are now unfairly and illegally shifting upon the common purse the expense of maintaining the families of *their* workmen; but there can be little doubt that whatever increase of wages even they are compelled to give, in order to secure the number of labourers they require, will be more than made up to them by the better quality of the labour they will obtain, the improved habits and character of the labouring class, and greater attachment to their employers.—We repeat, then, that the entire and immediate prohibition of the fraudulent practice of affording parish relief to able-bodied labourers *in any other shape than that of work* (according to the recommendation of the Select Committee of 1828,) is the first and most indispensable step to the improved working of the poor-laws.

It has been suggested, that, instead of giving an allowance to the father of a large family, the parish should take charge of, employ, and feed his children during the day. With regard to their *employment*, there can be no doubt that the parish is bound at present, by the 43d Elizabeth, to 'set to work' (and of course maintain) all such children *as are capable of work*. The difficulty is with respect to the infant children incapable of work. It is the allowance made for *these* to the father, when in full employ for a private party, that is alone objected to, as both unauthorised by law, and widely mischievous. And the evil will remain just as great, whether the relief is afforded by the parish to these infants directly in the shape of food, or indirectly in that of money to the father. *He* will be equally absolved from *the necessity of maintaining his infant family out of the earnings of his labour;* a necessity which is an universal law of nature, not to be abrogated with impunity. What will then remain to keep wages from sinking everywhere to a bare sufficiency for the support of the man alone, to three or four shillings per week, instead of ten or twelve —and the whole body of women and children of the labouring class

Digitized by Google

class from coming upon the parish instead of being maintained by their fathers and husbands?

Parish officers, indeed, seldom pay sufficient attention to that part of the poor-law which requires them to set to work all children whom their parents cannot maintain. It is true, that in few parishes are there any means to be found for employing them to advantage, and it is less trouble to make a weekly allowance to the parent. But the consequence of leaving a large part of the rising generation to acquire habits of idleness is sensibly felt in the daily diminishing industry of the labouring class. Even if it were more expensive to employ than to support them in idleness, it would be far preferable to do so, for the sake of the industrious habits and the workmanlike skill they would thus acquire. Perhaps it would be considered Utopian to propose the establishment of an agricultural school, on the system of Fellenberg, in every county, to which parishes should be directed to send the children that are a charge upon them, paying the necessary cost of their instruction and maintenance. We cannot, however, see any valid objection to such an institution, except the expense of first setting it up, of the land, buildings, &c.; and this might be provided by borrowing on the credit of the county rate. There is another mode of disposing of juvenile paupers, which we are convinced might be most beneficially adopted, with respect to bastard and orphan children, namely, their apprenticeship *in the colonies*, through the medium of government agents, and under arrangements easily established, which would secure, at the same time, a great pecuniary saving to the parish and advantages of the highest nature to the child. In the recent work of Mr. Picken on Upper Canada, this scheme of infant emigration is attributed to Major William Robinson, of the King's Regiment,—a brave and highly popular officer, intimately acquainted with the province —whose plan was announced in these words:—

'Let a number of parish children, from six to twelve years of age, be sent out to Canada, by arrangement with the Government Commission, under a qualified superintendent.

'Let there be established in every county in the colony, or in every two or three townships, if necessary, a Commissioner or Board of Commissioners, to receive applications from farmers, mechanics, and tradesmen, wanting apprentices or servants; taking from them a bond, with securities, that they will teach the children entrusted to them their trade, craft, or mystery,—keep them, clothe them, educate them, and when their term of apprenticeship is up, give a small sum (say 25*l.*) to set up in business those who have been indented apprentices. With younger children, whose work will not at first be equal to their maintenance, it will only be necessary to bind the person taking them to educate them; for, by a law of the province, parents, or

Digitized by Google

or persons standing *in loco parentis*, are entitled to the work of their children or wards till they attain the age of majority.

'The objection that would strike an Englishman most forcibly to such an arrangement, would be the possibility of the children being ill treated; but this is hardly a supposable case in the colony. Their labour is too valuable for their master lightly to risk the loss of it by ill-usage, when the boy could so easily abscond; and in that country, the fault of fathers and masters leans rather more to induce indulgence than severity. Besides, public opinion will always side with the child; and as, if this plan were to be carried into effect, the children must in some degree be considered as wards of the king, government could easily provide some simple and summary means, whereby any injustice, or infraction of agreement, might be punished promptly and efficaciously.

'The advantages of this system must be apparent to all. Parishes would get rid of young paupers, who, in the course of time, grow up and perhaps become a heavier burden on the parish by the addition of a family—and would get quit of them, too, at an expense not exceeding a fourth of what an adult could be removed for. And here we should get settlers at an age when they could easily be habituated to the work, the climate, and the ways of the country.'*

There can be no doubt that the farmers and others settled in Canada would be too happy to receive children as apprentices on such terms; and we can conceive no reasonable objection to this extension of the power which parishes now possess to apprentice the children chargeable on them, who are deserted by their parents. As far as the interests of the children themselves are concerned, an apprenticeship in the colonies, on such terms, must be infinitely more advantageous than any to which they can be bound in this country.

When the pernicious practice of making up wages out of rates is finally stopped, and a complete separation thus effected between the *impotent poor* and the *surplus labourers* of every parish, the *real redundancy*, wherever there is any, will be apparent, and means may be taken for employing, or otherwise disposing of it to the greatest advantage, or with the least possible sacrifice, to the parish, the individuals themselves, and the community at large. First, however, it is necessary to distinguish between a permanent and a temporary excess of labourers. There are many parishes which, during the whole year, excepting only the harvest months, are constantly burthened with a number of able-bodied labourers, both male and female, and of all ages, for whom no work can be found, and who are maintained in idleness or merely nominal employment. It is highly desirable, on all accounts,

* Letters of an Emigrant Settler in the Canadas. 1832.

that

Digitized by Google

that means be contrived to enable parishes to get quit at once and for ever of these permanent claimants on their funds.

Two modes of accomplishing this desirable end have been proposed; nor is there any necessity for the legislature to give a preference to either, since they are capable of working together without disadvantage; and it may be safely left to the parties chiefly interested to choose between the two. We mean, of course, home and foreign colonization. There can be no good reason why the parishes and individuals themselves should not be allowed the option of these two modes of disposing of a local redundancy of labour. That which is most suitable to one situation or party, may be least adapted to another. We would, therefore, strongly recommend, that parishes should be permitted to raise a sum upon the credit of their rates, under the limitations prescribed in the 59th Geo. III. c. 12, with respect to the similar power of raising money for the building of a parish workhouse,—(or still closer restrictions, if these are not thought sufficient)—to be applied in defraying the expenses, either of the emigration of their surplus poor, or of their location on waste lands in Britain. We cannot perceive, nor have we ever heard any sound, or even plausible objection to such a power, so guarded, being entrusted to the majority of two-thirds in value of a vestry; and we are confident that it would offer an easy and effectual means of disburthening parishes of their redundancy of poor labourers, at a very trifling expense, and would put an end to the sufferings which this redundancy occasions throughout the labouring class; whilst it would tend, at the same time, in the highest degree to augment the aggregate productiveness of Britain and her colonies; and, consequently, in the same proportion, to improve the revenue and increase the general prosperity. Should, however, the repugnance which some landlords entertain to admit 'the mortgaging of the poor-rate,' in any shape and under any limitations, prove insuperable, at least let power be given to vestries to apply a portion of the rate *levied within the year* to these purposes. At present, though parish funds have been in many instances so applied, there can be no doubt that such application is illegal, and might be successfully appealed against by any single troublesome rate-payer.

But, besides the permanently redundant labourers, there are a still greater number who habitually resort to the parish for assistance during a portion of the winter, when thrown out of their ordinary employments; some for but a few days, others for months at a time. In some districts, all notion of any discredit attaching to parish support has disappeared, and the very morning after a labourer has been discharged by his master he presents himself, as a matter

Digitized by Google

a matter of course, to the overseer, and requests, or rather *demands* employment. In other parts of the country a severe struggle is yet maintained by the peasantry to preserve themselves from the necessity of applying to the parish; it is yet made a boast among them that they 'have never troubled the parish for anything, *not even for work*;' and it is only the last necessity that will there compel a labourer to present himself to the overseer at all. Nay, much as has been unfortunately done by magistrates and overseers to render pauperism the necessary condition of every individual of the labouring class, and to confound all distinction between parochial dependence and free labour, wages and relief,—yet, strange to say, even in the worst managed districts the pride of independence is still strong in many breasts,* and, if wisely encouraged, would stimulate thousands, who now waste their powers in idleness and pauperism.

In order to effect this wholesome reformation, two leading principles must be kept closely in view. First, the able-bodied labourer must be *discouraged* from relying on parish aid. Secondly, he must be *enabled* to maintain himself in independence.

The first end is to be attained only by requiring from all parish labourers *full work for a rate of pay barely sufficient to support the individuals.* A mere subsistence in return for their utmost exertions, is all that, in justice or policy, the parish can or ought to be *compelled* to afford them. Harshly as this may sound, it is absolutely necessary, to prevent our degenerating into a nation of paupers, that *the parish should always have the character of the hardest task-master, and the worst pay-master a labourer can apply to.* It is found, in practice, difficult to obtain full work from parish labourers; but no exertions should be spared by parish officers and magistrates to enforce it. The overseers and highway-surveyors should come to an understanding with one another as to the employment of the parish-labourers on the roads, &c.; so that no time be lost in setting them to work, as soon as they apply, in

* Out of many we will mention one example in proof that this feeling is by no means extinct. The shepherd of a farmer near where we write had six small children, and in consequence had been constantly receiving a supplemental allowance of three shillings per week from the parish, in addition to his master's wages of nine shillings. After the riots of 1830 the farmer was persuaded by his landlord to raise the wages of his men by an additional shilling, on which the shepherd refused any further relief from the overseer, declaring that he preferred one added shilling from his master to three from the parish;—and he has been content with his ten shillings ever since, though his family has increased, and his claim on the parish would be proportionately augmented. How often are we called on to rejoice that the virtuous principles of our nature lie so deeply imbedded that no course of mismanagement can wholly eradicate them; like the seeds of the useful grasses, they are but choked, not killed, by the rank vegetation which neglect and bad treatment superinduce; and wait only the touch of due and genial cultivation to spring up anew, and cover the earth with their blessed abundance.

the

Digitized by Google

the most profitable or least wasteful manner. There are few parishes in the kingdom where the bye-ways approach to anything like a state of perfection. There are thousands in which they are a disgrace to the age and country. Yet their condition is not owing to ignorance in the art of road-making, for in or near every parish there is a well-constructed and well-managed turnpike-road offering an excellent model for imitation. The expenditure on good roads may not appear to a vestry of farmers to return so direct a profit as that laid out in ploughing and sowing, but its profits are equally certain, since it must cause a very considerable diminution in the wear and tear of their carts and waggons, and the number of horses in their teams; and, indeed, we have Mr. Macadam's authority, given in his evidence before the late Committee on the Highway Bill, for believing, that all the bye-roads of the kingdoms might be kept in turnpike-road condition, for less money than, taking one thing with another, they now cost. The intended alterations in the highway act will, we hope, provide a remedy for the deplorable negligence and incapacity of most parochial road-surveyors. At all events, the overseers, in default of the proper assistance from these officers, should be reminded, that it is their duty to set the unemployed poor to work in the manner most advantageous to the parish, and to enforce their performance of a full quantity of labour. To this end, the parish labourers should be closely looked after by a paid superintendent, where there is a sufficiently large gang to authorise such an appointment; or by the overseers or highway-surveyors, as they can agree among themselves. The parish labourers should on no account be permitted to work fewer hours in the day, or do less work in that time, than would be expected of them if employed by a private person; in case of any such neglect, the overseer should lodge a complaint against them before a neighbouring magistrate; and it is highly desirable that magistrates should enforce the punishment awarded by the law of Elizabeth against such offenders.

Whenever the applicants for relief are persons who, but for their own extravagance or wilful misconduct, might have supported themselves and their families, or who are occasionally in the habit of earning good wages, such as masons, bricklayers, carpenters, thatchers, &c. out of work, relief should be afforded them only by loan, as directed by the 59 Geo. III. cap. 12. see 29. And the proper steps should in every case be taken for the recovery of such loan, so soon as the borrower is judged to be able to repay it.

In parishes which possess a workhouse, or whose extent admits of the building and maintenance of one, much may be done to check pauperism, and stimulate the poor to find the means of supporting themselves, through a judicious use of this establishment.

Smaller

Digitized by Google

Smaller parishes should combine to erect and keep up an incorporated workhouse, under the act 22 Geo. III., cap. 83. We need only here refer to Mr. Becher's excellent publication,* and to the extraordinary success which has attended his efforts and those of the followers of his system, wherever it has been tried, for the reduction of pauperism.

But these rigid regulations would be unjustifiable, if there were really no means in existence by which the labourers could, if willing, support themselves and their families. Such means must be provided where they do not exist, before any harsh measures can with propriety be adopted towards those who throw themselves on the parish. And we believe, that in the absence of a sufficient demand in the market for labour to absorb the entire supply throughout the year, this desirable object may be effected to a very great extent, by the allotment of a small piece of land to each labourer, which he may cultivate for himself at his hours of leisure, with the help of his family, the produce of which will assist him to maintain that family at times when he is out of work. The quantity and value of the produce a man will raise from an acre, or half an acre of land, cultivated by the spade on his own account, is prodigious, as has been repeatedly demonstrated.† The virtue does not, as some advocates of spade cultivation seem to think, reside in the instrument which the cultivator employs, so much as in the heartiness with which he plies his task, and the extreme care he takes in draining, working, and manuring his plot, and in sowing, weeding, cleaning, protecting, and gathering his little crop. The employment and gratification which this piece of land affords to the wife and children, as well as to the man himself, at hours which he would otherwise probably spend at the alehouse, are advantages of no slight moment; and the interest it gives him in the soil, and the little property he possesses invested in his crops, are guarantees for his peaceful and orderly conduct, not to be despised in an age like the present, when so many of the elements of convulsion are afloat in our political atmosphere.‡

The attention of the public has lately been much attracted to this system, and many benevolent landowners have directed their tenants to allow their labourers to cultivate small portions of land. But in the larger proportion of parishes, the absence or inattention of landlords is a bar to the adoption of the scheme, to which the farmers entertain an almost universal repugnance. *Their* feeling

* The Anti-pauper System. Simpkin & Marshall. 1828.

† See the Letter of J. Postans, Esq., to Sir Thomas Baring, Bart., on the State of the Agricultural Poor, p. 20; the Rev. S. Demaimbray's Evidence before the Committee of the Lords, 1831, and the publications of the Labourer's Friend Society.

‡ Mr. Wither's tract named at the head of our paper, contains the history of one of the most interesting experiments that ever merited and received success.

is

Digitized by Google

is intelligible enough. The occupation of a plot of land, however small, by affording the labourer a resource on which he may hold out, during a short time at least, for a fair rate of wages, places him less completely at the mercy of his employer, than to the latter seems desirable. But these circumstances will be changed when the system of supplementing wages out of rates is, as it must be, uncompromisingly stopped. The rate-payers will then find it greatly to their advantage to offer a good labourer, with a large family, an acre, or half an acre of land, at an easy rent, to enable him to keep his present place of service, instead of throwing it up and coming altogether for employment and maintenance upon the parish. And so strong and general is the anxiety to occupy land, and so deeply rooted still the desire to avoid parochial dependence, that we have no doubt this alternative will be eagerly accepted in a vast majority of cases.

Overseers are already authorised to hire land to the extent of fifty acres, for this or other purposes, and a late act has enabled parishes to enclose waste land to the same extent and for the same use; but why *any* fixed limit of extent should have been introduced in these acts, we have yet to learn. *One* quantity cannot suit *all* parishes; since these vary in area from 100 to 100,000 acres, and in wealth, population, and every other incident, almost as much; if any limit, therefore, is desirable, it must be one that will vary with the different circumstances of each parish, not an uniform number of acres, which, if not too large for the smaller parishes, must be infinitely too confined for the larger. This limitation had better be removed altogether. Its introduction is only a proof of the fondness for petty restrictions, and the blindness to principle, which are too characteristic of our legislation.

The conditions under which allotments should be let to the poor labourer ought to be simply that he pay his rent punctually, (once in the year, and that at Michaelmas,) and cultivate his land on a good system. On the part of the parish, an engagement should be made that he shall not be turned out of his allotment, through any other cause than the two just mentioned, *without compensation for whatever improvement he may have made in it.* The labourer should likewise be debarred from obtaining an order for relief on his parish, so long as he retains his holding. It should be a condition that he forfeit his holding, *ipso facto*, by applying for such order from a magistrate. The overseers and vestry would still continue to exercise their discretion, in relieving poor holders of allotments in extreme cases, without driving them to relinquish their holdings:—but the knowledge that they may be compelled to part with their land, and their extreme reluctance to do so, will offer the strongest inducement to them to struggle in

Digitized by Google

every way to maintain themselves independent of parochial relief; —and we cannot but think that the result would be to call forth a vast amount of voluntary exertion and close economy, from labourers who now give themselves up to idleness and improvidence, from finding it impracticable, by any efforts of their own, to better their condition. Should our anticipations prove correct, parishes will, by these simple means, be relieved from a heavy and daily increasing pressure; and an immediate and most valuable improvement will commence in the morals, habits, and circumstances of the agricultural poor.

One of the greatest defects of the poor law, as at present administered, is the enormous discretionary power given to every magistrate in its interpretation, and the total absence of any means for guiding or methodizing that discretion. The result is, an inequality in the practical administration of these laws throughout England, almost incredible to the simple-minded, who are apt to imagine, that the letter of the poor-law being the same from Berwick to the Land's End, its practice must be equally identical. But, not only is the practice of Northumberland, on almost every point, as different from that of Sussex as light from darkness,—but that of two neighbouring counties, nay, of two petty-sessions divisions in the same county, and sometimes of two magistrates in the same division, will be almost equally opposite in points of the greatest importance. In one county or division, for instance, the illegal supplementing of wages out of rates, against which we have been so long contending, is strictly prohibited; in another, it is winked at, encouraged, nay, enforced. In one, the abominable *roundsman* system, or that which is the same thing under another name, the *labour rate*, is permitted, in another not. In some, scales of allowance, varying with the price of necessaries, are in general use; in others, they are avoided as pestilent heresies, and no other guide admitted to determine the pauper's rate of allowance, but the momentary caprice of the sitting magistrate, or some vague and crude standard floating in his mind, which he has a horror of committing to paper, lest he be guilty of the supposed enormity of employing a *scale*. Where written scales are made use of, they are occasionally more than twice as high in one division or county, as in another bordering on it; so that the property of one parish is actually taxed to pay 5*s*. a week to every infirm man or woman, and 2*s*. to every infant, whilst that of another parish is rated *under the same law*, only to a weekly pay of 2*s*. to the first, and 1*s*. to the second class of paupers. We are acquainted with two neighbouring divisions of the same county, in both of which the *wages* of all labourers with families are made up to a scale; but there is a difference of at least £5 per

Digitized by Google

25 per cent. between the two scales. Imagine the heart-burning and discontent that this produces along the borders, among the labouring poor of the division in which the low scale is in use, and among the rate-payers of that where the higher scale is enforced; knowing, as all the parties do, that the *law* is the same in both, and that the difference is attributable to the arbitrary determination of the two benches, both of which cannot be in the right. Surely it would be an improvement to introduce something like system and order—some approach to uniformity into the management of the poor by vestries, and the interpretation of the poor-law by magistrates. This might be easily accomplished, were the justices at quarter-sessions required to consider and determine, and from time to time, according to circumstances, alter, a series of *general rules* for guiding the discretion of the local magistrate, leaving him, however, full power to depart from them in particular cases. This has indeed been done spontaneously in some counties, as Gloucestershire and Cambridgeshire, and with the best results; but an enactment is required to render the practice general. Such rules would greatly simplify and abridge the labour, not of magistrates only, but of overseers likewise, and vestries, and put an end to that discrepancy in local practice, which is at present most disgraceful, as converting the amount and distribution of a legal provision into a sort of lottery, determinable by the circumstance of a magistrate, or the majority of three or four magistrates who attend a petty sessions bench, happening to possess a humane or harsh disposition, a weak or a sound judgment. Whoever considers the vast influence which any variation in the mode of administering the poor-law must exercise over the condition and morals of the lower class, the value of all rateable property, and the extension or reduction of that enormous tax, now exceeding eight millions, which is annually levied from the industry of the community in the very loose and arbitrary manner we have described, will see the urgent propriety of taking steps to secure as much uniformity and method as can be introduced into the system. We suspect, that if we could compare the practice of districts where the acting magistrates have a large interest in the land, with that of districts where the large landowners do not take an active part, a very remarkable difference would be observed in the scales of relief, the strictness of investigation into the claims of the poor, the work exacted from parish labourers, the degree to which the making up of wages is countenanced, and other equally material points. But this ought not to be. The law is everywhere the same, and its administration should be as nearly assimilated as local and individual circumstances will permit, without reference to the private interests of any party.

Digitized by Google

An opinion has been expressed, and even by some persons of considerable authority,* that the first step in the improvement of the poor-laws should be, the putting an end to all interference of the magistrate in questions of relief: nay, it is rumoured that the commission on the poor laws, lately appointed by government, is likely to join in this recommendation—and one of their circular list of queries lends some countenance to the report.

We are fully aware that the power of Magistrates to order relief, or, as it is sometimes strongly, but unfairly put by those who oppose it, 'to be charitable with other people's money,' is open to occasional abuse—that instances may and do occur in which a false humanity, weakness of judgment, want of patience or leisure for a full investigation of conflicting statements, and a mean craving for popularity among the lowest poor, lead individual magistrates to side too much with the pauper in his contests with the overseer, and sanction impositions on the parochial fund. But an appeal to the petty sessions bench, where the presence of several magistrates serves to correct the liability to error of individual judgment, generally secures a fair decision. The chance of error will further be greatly diminished by the promulgation of general rules from the quarter session bench, according to the suggestion made above. *As a body*, the magistracy, far from giving away other people's money, are the great payers of poor-rates, and the principal sufferers from their increase. Though levied, in the

* For example, Mr. Walker, one of the police magistrates in the metropolis, in his 'Observations on the Nature and Extent of Pauperism,' a pamphlet containing much that is deserving of attention, but in which all the evils incidental to a legal provision for the poor are exaggerated, and all its advantages overlooked. Is it fair to draw a highly coloured picture of the improvidence, rapacity, and recklessness of the labouring classes in England, and ascribe the existence of these vices to the poor-law of that country, when they are known to exist to ten times the extent, accompanied by an extremity of wretchedness, of which England, thank God, offers no example, in *Ireland, where there is no poor law?* Does not this fact go far to substantiate the very reverse of Mr. Walker's proposition? The great and only instrument, in his opinion, for improving the morals and condition of the poor, is the establishment among them of a higher standard of comfort. But can there be a question that the poor-laws have in England elevated that standard, or, at least, kept it from sinking to the deplorable level of mere brutal existence at which it is settled in Ireland, or the scarcely higher level of certain remoter parts of Scotland, where the poor-law has never been in effective operation? Why, too, will Mr. Walker, like so many other writers on the subject, confound the evil consequences of the illegal abuse of the poor-law in the southern counties of England (the making up wages out of rates), with the effects of the poor-law where it is legally and judiciously administered, as in the northern counties? But Mr. Walker's practice seems to be as extraordinary as his opinions. We find him declaring, in his evidence before the Lords' committee on the poor laws, 'I think it would be better if there were no law at all. *I act as if there were none*, (as a magistrate!) *entirely according to my own discretion; and my aim is to abolish pauperism altogether.*'—P. 106, Evidence. If there are many such magistrates who 'act entirely according to their own discretion, as if there were no poor law at all,' we need not wonder at such a mode of administering that law having produced general and serious evils.

first

Digitized by Google

first instance, on their tenants, all rates are, of course, a direct deduction from the rents of the landed proprietors, from among whom the magistracy is taken. They have, therefore, a far deeper interest in preventing the growth of pauperism, than the temporary occupiers of their estates, who have mostly the power, by a simple six months notice, to cast off any increase of the poor-rate from their own shoulders to those of their landlords.

It is true that no statute previous to the 9th George I. (1723) directly conferred the power of *ordering* relief, on a *single* magistrate; but it is very evident from the preamble of that act, that the power had long before been practically exercised—perhaps, even previously to the 3d and 4th of William and Mary. At all events, an uninterrupted practice of a century and a quarter, confirmed and extended by several subsequent statutes, has so interwoven this authority with the very framework of the English poor-law, and consequently, with the structure of English society, and the conditions of the tenure of all real property in England, that he is a bold man who would seriously propose its repeal—a measure equivalent, indeed, to a total abolition of the poor-law. For what security will then remain to the poor against destitution? What will become of their *now legal rights* to relief in the extremity of distress? What is a starving pauper to do, if, on applying for relief to the overseer, or vestry, it is refused him? Indict the parish at the next quarter-sessions! A very available resource truly! It is quite evident that to take away the power of appeal to a neighbouring magistrate, or the petty sessions bench, would be to place the poor of every parish entirely, and without resource, at the mercy of the overseer and vestry—to free the rate-payers from all practical *obligation* to support the poor of their parish, (under which condition, be it observed, they have all bought, rented, or inherited their several holdings)—and to leave it at their option to relieve the poor or not. In one word, the change would place in their hands an uncontrolled power of life or death over their poor neighbours, between whom and themselves there are so many points of difference continually liable to start up.

We do not, indeed, think that this power would be often abused in the larger and more populous parishes, whose business is conducted by a select vestry, composed of highly respectable and intelligent persons. But we do feel confident, (and our opinion is founded on observation and experience,) that it would be dreadfully abused in very many rural and smaller parishes, where the vestry business is usually managed by two or three of the most interested individuals, men often of narrow minds and contracted circumstances, to whose charitable feelings an appeal would be hopeless, and from some of whom compulsion alone can

Digitized by Google

can extort a sixpence. Moreover, were such a change effected, it would instantly become the direct interest of the rate-payers in each parish, to vie with their neighbours in severity and merciless treatment towards their poor, in order to discourage settlement within their bounds, and get rid of their already settled poor, by driving them to gain, if possible, a settlement elsewhere. There would be a general competition among parishes in cruelty and illiberality, and the better disposed must, in self-defence, adopt the practice of the most niggardly. Relieve, indeed, the vestries of the small and poorer parishes from the superintendence of the neighbouring magistrates, and it is scarcely to be doubted, that all payment of poor-rate will instantly stop in them. The *principle* of the poor-law would, in fact, be at once destroyed. The so justly vaunted protection which the law of England affords against starvation would be done away with. The *claim* of the poor to support is denied, if the power of enforcing it is taken from them. It would be a virtual abrogation of the entire poor-law. We need scarcely hint at the certain consequences of such a sudden annihilation of the long-established *rights* of the poor to relief—the riots and burnings that would universally break out, and the plague of vagrancy, petty plunder, and mendicancy, that would immediately overspread the land. Even if defensible on the score of justice and general policy, which we wholly deny that it is, any practical statesman must see that such a material alteration in the rights and securities of the great mass of the population of England is *out of all question* in the present day. Those who recommend it, shut their eyes to the magnitude of the change. Such sweeping alterations in long-established institutions are more easily proposed than executed.

The evils created by a want of 'due and proper discretion' in magistrates, in the exercise of their power of ordering relief, have been already much lessened by the Select Vestry Act and that of the 58th of Geo. III. c. 69, which have placed this power under considerable constraint. A still further, and, in our opinion, sufficient check, would be the recommendation by the quarter sessions bench, (according to the suggestion we have ventured to make,) of general rules for guiding the discretion of individual magistrates and parishes, including, as they certainly should include, a scale of pauper allowance, as an *approximative* standard.*

By

* We give here a scale of parish pay, which is acted upon in one of the divisions of a county in the West of England.

PAY OF INFIRM POOR:

	s.	d.	
To every adult infirm pauper	3	0	each per week.
Infirm paupers, under 18 and above 10 years of age .	2	0	"
Children under 10 years of age	1	3	"

PAY

Digitized by Google

By the establishment of this sort of communication between the different magistrates and petty sessions benches of a county, (which would no doubt be followed by the voluntary inter-communication of the rules adopted in different counties,) the liability to individual error will be much lessened, and the local admistration of the poor-law, in its principal points at least, brought to converge everywhere towards the most approved model.

It is likewise highly desirable, that one uniform mode of keeping parish accounts should be adopted throughout the kingdom, and the different items of expenditure entered by overseers under different heads, which would enable magistrates, by inspection of the annual abstract and balance sheet, easily to detect any considerable changes in the amounts of each head, and suggest inquiries into their cause. The justices would thus become *bonâ fide* auditors of the parish accounts; whereas, at present, their signature to them is a mere matter of form. An uniform mode of book-keeping could at once be secured, by simply requiring parish-officers, under a penalty, to employ folio books, printed in the proper forms, after a model given in the Act. A duplicate of the annual abstract should also be directed to be sent to the clerk of the peace for the county, to be by him printed in a condensed shape for the information of parliament and the public. The

---

PAY OF PARISH LABOURERS:

Single man	3	0	per week.
Single woman	2	6	„
Man with a wife	5	0	„
For each child incapable of work	1	3	„
Young men and women under 18 and above 12 years	2	0	„
Boys and girls under 12 years of age	1	6	„

This scale is suited to parts of the kingdom where provisions, lodging, and fuel are cheap. In the vicinity of the metropolis, and perhaps in some of the manufacturing districts, it would require enlargement. It is framed on the principle that the compulsory relief afforded by law should be *a bare subsistence*, and that for this, in the case of able-bodied individuals, *full labour* should be required in exchange. It is essential that the parish support should be of the lowest description. A *liberal* rate of pay to parish paupers is a premium on idleness and improvidence. The scale is *not* made to vary with the price of wheat or other necessaries, as is too frequently the case with the scales in present use. Such a variation is decidedly pernicious, by preventing that proper decrease in the consumption of bread-corn by the poor during a dearth, and increase after a plentiful harvest, which are the natural correctives to the evil otherwise attendant on these contingencies. Of all classes of the community, the parish poor compose *the last* which ought to be freed from the pressure occasioned by unfruitful seasons, since it is precisely the one which, without the poor-law, would be the first to suffer from direct famine on such occasions. If, during a scarcity, paupers are to consume their accustomed quantity of wheaten bread, the *rate-payers* must go without. The scale here given, being calculated on the quantity of best wheaten bread necessary to support the paupers when prices are at an average, will suffice to support them on an inferior quality of food in a season of high prices. In a season of plenty, on the other hand, it is not only just to give the poor the benefit of the low price, but beneficial to the farmer, as tending to the speedier consumption of his excessive stock.

value

Digitized by Google

value of such authentic and correct statistical documents would be unspeakable. At present, all returns on these subjects are replete with error, owing to the irregular, confused, and varying modes in which parish accounts are kept.

Another equally simple and serviceable provision would be, to require all parish assessments to be levied on *one uniform rate:* for example, in the proportion of the full rental for land, and three-fourths for buildings; or three-fourths of the rack-rent for land, and two-thirds for buildings; or any other that may be deemed preferable by parliament. At present, every parish has a different practice; in some two-thirds, in others one-half, in others the full rack-rent is employed, as the valuation on which each occupation is assessed; so that the general parliamentary returns can give none but the most deceptive information, as to the real proportion of the sums raised to the property assessed. That, however, is by no means the only evil of an unequal assessment. The grossest injustice results from it in the collection of the county rate. This being levied in the form of *a poundage on the parish rate,* is of course twice as heavy on a parish which is assessed at the rack-rent, as upon one assessed at half the supposed value. We need not wonder at what has been called the 'odd predilection' of some parishes for a low system of rating, since they are enabled by it to shift off a large part of their fair share of the county rate upon their less acute neighbours. But should the law tolerate such trickery? An uniform scale of rating would afford, moreover, the great additional advantage of correct information on the value of all the fixed property in every parish of the kingdom; for which statisticians are now obliged to refer back to the property-tax returns of 1815, however imperfectly applicable to the present day. It must not be supposed that a new valuation will be necessary for this purpose throughout the kingdom. It will be sufficient for each parish to adjust its rate from the old arbitrary proportion, to the new one dictated by the legislature.*

It remains only to notice the alterations which seem necessary in the law of *settlement.* It is recognized on all hands that this is a part of the poor-law which cannot remain as it is. In its present state, it interferes most perniciously with the free circulation of labour from place to place, and occasions, by its uncertainty and

* How useful would have been the information which this simple provision is fitted to place at the disposal of the public, during the late irksome discussions on the Reform Bill! Had Parliament been in possession of it, the probability is, that all the expensive and tedious machinery for the registration of 10*l.* occupancies would have been avoided, and a rating to 10*l.* on the parish books, taken as the simple and obvious qualification. Again, in the disfranchising and enfranchising clauses, instead of the assessed taxes, (a test, to say the least, of very dubious character,) the rate book would have been taken as the criterion of property in boroughs.

complexity,

Digitized by Google

complexity, an enormous expense to parishes in contesting the settlement of their paupers. The law of settlement *by hiring and service* has almost wholly put a stop to the hiring of husbandry servants for fixed periods, and, where the practice yet continues, has given rise to a host of subterfuges and inconvenient evasions. It tends to render all such servants careless about pleasing their employer, or obtaining a good character. Each knows that if he do not belong to his master's parish, he will infallibly be discharged before the twelve months expire, to prevent his gaining a settlement. If he be already settled there, he trusts to this as a sufficient claim upon his master to continue him in his service, and takes no pains to obtain his approbation on more creditable or mutually beneficial grounds. The law of settlement *by renting a 10l. tenement* has operated very injuriously in discouraging the owners of land from letting it in small quantities, and has mainly contributed to put an end to the race of small farmers, formerly one of the happiest, most industrious, most orderly, and respectable classes of English society.

It is very desirable that the mode of acquiring settlement should be simple, and readily ascertained. *Birth* presents these advantages in a high degree. Under a methodical system of registry (which we cannot surely remain much longer without), it will be yet more easily determined. But great hardship would be inflicted on *rural* parishes, if they were liable to maintain, in old age and infirmity, parishioners who had quitted them as children, and passed their lives in industrious callings in towns or other parishes. Therefore, some fixed term of residence, or of industrious occupation, should confer a settlement. In Scotland, residence for three years has this effect. It may be said that this acts unfairly in some cases; for example, where a labourer resides in one parish and works constantly in another, his settlement ought, in equity, rather to be gained in the parish where he works than in that in which he merely sleeps, since it is some employer in the former that has profited by his labour. It is true, that in such cases it were desirable that the settlement should be gained by industrious occupation rather than by residence; but there are two great obstacles to this proposition, namely, first, the difficulty of proving, at the end of years perhaps, the exact time and place in which an individual worked; and secondly, the impediment which such a mode of acquiring settlement would, like the hiring and service law, continue to place in the way of the free employment of labourers wherever they are most wanted. These objections far outweigh the disadvantage referred to, which, indeed, is confined to but a small number of cases.

The only question then open to doubt is as to the length of residence

Digitized by Google

residence which should confer a settlement. We incline to fix the term at *two entire years, or the greater part of three following years.* In failure of proof of settlement by residence, we would make the settlement of the pauper to be in the place of his birth: if this cannot be found, then, as now, at his last place of residence.

We have omitted all mention of the bastardy laws, whose operation is productive of serious evils; but which it is easier to find fault with than to amend. If any alteration is to be made in them, we should recommend that, instead of the father's being saddled with the maintenance of the child so long as it lives or is unable to maintain itself, he should be charged *on the affiliation*, whether before or after birth, with a fixed sum; its amount, and the time given for its payment by instalments, settled at the discretion of the affiliating magistrates, and a *certain* penalty of three months imprisonment affixed to failure of payment. The sum should be moderate, say six pounds, on an average, for a day-labourer. We believe parishes would in this manner recover a far larger portion of the cost of maintaining the bastards, than under the present system, by which they hardly clear the expenses of the parish officers in apprehending and securing the father—that the *certainty* of having a large sum to pay, or three months imprisonment to undergo, would be a more effectual terror to the contingent fathers than the present lottery, in which nine escape scot-free, while one pays heavily in purse or person; and, last not least, that the removal of all *the father's interest in the death of the child* would prevent many a bloody tragedy, and still more frequent cruelties practised at present on both child and mother. We throw out this suggestion for the consideration of others, and do not include this change in the rough sketch of an amended poor-law, which we have been venturing to suggest.

To this extent, then, we consider the poor-law may be beneficially amended. The rest must be left to good sense and humanity. Country gentlemen have it in their power to accomplish much more by their influence over their tenantry, by an active and personal attention to the wants of their poor neighbours, especially by encouraging the industrious with grants of garden-land, and by a careful and judicious administration of the poor-law in vestries and justice-rooms, than can be effected by any alterations in the letter of the act. We are glad to perceive a sense of the urgent necessity for such exertions widely spreading over the empire; since, putting aside even all considerations of humanity and justice, the present sufferings, demoralization, and consequent restlessness of the lower class which constitutes the foundation of

Digitized by Google

of the pyramid of civil society, may well be a subject of serious consideration to all the higher and more prosperous orders.*

It is, however, obvious, that no improvement in the English poor-law can be effectual, either in reducing the burthen of the rates or ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes, until Ireland is placed on the same footing in this respect with Britain. Until her poor are secured, by a similar provision, from extreme destitution, they must continue to flock over in thousands to glut our labour-market, and drive our own population upon their parishes. So glaring an inequality in the fundamental institutions of two contiguous parts of an empire never perhaps existed elsewhere, and cannot, in justice to the inhabitants of either, be allowed to continue.

ART.

* We cannot resist the temptation to transcribe a paragraph or two from Mr. Wither's account of his experiments on his father's estate in Hampshire. 'In the month of December, 1830, it was made known to the cottagers living on or near the estate, that they might be accommodated with small portions of land, at the same rent that a farmer would pay; the amount of tithes and rates being added, in order that the payment of the whole might be made in one sum. At that time, seventy-five persons took advantage of the offer, and had land allotted to them accordingly, *as near as possible to their several dwellings*, in quantities varying from twenty rods to a whole acre, to each applicant. The quantity of land altogether thus allotted the first year of the experiment, was twenty-three acres; making an average of about forty-nine rods to each occupier. The appointed day of payment for the first year's rent is past. *Every shilling is paid.* Several of the men came with the money in their hand before the day. All of them, when the day did arrive, were ready and even eager to pay the last farthing, without a word of complaint, or a single hint at any abatement. On the contrary, they one and all expressed their thankfulness for the privilege of renting their little bits of land at all; and were ready, even before they were asked, to tell of the goodness of their crops, and of the great increase of comfort these crops would give them. By a calculation made from their own accounts of their crops, I am confident that their clear average profit is full 10*l.* per acre. The real amount of it, indeed, in most instances, exceeds this sum. In the case of these little tenants, the gross value of a crop, and the clear profit from it, are generally not such very different sums, as they would be with the large farmer. From the farmer's profits must be deducted the keep of horses, &c., and the wages of labour: from the cottager, on the other hand, no such deductions are to be made in the same proportion, because the principal part of the labour bestowed on his crop is that of his own hands or his family's after the hours of his daily work, or at times when, *if not so employed, he would have been idle.* Taking, therefore, the cottager's clear profit at 10*l.* per acre, and I am confident, from their own account, that it must be very often more, the number of acres allotted being twenty-three, and the occupiers seventy-five, here is the value of 230*l.* distributed among seventy-five families; and reckoning each family at five persons, three hundred and seventy-five individuals are partakers of the advantages of the plan. This for the first year's trial of the experiment. For the second, ending next Michaelmas, its sphere of usefulness will be considerably enlarged. The land now allotted amounts to full seventy acres; the number of tenants is increased to one hundred and thirty; an average of about eighty-six rods to each tenant. So that this year, supposing the same rate of profit as before, an increase of income, amounting to 700*l.* in value, will be distributed by this system, for the benefit of more than six hundred persons. And this advantage is gained without inflicting loss on any one. The landlord is sure of his full rent, and need give nothing; and yet the humble tenant is a great gainer. He has the means of employing his only capital, his labour, productively. He is enabled to withdraw it from the market during

Digitized by Google

ART. III.—1. *The Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion.* By William Kitchener, M.D. Third Edition. 12mo. London. 1828.

2. *The Horse and Carriage Oracle.* By John Jervis, an old Coachman. Revised by William Kitchener, M.D., Author of the Cook's Oracle, &c. &c. Third Edition. 12mo. London. 1828.

IN this wonder-working age few greater improvements have been made in any of the useful arts, than in those applied to the system of travelling by land. Projectors and projects have multiplied with our years—and the fairy-petted princes of the Arabian Nights Entertainments were scarcely transported from place to place with more facility or despatch, than Englishmen are in A.D. 1832. From Liverpool to Manchester, thirty-six miles in an hour and a half!—surely Dædalus is come amongst us again:—but we will, for the present, confine our observations to *the road*—to coaches, coach-horses, coachmen, and coachmasters. We are not thinking of the travelling chariot and four—though to be sure, the report given us of Lord Londonderry's speaking in the House of Peers one night, and being at his own door in Durham the next (two hundred and fifty miles off), is astounding, and was a performance that no other country under the sun could accomplish; yet bribes to postillions and extra relays of horses might have been called in

---

ing that season, when, under *the present system*, it is generally overstocked; and to employ it to the best advantage on his own land, and on his own account. If every labourer in the kingdom had the power of doing the same thing, we should, I think, for many years to come, hear no more of "redundant population" in the agricultural parishes. The country might support in comfort twice its present numbers; and yet the supply of labour need never outrun the demand, for ages to come. Wages might rise beneficially to all parties: poor-rates would fall in amount, and might even become a merely nominal burthen. "A bold peasantry, their country's pride," might again raise their heads in honest independence of the "parish." The cottage, even though domestic manufacture might not be restored, would again become the school of honest industry to the rising generation; its happy inhabitants would become again the trustworthy preservers of the public peace, and the willing defenders of property. For *they, too*, would have a something to lose; they would themselves possess a something worth defending, and would *feel* that all their own interests were enlisted on the side of good order.

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay."

It is one thing to create masses of wealth in the hands of a few, and another to consult the general welfare of the mass of the population. The real prosperity of a people depends more on the way in which wealth is distributed, than on its gross amount. That country can never truly be said to be flourishing, where the most numerous classes are shut out from the hope of being ever able, by diligence and good conduct, *to better their condition.* To restore to them this departed hope, and give them an opportunity and the means of realizing it, has been the object and aim of the writer of these pages, within the narrow circle of his influence. His desire is to lift them gradually, by their own means, above the necessity of depending upon others for relief: to raise their moral character, as well as increase their physical comforts.'—*Cottage Allotments*, pp. 2-6.

aid

Digitized by Google

aid here. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves, at present, to the usual course of public conveyances;—and a sentence in the private letter of a personal friend of our own has suggested the subject to us. 'I was out hunting,' he writes, 'last season on a *Monday*, near Brighton; and dined with my father in Merrion Square, Dublin, at six o'clock on the following *Wednesday*—distance four hundred miles!' It was done thus: he went from Brighton in an afternoon coach, that set him down in London in time for the Holyhead mail, and this mail, with the help of the steamer to cross the channel, delivered him in Dublin at the time mentioned. But expedition alone is not our boast. Coach travelling is no longer a disgusting and tedious labour, but has long since been converted into comparative ease, and really approaches to something like luxury—otherwise it could never have had any chance to engage the smallest part of the attention of that genuine 'Epicuri de grege porcus'—the late happily-named Dr. Kitchener.

It is difficult to determine the exact period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, but it seems to be pretty well ascertained, that in 1662 there were but six, and one of the wise men of those days—John Crossell, of the Charter House—tried his best to write them down. It was supposed he had the countenance of the country gentlemen, who were afraid if their wives could get easily and cheaply conveyed to London, they might not settle so well afterwards to their domestic duties at the Hall or the Grange. We will, however, only go back ninety years. In 1742, the Oxford stage-coach left London at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at mid-day. It arrived at High Wycombe at five in the evening, where it rested for the night—and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here then were ten hours consumed each day in travelling twenty-seven miles; and nearly two days in performing what is now done with the greatest ease under six hours.

May we be permitted, since we have mentioned the Arabian Nights, to make a little demand on our readers' fancy, and suppose it possible, that a worthy old gentleman of this said year—1742—had fallen comfortably asleep *à la Dodswell*, and never awoke till Monday morning last in Piccadilly? 'What coach, your honour?' says a ruffianly-looking fellow, much like what he might have been had he lived a hundred years back. 'I wish to go home to Exeter,' replies the old gentleman, mildly. 'Just in time, your honour, here she comes—them there grey horses—where's your luggage?' 'Don't be in a hurry,' observes the stranger; 'that's a gentleman's carriage.' 'It ain't! I tell you,' says the cad, 'it's the Comet, and you must be as quick as lightning.' *Nolens volens*, the remonstrating old gentleman is shoved into the Comet, by a cad at each elbow, having been three times assured

Digitized by Google

assured his luggage is in the hind boot, and twice three times denied having ocular demonstration of the fact.

However, he is now seated—and 'What *gentleman* is going to drive us?' is his first question to his fellow-passengers. 'He is no gentleman, sir,' says a person who sits opposite to him, and who happens to be a proprietor of the coach. 'He has been on the Comet ever since she started, and is a very steady young man.' 'Pardon my ignorance,' replies the regenerated; 'from the cleanliness of his person, the neatness of his apparel, and the language he made use of, I mistook him for some enthusiastic Bachelor of Arts, wishing to become a charioteer after the manner of the illustrious ancients.' 'You must have been long in foreign parts, sir,' observes the proprietor. In five minutes or less, after this parley commenced, the wheels went round, and in another five the coach arrived at Hyde Park gate; but long before it got there, the worthy gentleman of 1742 (set down by his fellow-travellers for either a little cracked or an emigrant from the Backwoods of America) exclaimed, 'What! off the stones already?' 'You have never been on the stones,' observes his neighbour on his right; 'no stones in London, now, sir.' 'Bless me,' quoth our friend, 'here's a noble house; to whom does it belong? but why those broken windows, those iron blinds, and strong barricade?'* 'It is the Duke of Wellington's,' says the coach proprietor, 'the greatest captain since the days of Scipio. An ungrateful people made an attack upon his life, on the anniversary of the day upon which he won the most important battle ever fought in Europe.' Here a passenger in black threw out something about *Alcibiades*, which, however, the rattle made it impossible to understand. 'But we are going at a great rate,' exclaims again the stranger. 'Oh no, sir,' says the proprietor, '*we never go fast over this stage.* We have time allowed in consequence of being subject to interruptions, and we make it up over the lower ground.' Five-and-thirty minutes, however, bring them to the noted town of Brentford. 'Hah!' says the old man, becoming young again—'what, no improvement in this filthy place? Is old Brentford still here? a national disgrace! Pray, sir, who is your county member now?' 'His name is Hume, sir,' was the reply. 'The modern Hercules;' added the gentleman on the right, 'the real cleanser of the Augean stable.' 'A gentleman of large property in the county, *I presume*,' said the man of the last century. 'Not an acre,' replied the communicative proprietor, 'a Scotchman from the town of Montrose.' 'Aye, aye; nothing like the high road to London for those Scotchmen. A great city merchant, no

* Nearly on the site now occupied by Apsley House stood, in 1742, the suburban inn, the Hercules' Pillars—where Squire Western put up on his arrival in town in quest of his daughter.

doubt,

Digitized by Google

doubt, worth a plum or two.' 'No such thing, sir,' quoth the other; 'the gentleman was a doctor, and made his fortune in the Indies.' 'No quack, I warrant you?' The proprietor was silent; but the clergyman in the corner again muttered something which was again lost, owing to the coach coming at the instant, at the rate of ten miles in the hour, upon the vile pavement of Brentford.

In five minutes under the hour the Comet arrives at Hounslow, to the great delight of our friend, who by this time waxed hungry, not having broken his fast before starting. 'Just fifty-five minutes and thirty-seven seconds,' says he, 'from the time we left London! —wonderful travelling, gentlemen, to be sure, but much too fast to be safe. However, thank heaven, we are arrived at a good-looking house; and now, *waiter!* I hope you have got breakf——.' Before the last syllable, however, of the word could be pronounced, the worthy old gentleman's head struck the back of the coach by a jerk, which he could not account for, (the fact was, three of the four fresh horses were bolters,) and the waiter, the inn, and indeed Hounslow itself, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. Never did such a succession of doors, windows, and window-shutters pass so quickly in his review before—and he hoped they might never do so again. Recovering, however, a little from his surprise—'My dear sir,' said he, 'you told me we were to change horses at Hounslow? Surely, they are not so inhuman as to drive these poor animals another stage at this unmerciful rate!' 'Change horses, sir!' says the proprietor; 'why we changed them whilst you were putting on your spectacles, and looking at your watch. Only one minute allowed for it at Hounslow, and it is often done in fifty seconds by those nimble-fingered horse-keepers.' 'You astonish me—but really I do not like to go so fast.' 'Oh, sir, we always *spring* them over these six miles. It is what we call *the hospital ground.*' This alarming phrase is presently interpreted: it intimates that horses whose 'backs are getting down instead of up in their work'—some 'that won't hold an ounce down hill, or draw an ounce up'—others 'that kick over the pole one day and over the bars the next,' in short all the reprobates, styled in the road slang *bokickers*, are sent to work these six miles —because *here* they have nothing to do but to gallop—not a pebble as big as a nutmeg on the road, and so even, that it would not disturb the equilibrium of a spirit-level.

The coach, however, goes faster and faster over the *hospital ground*, as the 'bokickers' feel their legs, and the collars get warm to their shoulders; and having ten outsides, the luggage of the said ten, and a few extra packages besides on the roof, she rolls rather more than is pleasant, although the centre of gravity is pretty

Digitized by Google

pretty well kept down by four not slender insides, two well-laden *boots*, and three huge trunks in the *slide*. The gentleman of the last century, however, becomes alarmed;—is sure the horses are running away with the coach—declares he perceives by the shadow, that there is nobody on the box, and can see the reins dangling about the horses' heels. He attempts to look out of the window, but his fellow-traveller dissuades him from doing so:—'You may get a shot in your eye from the wheel. Keep your head in the coach, it's all right, depend on't. We always spring 'em over this stage.' Persuasion is useless; for the horses increase their speed, and the worthy old gentleman looks out. But what does he see? Death and destruction before his eyes?—No: to his surprise he finds the coachman firm at his post, and in the act of taking a pinch of snuff from the gentleman who sits beside him on the *bench*, his horses going at the rate of three miles in the minute at the time. 'But suppose anything should break, or a linchpin should give way and let a wheel loose?' is the next appeal to the communicative but not very consoling proprietor. 'Nothing *can* break, sir,' is the reply; 'all of the very best stuff; axletrees of the best K. Q. iron, faggotted edge-ways, well bedded in the timbers; and as for linchpins, we have not one about the coach. We use the best patent boxes that are manufactured. In short, Sir, you are as safe in it as if you were in your bed.' 'Bless me,' exclaims the old man, 'what improvements! And the roads!!!' 'They are at perfection, sir,' says the proprietor; 'no horse walks a yard in this coach between London and Exeter—all trotting ground now.' 'A little *galloping* ground, I fear,' whispers the senior to himself! 'But who has effected all this improvement in your paving?' 'An American of the name of M'Adam,' was the reply—'but coachmen call him the Colossus of Roads. Great things have likewise been done in cutting through hills and altering the course of roads: and it is no uncommon thing now-a-days to see four horses trotting away merrily down hill on that very ground where they formerly were seen walking up hill.'*

'And pray, my good sir, what sort of horses may you have over the next stage?' 'Oh, sir, no more bokickers. It is hilly and severe ground, and requires cattle strong and staid. You'll see four as fine horses put to the coach at Staines as you ever saw in a nobleman's carriage in your life.' 'Then we shall have no more galloping—no more springing them as you term it?' 'Not quite so fast over the next ground,' replied the proprietor; 'but

* All roads through hilly countries were originally struck out by drivers of pack-horses; who, to avoid bogs, chose the upper ground. Consequently, it often happened, that point B was lower than point A, yet to go from A to B the traveller ascended a hill to secure sound footing, and then descended to his point.

he

Digitized by Google

he will make good play over some part of it; for example, when he gets three parts down a hill he lets them loose, and cheats them out of half the one they have to ascend from the bottom of it. In short, they are half way up it before a horse touches his collar; and we *must* take every advantage with such a fast coach as this, and one that loads so well, or we should never keep our time. We are now to a minute; in fact, the country people no longer look at the *sun* when they want to set their clocks; they look only to the *Comet*. But depend upon it, you are quite safe; we have nothing but first-rate artists on this coach.' 'Artist! artist!' grumbles the old gentleman, 'we had no such term as that.'

'I should like to see this *artist* change horses at the next stage,' resumes our ancient, 'for at the last it had the appearance of magic —"Presto, Jack, and begone!"' 'By all means; you will be much gratified. It is done with a quickness and ease almost incredible to any one who has only read or heard of it; but use becomes second nature with us. Even in *my* younger days it was always half-an-hour's work—sometimes more. There was —"Now ladies and gentlemen what would you like to take? There's plenty of time while the horses are changing for tea, coffee, or supper; and the coachman will wait for you—won't you, *Mr. Smith?*" Then Mr. Smith himself was in no hurry; he had a lamb about his coach for one butcher in the town, and perhaps half a calf for another, a barrel of oysters for the lawyer, and a basket of game for the parson, *all on his own account*. In short, the best wheel of the coach was his, and he could not be otherwise than accommodating.'

The coach arrives at Staines, and the ancient gentleman puts his intentions into effect,—though he was near being again too late; for by the time he could extract his hat from the netting that suspended it over his head, the leaders had been taken from their bars, and were walking up the yard towards their stables. On perceiving a fine, thorough-bred horse led towards the coach with a twitch fastened tightly to his nose, he exclaims, 'Holloa, Mr. Horse-keeper! You are going to put an unruly horse in the coach.' 'What! this here *oss?*' growls the man; 'the quietest *hanimal* alive, sir!' as he shoves him to the near side of the pole. At this moment, however, the coachman is heard to say, in somewhat of an under tone, 'Mind what you are about, Bob; don't let him touch the roller-bolt.' In thirty seconds more, they are off—'the staid and steady team,' so styled by the proprietor, in the coach. 'Let 'em go, and take care of yourselves,' says the artist, so soon as he is firmly seated upon his box. With this, the near leader rears right on end, and if the rein had not been yielded to him at the instant, he would have

Digitized by Google

fallen backwards on the head of the pole. The moment the twitch was taken from the nose of the thorough-bred near-wheeler, he drew himself back to the extent of his pole-chain—his fore-legs stretched out before him—and then, like a lion loosened from his toil, made a snatch at the coach that would have broken two pairs of traces of 1742. A steady and good-whipped horse, however, his partner, started the coach himself, with a gentle touch of the thong, and away they went off together. But the thorough-bred one was very far from being comfortable; it was in vain that the coachman tried to soothe him with his voice, or stroked him with the crop of his tool, i. e. *whip*. He drew three parts of the coach, and cantered for the first mile, and when he did settle down to his trot, his snorting could be heard by the passengers, being as much as to say, 'I was not born to be a slave.' In fact, as the proprietor now observed, 'he had been a fair plate horse in his time, but his temper was always queer.'

After the first shock was over, the Conservative of the 18th century felt comfortable. The pace was considerably slower than it had been over the last stage, but he was unconscious of the reason for its being diminished. It was to accommodate the queer temper of the race-horse, who, if he had not been humoured at starting, would never have settled down to his trot, but have ruffled all the rest of the team. He was also surprised, if not pleased, at the quick rate at which they were ascending hills which, in his time, he should have been asked by the coachman to have walked up—but his pleasure was short-lived; the third hill they descended, produced a return of his agony. This was what is termed on the road *a long fall of ground*, and the coach rather pressed upon the horses. The temper of the race-horse became exhausted; breaking into a canter, he was of little use as a wheeler, and there was then nothing for it but a gallop. The leaders only wanted the signal; and the point of the thong being thrown lightly over their backs, they were off like an arrow out of a bow: but the rocking of the coach was awful, and more particularly so to the passengers on the roof. Nevertheless, she was not in danger: the master-hand of the artist kept her in a direct line; and meeting the opposing ground, she *steadied*, and all was right. The newly-awakened gentleman, however, begins to grumble again. 'Pray, my good sir,' says he anxiously—'do use your authority over your coachman, and *insist* upon his putting the drag-chain on the wheel, when descending the next hill.' 'I have no such authority,' replies the proprietor. 'It is true, we are now drawn by my horses, but I cannot interfere with the driving of them.' 'But is he not your servant?' 'He is, sir, 'but I contract to work the coach so many miles in so many hours,

Digitized by Google

hours, and he engages to drive it, and each is subject to a fine if the time be not kept on the road. On so fast a coach as this, every advantage must be taken, and if we were to drag down such hills as these, we should never reach Exeter to day.'

Our friend, however, will have no more of it. He quits the coach at Bagshot, congratulating himself on the safety of his limbs. He takes, however, one peep more at the *change*, which is done with the same despatch as before—three greys and a pie-ball replacing three chestnuts and a bay—the harness beautifully clean, and the ornaments bright as the sun. Not a word is spoken by the passengers, who merely look their admiration; but the laconic address of the coachman is not lost on the by-standers. 'Put the bay mare *near wheel* to-morrow, and the stallion *up to the cheek*,' said he to his horse-keeper, as he placed his right foot on the *roller-bolt*, *i. e.* the last step but one to the box. *How is Paddy's leg?*' 'It's all right, *sir*,' replied the horse-keeper. 'Let 'em go then,' quoth the *artist*, 'and take care of yourselves.'

The worthy old gentleman is now shown into a room, and, after warming his hands at the fire, rings the bell for the waiter. A well-dressed person appears, whom he of course takes for the landlord. 'Pray, *sir*,' says he, 'have you any *slow* coach down this road to-day?' 'Why, yes, sir,' replies John; 'we shall have the Regulator down in an hour.' 'Just right,' said our friend, 'it will enable me to break my fast, which I have not done to-day.' 'Oh, sir,' observes John, 'these here fast *drags* be the ruin of us. 'Tis all hurry scurry, and no gentleman has time to have nothing on the road. What will you take, sir? Mutton-chops, veal-cutlets, beef steaks?'

At the appointed time, the Regulator appears at the door. It is a strong, well-built *drag*, painted what is called chocolate colour: bedaubed all over with gilt letters—a bull's head on the doors, a Saracen's head on the hind boot—and drawn by four strapping horses; but it wants the neatness of the other. The passengers may be, by a shade or two, of a lower order than those who had gone forward with the Comet; nor perhaps is the coachman quite so refined as the one we have just taken leave of. He has not the neat white hat, the clean doeskin gloves, the well-cut trousers, and dapper frock, but still his appearance is respectable, and perhaps in the eyes of many, more in character with his calling. Neither has he the agility of the artist on the Comet, for he is nearly double his size; but he is a strong, powerful man, and might be called a pattern card of the heavy coachman of the present day—in other words, of a man who drives a coach which carries sixteen pas-

Digitized by Google

sengers instead of fourteen, and is rated at eight miles in the hour, instead of ten. 'What room in the Regulator?' says our friend to the waiter, as he comes to announce its arrival. 'Full inside, sir, and in front, but you'll have *the backgammon board* all to yourself, and your luggage is in the hind boot.' 'Backgammon board! Pray what's that? Do you not mean *the basket*?' 'Oh no, sir,' says John, smiling—'no such a thing on the road now. It is the hind-dickey, as some call it; where you'll be as comfortable as possible, and can sit with your back or your face to the coach, or *both*, if you like.' 'Ah, ah,' continues the old gentleman; 'something new again, I presume.' However, the mystery is cleared up; the ladder is reared to the hind wheel, and the gentleman safely seated on the backgammon board.

Before ascending to his place, our friend has cast his eye on the team that is about to convey him to Hertford bridge, the next stage on the great western road, and he perceives it to be of a different stamp from that which he had seen taken from the coach at Bagshot. It consisted of four moderate-sized horses, full of power, and still fuller of condition, but with a fair sprinkling of blood—in short, the eye of a judge would have discovered something about them not very unlike galloping. 'All right!' cried the guard, taking his key-bugle in his hand; and they proceeded up the village, at a steady pace, to the tune of 'Scots wha hae with Wallace bled,' and continued at that pace for the first five miles. '*I am landed*,' thinks our friend to himself. Unluckily, however, for the humane and cautious old gentleman, even the Regulator was now to show tricks. Although what now is called a slow coach, she is timed at eight miles in the hour through a great extent of country, and must of course make play where she can, being strongly opposed by hills lower down the country, trifling as these hills are, no doubt, to what they once were. The Regulator, moreover, loads well, not only with passengers but with luggage; and the last five miles of this stage, called the Hertford-bridge flat, have the reputation of being the best five miles for a coach to be found at this time in England. The ground is firm, but elastic; the surface undulating, and therefore favourable to draught; always dry, not a shrub being near it; nor is there a stone upon it much larger than a marble. These advantages, then, are not lost to the Regulator, or made use of without sore discomposure to the solitary tenant of her backgammon board.

Any one that has looked into books will very readily account for the lateral motion, or rocking, as it is termed, of a coach, being greatest at the greatest distance from the horses—(as the tail of a paper kite is in motion whilst the body remains at rest);

Digitized by Google

rest); and more especially when laden as this coach was—the greater part of the weight being forward. The situation of our friend then was once more deplorable. The Regulator takes but twenty-three minutes for these celebrated five miles, which cannot be done without 'springing the cattle' now and then; and it was in one of the very best of their gallops of that day, that they were met by the coachman of the Comet, who was returning with his *up* coach. When coming out of rival yards, coachmen never fail to cast an eye to the loading of their opponents on the road, and *now* that of the *natty* Artist of the Comet experienced a high treat. He had a full view of his quondam passenger, and thus described his situation. He was seated with his back to the horses—his arms extended to each extremity of the guard-irons—his teeth set grim as death—his eyes cast down towards the ground, thinking the less he saw of his danger the better. There was what is called *a top-heavy load*—perhaps a ton of luggage on the roof, and, it may be, not *quite* in obedience to the act of parliament standard. There were also two horses at wheel whose strides were of rather unequal length, and this operated powerfully on the coach. In short, the lurches of the Regulator were awful at the moment of the Comet passing her. A tyro in mechanics would have exclaimed, 'the centre of gravity must be lost, the centrifugal force will have the better of it,—*over she must go!*'

The centre of gravity having been preserved, the coach arrives safe at Hertford bridge—but the old gentleman has again had enough of it. 'I will walk into Devonshire,' said he, as he descended from his perilous exaltation. What did that rascally waiter mean by telling me it was a slow coach? and, moreover, look at the luggage on the roof!' 'Only regulation height, sir,' says the coachman; 'we arn't allowed to have it an inch higher:—sorry we can't please you, sir, but we will try and make room for you in front.' '*Fronti* nulla fides,' mutters the worthy to himself, as he walks tremblingly into the house—adding, 'I shall not give this fellow a shilling, *he is dangerous.*'

The Regulator being off, the waiter is again applied to. 'What do you charge per mile posting?' 'One and sixpence, sir.' 'Bless me! just double! Let me see,—two hundred miles, at two shillings per mile, postboys, turnpikes, &c., 20*l.* This will never do. Have you no coach that does not carry luggage on the top?' 'Oh yes, sir,' replies the waiter, 'we shall have one to-night, that is not allowed to carry a band-box on the roof.' 'That's the coach for me; pray what do you call it?' 'The Quicksilver mail, sir; one of the best out of London—Jack White and Tom Brown, pick'd coachmen, over this ground—Jack White down

Digitized by Google

down to-night.' 'Guarded and lighted?' 'Both, sir; blunderbuss and pistols in the sword-case; a lamp each side the coach, and one under the footboard—see to pick up a pin the darkest night of the year.' 'Very fast?' 'Oh no, sir, just keeps time, and that's all.' 'That's the coach for me, then,' repeats our hero; 'and I am sure I shall feel at my ease in it. I suppose it is what used to be called the Old Mercury.'

Unfortunately, the Devonport (commonly called the Quicksilver) mail is half a mile in the hour faster than most in England, and is, indeed, one of the miracles of the road. Let us, then, picture to ourselves our anti-reformer snugly seated in this mail, on a pitch-dark night in November. It is true she has no luggage on the roof, nor much to incommode her elsewhere, but she is a mile in the hour faster than the Comet, at least three miles quicker than the Regulator; and she performs more than half her journey by lamplight. It is needless to say, then, our senior soon finds out his mistake, but there is no remedy at hand, for it is the dead of the night, and all the inns are shut up. He must proceed, or be left behind in a stable. The climax of his misfortunes then approaches. Nature being exhausted, sleep comes to his aid, and he awakes on a stage which is called the fastest on the journey,—it is four miles of ground, and twelve minutes is the time! The old gentleman starts from his seat, having dreamed the horses were running away with the coach, and so, no doubt, they might be. He is, however, determined to convince himself of the fact, though the passengers assure him, 'all's right.' 'Don't put your head out of the window,' says one of them, 'you will lose your hat to a certainty:' but advice is seldom listened to by a terrified man, and next moment a stentorian voice is heard, crying, 'Stop, coachman, stop—I have lost my hat and wig!' The coachman hears him not—and in another second the broad wheels of a *down* waggon have for ever demolished the lost head-gear. But here we must leave our adventurous Gilpin of 1742. We have taken a great liberty with him, it is true, but we are not without our precedent. One of the best chapters in Livy contains the history of 'an event which never took place.' In the full charm of his imagination, the historian brings Alexander into Italy, where he never was in his life, and displays him in his brightest colours. We father our sins, then, upon the Patavinian.

But we will now adhere to sober prose, and the changes of our own time. Thirty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, *vid* Oxford, at eight o'clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. This distance

Digitized by Google

distance is now *done*, without the least difficulty, in sixteen hours and a quarter; and the Holyhead mail is actually at Bangor Ferry, eighty-three miles farther, in the same time it used to take in reaching the post-office at Shrewsbury. We fancy we now see it, as it was when we travelled on it in our schoolboy time, over the Wolverhampton and Shiffnal stage—in those days loose uncovered sand in part—with Charles Peters or old Ebden quitting his seat as guard, and coming to the assistance of the coachman, who had flogged his horses till he could flog them no longer. We think we see them crawling up the hill in Shrewsbury town —whip, whip, whip—and an hour behind their time 'by Shrewsbury clock'—the betting not ten to one that she had not been overturned on the road! It is now a treat to see her approach the town, if not before, never after her *minute*. A young man of the name of Taylor, a spirited proprietor, *horses* her through Shrewsbury, from Hay-Gate to Nescliff, in a manner that deserves to be spoken of. The stages are ten and eight, and for these he has a team of bays, a team of greys, and two teams of chestnuts, that can show with England. Let us look to another coach out of this town at the period we have been speaking of —'the Shrewsbury and Chester *Highflyer!*' This coach started from Shrewsbury at eight o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Chester about the same time in the evening—distance *forty miles*. This was always a good hard road for wheels, and rather favourable for draught—and how then could all these hours be accounted for? Why, if a 'commercial gentleman' had a little business at Ellesmere, there was plenty of time for that. If a '*real gentleman*' wanted to pay a morning visit on the road, there could be no objection to that. In the pork-pie season half an hour was generally consumed in consuming one of them, for Mr. Williams, the coachman, was a wonderful favourite with the farmers' wives and daughters all along the road. The coach dined at Wrexham—for coaches lived well in those days; they now live upon air;—and Wrexham church was to be seen—a fine specimen of the florid gothic, and one of the wonders of Wales! Then Wrexham was also famous for ale—no public breweries in those days in Wales—and, above all, the inn belonged to Sir Watkin! About two hours were allowed for dinner; but 'Billy Williams'—one of the best-tempered fellows on earth, as honest as Aristides, and at this moment upon the same ground—was never particular to half an hour or so: 'The coach is ready, gentlemen,' he would say, 'but don't let me disturb you, if you wish for another bottle.' A coach now runs over this ground *a trifle under four hours!!*

The Brighton road may be said to be covered with coaches, no less

Digitized by Google

less than twenty-five running upon it in the summer. The fastest is the Red Rover, which performs the journey under five hours. That called the Age, when driven and horsed by the late Mr. Stevenson, was an object of such admiration at Brighton, that a crowd was every day collected to see it start. Mr. Stevenson was a graduate of Cambridge, but his passion for the *bench* got the better of all other ambitions, and he became a coachman by profession;—and it is only justice to his memory to admit that, though cut off in the flower of his youth, he had arrived at perfection in his art. His education and early habits had not, however, been lost upon him; his demeanour was always that of a gentleman; and it may be fairly said of him, that he introduced the phenomenon of refinement into a stage-coach. At a certain change of horses on the road, a silver sandwich-box was handed to his passengers by his *servant*, accompanied by the offer of a glass of sherry to such as were so inclined. Well-born coachmen prevail on this road. A gentleman connected with the first families in Wales, and whose father long represented his native county in Parliament, horsed and drove one side of the ground with Mr. Stevenson; and Mr. Charles Jones, brother to Sir Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, has now a coach on it called the Pearl, which he both horses and drives himself. The Bognor coach, horsed by the Messrs. Walkers of Mitchel Grove, and driven in the first style by Mr. John Walker, must also be fresh in the recollection of many of our readers.

But to return to fast work: the Edinburgh mail runs the distance, 400 miles, in forty hours, and we may set our watches by it at any point of her journey. Stoppages included, this approaches eleven miles in the hour, and much the greater part of it by lamplight. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, from the Saracen's Head, Snow Hill, runs over her ground, 173 miles,* in twenty hours—admirable performance, considering the natural unevenness of the country through which it has to pass. The Devonport mail does her work in first-rate style, 227 miles in twenty-two hours. In short, from London to Cheltenham, Gloucester, Worcester, Birmingham, Norwich, or any other place, whose distance does not much exceed one hundred miles, is now little more than a pleasant morning drive. We say *pleasant*, for this extraordinary speed is *not* attained, generally speaking, by putting animals to anything like cruel exertion. A fast coach has very nearly a horse to every mile of ground it runs—reck-

* From Calais to Paris is the same distance; the diligence takes at least 48 hours in the summer, and from 50 to 60 in the winter. The Exeter mail is allowed 18 hours from London to Exeter, the Paris mail from 28 to 30 hours from Calais to Paris, and this is reckoned quick work.

oning

Digitized by Google

oning one way, or 'one side of the ground.'* Proprietors of coaches have at length found out—though they were a long time before they did discover it—that the hay and corn market is not so expensive as the horse market. They have, therefore, one horse in four always at rest; or, in other words, each horse lies still on the fourth day, thus having the advantage of man. For example, if ever we turn coach proprietors, or 'get into harness,' as the proper term is—which, as we have become fox-hunters, is by no means impossible—we shall keep ten horses for every ten miles stage we engage to cover. In this case, eight horses only will be at work, four up and four down. If the stage be under seven miles, nine horses may do the work; but no horse in a fast coach can continue to run every day, the excitement of high keep and profuse sweating producing disease. In practice, perhaps no animal toiling for man, solely *for his profit*, leads so easy and so comfortable a life as the English coach-horse. He is sumptuously fed, kindly treated, and if he do suffer a little in his work, he has twenty-three hours in the twenty-four of luxurious ease. He is now almost a stranger to the lash, nor do we ever see him with a broken skin; but we often see him kick up his heels when taken from his coach, after having performed his stage of ten miles in five minutes under the hour. So much for *condition*.

No horse lives so high as a coach-horse. In the language of the road, his stomach is the measure of his corn;—he is fed *ad libitum*. The effect of this is visible in two ways—first, it is surprising to see how soon horses gather flesh in this severe work—for there is none more severe whilst it lasts; and, secondly, proprietors find that good flesh is no obstacle to their speed, but, on the contrary, operates to their advantage. Horses draw by their weight and not by the force of their muscles, which merely assist the application of that weight: the heavier a horse is then, the more powerful is he in his harness; in short, it is the weight of the animal which produces the draught, and the play and force of his muscles serve to continue it. Light horses, therefore, how good soever their action, ought not to be put to draw a heavy load, as muscular force cannot act against it for any length of time.

The average price of horses for fast coaches may be about 23*l*. Fancy teams, and those working out of London, may be rated considerably higher than this; but taking a hundred miles of ground, *well horsed*, this is about the mark. The average period of each horse's service does not exceed four years

* For example, from London to Shrewsbury is 158 miles, and the number of horses kept for the Wonder coach is 150.

in

Digitized by Google

in a fast coach—perhaps scarcely so much. In a slow one we may allow seven; but in both cases we are alluding to horses put to the work at five or six years old. Considerable judgment is necessary to the selection of horses for fast work in harness; for if they have not action which will command the pace they are timed at, they soon destroy themselves. For a wheel-horse he should have sound fore legs, or he cannot be depended upon down hill. Good hind legs and well-spread guskins are also essential points in a coach-horse—the weight or force applied proceeding from the fulcrum formed by the hinder feet. The price we have named as the average one for such animals may appear a very low one: but we must remember that to be a hunter a horse must have length of shoulder, length of frame, well placed hinder legs, and a well-bitted mouth—whereas, without any of these qualities he may make an excellent coach-horse—and hence the value of the coach market to our breeders. Blemished horses also find their way into coaches, as do those whose tempers are bad; neither is a blind horse, with good courage, altogether objectionable now the roads are so level.

It may not be uninteresting to the uninitiated to learn how a coach is *worked*. We will then assume that A, B, C, and D enter into a contract to *horse* a coach eighty miles—each proprietor having twenty miles; in which case, he is said to *cover both sides of the ground*, or *to and fro*. At the expiration of twenty-eight days, the lunar month, a settlement takes place, and if the gross earnings of the coach should be 10*l*. per mile, there will be 800*l*. to divide between the four proprietors, *after* the following charges have been deducted, viz., tolls, duty to government, mileage, (or hire of the coach, to the coachmaker,) two coachmen's wages, porters' wages, rent or charge of booking-offices at each end, and washing the coaches. These charges may amount to 150*l*., which leaves 650*l*. to keep eighty horses and to pay the horse-keepers, for a period of twenty-eight days; or nearly 160*l*. to each proprietor for the expenses of his twenty horses, being 2*l*. per week, per horse. Thus it appears, that a fast coach, properly appointed, cannot pay unless its gross receipts amount to 10*l*. per double mile; and that, even then, the *horser's* profits depend on the luck he has with his stock.

In the present age, the art of mechanism is eminently reduced to the practical purposes of life, and the modern form of the stage-coach seems to have arrived at perfection. It combines prodigious strength with almost incredible lightness, not weighing more than about eighteen hundred weight; and being kept so much nearer the ground than formerly, is of course considerably safer. Accidents, no doubt, occur, and a great many more than meet

Digitized by Google

meet the public eye; but how should this be otherwise, when we take into account the immense number of coaches on the road, a great portion of which travel through the night, and have all the varieties of our climate to contend with? No one will assert that the proprietors guard against accidents to the utmost of their power—but the great competition they have to encounter is a strong stimulant to their exertions on this score. Indeed, in some respects, the increase of pace has become the traveller's security*. Coaches and harness must be of the best quality; horses must be fresh and sound, and coachmen of science and respectability can alone be employed. In fact, to the increased pace of their coaches is the improvement in these men's moral character to be attributed. They have not time now for drinking, and they come in collision with a class of persons superior to those who formerly were stage-coach passengers, by whose example it has been impossible for them not to profit in all respects. A coachman drunk on his box is now a rarity. A coachman, *quite sober*, was even within our memory still more so. But let us press this question a little further: do the proprietors guard against accidents *to the very extent of their ability?* We fear, not: too many of them, to touch only one point, allow their coachmen to omit the use of the hand or end-buckle to their reins, which, to our own knowledge, has lately been productive of innumerable accidents. This is *new*, and it is a mere piece of affectation, and should be put a stop to; for surely, if a coachman fancies he has not time to '*pin his ribbons*' before mounting the box, he can do so after having proceeded a short distance on his stage; and he cannot say he has not time to unbuckle them before he comes to the end of it. It is evident, that with reins unbuckled at the ends, should either of them drop out of his hand, all command over his team is gone. Moreover, in the hands of the best coachman, a wheel-horse will now and then drop, and should he not, fortunately in this case, *be dragged on the ground, so as to stop the coach*, up he jumps, and, expecting the whip, rushes forward with his head loose, his rein having been drawn through the coachman's hand. Had it been buckled at the end, such an occurrence could not have happened; and if, after our warning, damages are sought for on this score, coach-proprietors may depend on it they must be prepared to smart.

That, in fact, nineteen accidents in twenty are the effect of want of proper precaution, cannot be denied. Coachmen, it is

* To give one instance—the Worcester mail was one of the slowest on the road, and the oftenest overturned. She is now fast, and reckoned one of the safest in England.

true,

Digitized by Google

true, are not theoretical philosophers, but experience teaches them, that if they drive fast round corners, the centre of gravity must be more or less disturbed by thus diverging from the right line; and if lost, *over she goes;* yet a great number of the overturns that occur happen exactly in this way. Why then are not coachmen strictly enjoined by their employers to avoid so gross an error? But it is in the act of descending hills that the majority of catastrophes take place; and the coachman needs not book learning to enlighten him as to the *wherefore.* Let him only throw up a stone, and watch its descent. If it falls sixteen feet in the first second, it will fall three times that distance in the next, and so on. Thus it is with his coach; the continued impulse it acquires in descending a hill, presses upon the wheel-horses, until at last it exceeds their powers of resistance. In short, they have a new force to contend with at every step they take. But this is not all. Instead of checking the *active* force of his coach before she begins to move downward, he too often adds that to the fresh impulse she acquires on her descent. Every coachman, who has a regard to the safety of his own neck, should check the velocity of his coach at the top of every hill; which, in the language of the road, is termed 'taking a hill in time.' He may, in that case, if his harness be sound, drive his coach down any hill, now found on our roads, with ease; and, when a certain way down it, may increase his pace, with perfect safety, to meet the opposing ground at the bottom. With heavily-laden coaches, we prefer this to the drag-chain—by which hundreds of them have been pulled over—and which is a great check to speed, too, as the *momentum* cannot be taken advantage of, in continuing the motion of the coach when she brings the horses to their collars again.

The question often arises,—is there danger in galloping horses in a coach, on perfectly level ground? Under certain circumstances there is. For instance, if there happen to be two horses at wheel, which take unequal strides in their gallop, their action will be felt by the coach—they being so near to her—and lateral motion will be produced, by which her equilibrium may be destroyed. When a coach once begins to swing, a little thing will upset her—even passing over a small stone—as the faster she goes on level ground, the more weight is thrown upon her fore wheels. Neither is a good road a security to her; on the contrary, the harder the surface of it, the more danger, there being nothing to hold the wheels to the ground. If, however, it were possible to make the stride and draught of four horses quite equal, their increased speed would have but little effect on a coach, upon tolerably level ground; which is proved by her being *quite steady* in

Digitized by Google

in ascending a hill, at ever so quick a rate, when every horse is at work. This shows the necessity of *putting horses well together.*

The worst of accidents, and one which, with the present structure of coaches, can never be entirely provided against, arises from broken axletrees and wheels coming off on the road. It was but the other day that a passenger's leg was fractured by the upsetting of the Dart, Brighton coach, driven by William Snow (a proprietor), one of the steadiest and most experienced coachmen of the present day, owing to the snapping of the axletree. There is certainly something startling in the reflection, that whenever we travel by a coach, we are liable to this occurrence, which must happen if the weight above be too great for the sustaining power below; and for this reason, the mails are safer than stage-coaches, as not loading so heavily. Everything that can be done to prevent the *snapping* of the axletree has now been adopted, we think, by our coach-builders. In case it does break, what is called the *idle* wheel, in addition to the active wheel, is the only security against an upset; but as this somewhat adds to the weight of a coach, the use of it has been abandoned. Accidents, then, are always to be apprehended by travellers from this cause;—the loss of wheels is another; and until an act of parliament enforces the use of the patent box, or the screw-nut, so as to trust no longer to the common linchpin, it will remain a third *.

On the whole, however, travelling by public conveyances was never so secure as it is at the present time. Nothing can be more favourable to it than the build of the modern coaches. The boots being let down between the springs, keep the load, consequently the centre of gravity, low: the wheels of many of them are secured by patent boxes; and in every part of them the best materials are used. The cost of coaches of this description is from 130*l.* to 150*l*; but they are generally hired from the maker, at from 2½*d.* to 3*d.* per mile.

The common height of the stage-coach wheels of the present day, is as follows:—the fore wheels three feet four inches, the hinder four feet eight inches. As the former turn round so much oftener than the latter, and also bear more weight, they require to have their fellies fresh wrung about every five weeks; whereas, the latter will stand good for two months, or more. The strength of a wheel depends greatly on the attention paid to the

* The only linchpin that can be relied on, is the wooden one, which, together with the screw-nut, is used in the French diligences. It is made of heart of oak; and being once driven through the eye of the arm, cannot be drawn out again, without cutting off the bottom of it, as it swells to a size which prevents its returning the way it went in. *There is no dependance on iron linchpins.*

arrangement

Digitized by Google

arrangement and framing of the spokes. In common wheels, they are framed regularly and equally all round the thickest part of the nave, the tenons of the spokes being so bevelled as to stand about three inches out of perpendicular, by which is produced the *dishing* wheel. This dishing, or concave wheel, is not essential on our present rutless road, and perpendicular wheels are preferable on level ground. The best wheels we know of, are those under our mail-coaches. The spokes are framed somewhat differently into the nave, which is made rather larger than is usual for common coach wheels, and every other spoke is framed perpendicular to the nave. Hence, the mortises to receive them in it are not made in a parallel line round it, but stand as it were in two different parallels—one without the other—by which means greater solidity is given to the nave, and an immense addition of strength to the wheel. What is called the patent hoop, always used in stage coaches,—having the iron tire drawn into one complete ring—is not put on these wheels, but the common strokes, as they are called, forged and hammered to the sweep of the rings, and in lengths equal to those of the fellies, are put on red hot, and well secured by rivetted nails. The mail fore-wheel is somewhat higher than that of the stage-coach, which is an advantage. Low fore-wheels place the axle so much below the level of the wheel-horses' breasts, that they have not only the carriage to draw, but also part of its weight to bear. This weight distresses their hams, stifles, and hocks, and accounts for coach-horses being so soon unfit for the saddle. It is evident that attention to these points is necessary in putting horses to a coach, and when the fore wheels are low, the wheel-horses should have as much length of trace as can be given them, for the line of traction should be as nearly even with the draught of the horse as we can make it.*

It requires, also, some art to load a coach properly. A waggoner on country roads always puts the greater weight over his hinder wheels, being the highest, and he is right, for he has obstacles to meet, and the power necessary to overcome them diminishes with the increased diameter of the wheel. On our turnpike

* Thus it is with a farmer's waggon. When the shaft-horse is standing at rest—allowing two degrees of an angle for that position—the point of the shaft is nearly even with the top of the fore-wheel, but when the horse exerts his strength to move a load, he brings his breast so much nearer the ground, that the line of draught is almost horizontal, and in a line with its centre. The trace of a coach-horse, *when he stands at rest*, is also *oblique* to the horizon, and must be so with low fore-wheels; but it approaches the horizontal when he is at work, and the nearer it approaches to it the better. Horses draw by their weight, and not by the force of their muscles; the hinder feet, then, being the fulcrum of the lever by which their weight acts against a load, when they pull hard it depresses their chests—thus increasing the lever of its weight, and diminishing the lever by which the load resists its efforts.

roads,

Digitized by Google

roads, however, where there is now no obstacle, the load on a coach should be condensed as much as possible, and the heaviest packages placed in the fore-boot. Indeed, all the heavier packages should be put into the boots, and the lighter ones only on the roof. A well-loaded coach is sure to follow well, and is always pleasant to ride in; and as a weak child totters less when it has a weight on its head, coach-springs break less frequently with a heavy load than with a light one.

Allowance is made for the retarding power of friction in all kinds of machinery, and of course it is not overlooked in carriages. The coachman sees its effect every time he puts the drag-chain on his wheel, which merely decreases the velocity of his coach, by increasing the quantity of friction. Common sense must likewise instruct him, that, when two bodies are rubbing against each other in opposite directions—as the arm of an axletree and the iron box of a wheel—the smoother these bodies can be made, the less of course is the friction. As economy in the expense of power is one of the chief objects of a mechanic, it is not to be wondered at that great pains have been taken in the construction of the axles and boxes of carriages. To Mr. Collinge are we chiefly indebted for his patent cylindrical axletree and box, which have stood the test of many years, and given universal satisfaction—for the silent and steady motion they impart to the wheel—for their great strength and durability—and for carrying oil several thousand miles without the necessity of replenishing it. They are turned upon a lathe, case-hardened, and rendered as smooth on the surface as it is possible, in the existing state of the art, to render them. But as the expense of these boxes is too great for stage-coaches, patents have been taken out for others of a less costly nature, which answer extremely well, and have long since been in use on all the coaches that run from the Bull and Mouth and many others besides. *No stage-coach can be safe without the patent boxes,* as they are termed, but there is a prejudice amongst proprietors against them. They certainly add to the cost, and also to the weight of the coach, and by preventing the wheels from escaping any obstacle that may present itself—the consequence of their being air-tight—they wear out rather sooner than when used with the common axle. Their general adoption, however, would be a great safeguard to the public, as well as of considerable assistance to trade. In the mail-coaches, the boxes are of a different construction, and owe their safety to four bolts, which pass completely through the nave of the wheel, having a square shoulder on the back of the nave, with screws and nuts on its front. We have no hesitation in saying, this is the best wheel ever put under a coach; and of course, Mr. Vidler, the contractor

Digitized by Google

tractor for the mails, has a patent for it. The mails could never do their work with the common axle and box.*

Cicero laments the want of post-offices, and well he might. Nothing can excel that department in our country, as it has long been administered by perhaps the only universally approved public servant in our generation, Sir Francis Freeling; but we fear in this, as in more important matters, we are now about to lose sight of the good old rule of 'letting well alone.' It is said to be the intention of government to substitute light carriages with two horses, for the present mail-coaches drawn by four; but we have many suspicions as to the result of such a change. It is true, the persons that horse the mails cry out lustily against the government for not remunerating them better for the increased speed at which they are now required to travel—the maximum price being tenpence a mile. Indeed, several proprietors have, in consequence of their losses, taken their horses off some of the mails, and others would refuse fresh contracts, unless more liberal terms were offered them. The Chester has already disappeared. These complaints have no doubt been troublesome—and in some cases perhaps not quite reasonable; but we will state our reasons for thinking the present *system* cannot be improved upon. First, the build of the mails is admirable for endurance. Why do we often hear of axletrees and other parts giving way with stage-coaches, and scarcely ever in the mails? Simply, because the sustaining powers of the latter are more than equal to the weight, and *they cannot lose their wheels*. Moreover, they are excellently adapted for quick travelling—the centre of gravity being low—and they are light in comparison with stage-coaches that run as fast as they do: indeed, amongst coachmen, they are slightingly termed 'paper carts,' in reference to comparative weight, and their great speed on the road. When the mail-coach of the present day starts from London for Edinburgh, a man may safely bet a hundred to one that she arrives to her time; but let a light two-horse vehicle set out on the same errand, and the betting

* An improvement on all the patents yet brought forth, was some time since attempted by two spirited coachmakers in London, but we have not heard of its success. Its object is to diminish draught in two distinct ways—first, by reducing the bearing parts, and thereby lessening friction; and secondly, by diminishing the 'dead hug,' as it is termed, which is always an attendant on the cylindrical arm and box. It substitutes a square, instead of a cylindrical box, in which the cylindrical axle or arm works. This is made to fit on each of the four sides as true and as air-tight as if it were a complete circle; and if the four different bearings are but one-eighth of an inch each, it is apparent, that there is but half an inch of surface for the arm to oppose or work against, in each axle—and so on in proportion to the size of the bearing. Nor is this all; those parts or angles, not touched by the arm—as may be seen when the box is revolving,—serve as reservoirs for oil, affording a constant supply. The nose of the arm is protected by a circular end, ground on to form the nicest fit, and prevent the possibility of the smallest particle of gravel finding its way into the box.

would

Digitized by Google

would strangely alter. It is quite a mistaken notion, that a carriage is less liable to accidents for being *light*. On the contrary, she is more liable to them, than one that is well laden *in proportion to her sustaining powers*. In the latter case, she runs steadily along, and is but little disturbed by any obstacle or jerk she may meet on the road; in the former she is constantly on 'the jump,' as coachmen call it, and her iron parts very liable to snap. Our present mail-coach work reflects the highest credit on the state of our roads, and everything connected with them. It will be borne in mind that, with one or two exceptions, they all begin their journey at night, and those which perform very long distances have two nights to one day; yet, see the wonderful regularity with which they arrive, and the few bad accidents they meet with! But, indeed, all our night-travelling in England is deserving of high praise for the expedition and regularity with which it is conducted; and, we have reason to believe, fewer accidents happen to night-coaches, than to such as run by day. This, however, may be accounted for. Barring fogs, it matters not how dark a night is, as our lamps supply the light of the sun. Coachmen—now always sober—are more careful and less given to *larking*, and the road is generally clear of any carriages but those which travel with lights. Horses also run more steadily by night, and certainly with more ease; it is a very common case to hear a coachman say, such a horse is 'a good night one, but an indifferent one by day.'

It is indeed gratifying to contemplate the change that has lately taken place in the whole system of *the road*—and it is a most *humane one*. The old-fashioned coachman to a heavy coach—and they were all heavy down to very recent times—bore some analogy with the prize-fighter, for he stood highest who could hit hardest. He was generally a man of a large frame, made larger by indulgence, and of great bodily power—which was useful to him. To the button-hole of his coat were appended several whipcord points, which he was sure to have occasion for on the road, for his horses were whipped till whipping was as necessary to them as their harness. In fair play to him, however, he was not solely answerable for this: the fine spirit of his cattle was broken by the task they were called to perform—for in those days twenty-mile stages were in fashion;—and what was the consequence? Why, the four-horse whip, and the Nottingham whipcord were of no avail over the latter part of the ground, and something like a cat-o'-nine tails was produced out of the boot, which was jocularly called 'the apprentice;'—and a shrewd apprentice it was to the art of torturing, which was inflicted on the wheelers without stint or measure; but without which, the

Digitized by Google

coach might have been left on the road. One circumstance alone saved these horses from destruction; this was the frequency of ale-houses on the road, not one of which could then be passed without a call. Our old-fashioned coachman, however, was a scientific man in his calling—more so, perhaps, than by far the greater part of his brethren of the present day, inasmuch as his energies and skill were more frequently put to the test. He had heavy loads, bad roads, and weary horses to deal with, neither was any part of his harness to be depended on, upon a pinch. Then the box he sat upon was worse than Pandora's, with all the evils it contained, for even *hope* appeared to have deserted it. It rested on the bed of the axletree, and shook the frame to atoms, but when prayers were put up to have it altered, the proprietors said, 'No; the rascal will always be asleep if we place his box on the springs.' If, among all these difficulties then, he, by degrees, became a drunkard, who can wonder at his becoming so? But he was *a coachman*. He could fetch the last ounce out of a wheel horse by the use of his double thong, or his *apprentice*, and the point of his lash told terribly upon his leaders. He likewise applied it scientifically; it was directed under the bar to the flank, and after the third hit he brought it up to his hand by *the draw*, so that it never got entangled in the pole-chains, or in any part of the harness. He could untie a knot with his teeth and tie another with his tongue, as well as he could with his hands; and if his thong broke off in the middle, he could splice it with dexterity and neatness as his coach was proceeding on its journey. In short, he could do what coachmen of the present day cannot do, because they have not been called upon to do it; and he likewise could do what they never try to do:—namely, he could drive when he was drunk nearly as well as when he was sober. He was very frequently a faithful servant to his employers; considered trustworthy by bankers and others in the country through which he passed; and as humane to his horses, perhaps, as the adverse circumstances he was placed in by his masters would admit.

It has been suggested to road surveyors, that, if they would leave a narrow slip of loose gravel on the near side of severe hills, or those of only moderate declivity, where the fall is a long one, and the road hard, it would save innumerable accidents in the course of the year, as the moment a coachman found his coach was getting the better of his horses,—or should any part of his tackle give way—he could run her into the gravel, and her velocity would be almost instantly checked. If placed on the near, or left-hand side of the road, it would not inconvenience carriages *ascending* the hills, and the attention of a labourer, about every third day, to keep the gravel in its place, would obviate every difficulty.

Digitized by Google

difficulty. Likewise, it is desirable that roads should be raised a little to meet a coach, as it were, in the turns, especially such as are at the bottom of a hill. For example, if the turn is to the right, the left side of the road should be the highest, so as to give support to a coach, in preserving her centre of gravity. Be it remembered that, if the body of a coach could be made to lock *with the carriage*, she would go round a corner at full speed, without danger; but as that cannot be done, too much precaution cannot be used when turning her from her line. Only a few years back, the Kingston and Worcester mail was upset in going round a turn, where the road was in an opposite form to the one we have just pointed out, when, according to evidence produced, she was going at the rate of only six miles in the hour. The effects of this accident were dreadful. In one respect, however, roads are more safe than they were, being no longer rounded in the middle, which caused the overthrow of many coaches in the act of crossing them, and the ruin of many coach-horses, by straining them in the fetlock-joint.

The hills on our great roads are now so cut through, that coaches ascend nearly all of them in the trot. Indeed, coachmen have found out that their horses are gainers here, as in the trot every horse does his share, whereas very few teams are all at work together when walking. Four weak horses, well put together, will draw *a very heavy load* up a hill of considerable acclivity, if the surface be hard, and they are kept to a trot. As a mechanical agent, the worst method in which the strength of a horse can be applied, is, carrying a weight up hill, and the best, that of drawing it. We should, however, give him every advantage; and, with a loaded coach, 'keeping her alive,' as coachmen translate the *vis vivida* of the mechanic, is of vast importance in the draught of her.

We have now only one more hint to offer as to stage-coaches. Proprietors should never suffer two coachmen to drive the same horses; either each man should drive his own ground double, or he should go the journey throughout and return the next day. It cannot be expected that horses can do well in the hands of two coachmen, even allowing them equal merits, and for these plain reasons. They not only feel the effect of change of hands, which ruffles them, but they know not what to be at in their work; one man makes his play, as it is called, over one part of the ground, the other over another part. The system destroys the pride a coachman takes in seeing his stock look well; and if anything goes wrong, a wrangle is sure to be the consequence. As it is ascertained that no horse can run *at the top of his speed* more

Digitized by Google

than six or seven miles without injury, it is much better that a coachman should work his ground double, if the hour suits, than that another man should touch them. Some persons object to two sweats a-day, but it is nonsense; how does the race-horse run his heats? and how many sweats does a hack or a hunter get? In very fast work, it is better for cattle to run five miles *in and out*, on the same day, than nine miles straight on end.

A wonderful change has taken place in the English coach-horse, as well as the sort of horses put into other kinds of harness, but this has been progressive. Fifty years ago the idea of putting a thorough-bred horse into harness would have been considered preposterous. In the carriages of our noblemen and gentlemen the long-tailed black or Cleveland bay—each one remove from the cart-horse—was the prevailing sort, and six miles an hour the extent of his pace; and he cost from 30*l.* to 50*l.* A few years back a nobleman gave seven hundred guineas for a horse to draw his cabriolet: two hundred guineas is now an every-day price for a horse of this description, and a hundred and fifty for a gentleman's coach-horse. Indeed, a pair of handsome coach-horses, fit for London and well broken and bitted, cannot be purchased *under* two hundred guineas, and even job-masters often give much more for them to let out to their customers. In harness also we think we have arrived at perfection, to which the invention of the patent shining leather has mainly contributed. A handsome horse, well harnessed, is a noble sight; and is it not extraordinary that in no country but England is the art of putting a horse into harness at all understood? Independently of the workmanship of the harness-maker, if our road horses were put to their coaches in the loose, awkward fashion of the continent, we could never travel at the rate we do. It is the command given over the coach-horse that *alone* enables us to do it.

As this is not a subject we are likely to recur to, we may as well say a word or two as to private vehicles, ere we close. As a fac-simile of the gentleman's family coach of fifty years back is now become difficult to produce, we will describe it. It had a most comfortable and roomy body, quite fit to contain six portly persons, and suspended by long leather braces, affixed to nearly upright springs. To enable the body to hang low, the perch of a bent form, called the compass perch, was used, and the *carriage* was of great length and strength. In fact it was, coachman and all, in strict accordance with the animals that drew it, and came under the denomination of 'slow and easy.' The fashionable open carriage of this day was a still more unsightly object—the high, single-bodied phaeton, all upon the fore-wheels, and looking as if the

Digitized by Google

the hinder ones had nothing to do but to follow. This was the favourite carriage of the late king when Prince of Wales, and was commonly driven, by such as could afford it, with four horses in hand. Indeed, it may almost be said to have given birth to our gentleman-coachmanship, as well as to the well-known epigram:—

'What can Tommy Onslow do?
He can drive a phaeton and two.
Can Tommy Onslow do no more?
Yes—*he can drive a phaeton and four!*'

The phaeton was succeeded by the no less classically yclept curricle—a carriage, when properly appointed, and followed by two well-dressed and well-mounted grooms, of singular elegance certainly. It had a long run in the fashionable world, but being, like the phaeton, only calculated to carry two persons, and requiring never less than three horses, taxation and economy put an end to it. Then came the reign of the gig. The curate's wife, a gouty attorney, or a rich old farmer, fifty years ago, might be seen boxed up in a *whiskey*—which being hung on hind and fore braces, with a head to protect its inmates from weather, made a convenient family conveyance, and—with a steady *dobbin* to draw it—a safe one. Economy induced a leader of *ton* to cast favouring eyes on this snug *whiskey*—and thence the airy *gig*, which, with a hundred-guinea horse in it, has been the best friend to doctors and undertakers they have ever yet found. The race has multiplied, and many names and varieties have been adopted in succession. The quiet movement of their wheels, the nice equilibrium in which they are placed on the axle, the evenness of their motion by reason of their being detached from their shafts, and the ease with which they follow the horse, make *gigs* delightful carriages to ride in, and we could wish they were not so dangerous. The Stanhope, so named after the Honourable Fitzroy Stanhope, who planned it, succeeded the Tilbury, so called from the well-known coachmaker; and the cost, without harness, of either may be about 70*l*. Now 'every dog has his day,' and so have our prevailing fashions. The Buggy, Stanhope, Dennet, and Tilbury, have all, during some seasons past, been supplanted by the cabriolet for town work, for which we must allow it is far more suitable —though much too heavy for the road. In London, this has been seen at the opera, at the theatres, at the club-houses, and at dinner parties, with a neat little urchin on the foot-board, performing all the offices of the chariot with not a third of its expenses. The English cabriolet, however, is rather on the decline in the fashionable world, and the light and airy Tilbury is making its appearance again.

For country work nearly all these open vehicles have given place

Digitized by Google

place to the double-bodied phaeton and the britscka, both of which are much used in travelling post. The former is likewise in vogue with citizens and others who have families, and is now made so light, as to be drawn by one horse with four persons in it with ease, for a limited number of miles. Descending still lower in the scale, and only one remove from the donkey-cart, is what is called the pony-chaise, out of which more people have been killed than we should like to enumerate here. These vehicles, by far the most dangerous carriages of the whole family they belong to, are so light that an animal even of little power can do what he pleases with them; they are also obliged to be made so short in the carriage, that the least thing upsets them, while the persons in them are not out of reach of heels. Should the animal be alarmed and endeavour to run away, the lowness and lightness of the vehicle nearly destroy all power of resistance; indeed, if he have much power, a carriage of this description may be compared to a canister tied to a dog's tail.*

A few years ago an article on this sort of subject would have been more acceptable than it is likely to be at present. The taste for the *whip* has undoubtedly declined; and at one time, perhaps, it occupied more attention among the higher classes of society than we ever wish to see it do again. Yet, taken in moderation, we can perceive no reason to condemn this branch of sport more than others. If so great a personage as Sophocles could think it fitting to display his science in public, in the trifling game of ball, why may not an English gentleman exercise his skill on a coach-box? If the Athenians, the most polished nation of all antiquity, deemed it *an honour* to be considered skilful charioteers, why should Englishmen consider it a disgrace? To be serious — our amateur or *gentleman-coachmen* have done much good: the road would never have been what it now is, but for the encouragement they gave, by their notice and support, to all persons connected with it. Would the Holyhead road have been what it is, had there been no such persons as the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, Sir Henry Parnell, and Mr. Maddox? Would the Oxford coachmen have set so good an example as

* Accidents by these carriages frequently arise from apparently an unknown cause; it is by no means generally known, that horses frequently begin kicking or plunging in consequence of some part of their harness pinching them, but which their drivers are quite unconscious of at the time. Thus a coach-horse is frequently set kicking by merely a twist in his trace. Many accidents, however, arise from using horses not properly broken to harness, as well as from the inexperience of drivers. We have all heard of the young Oxonian, who prevailed on his uncle to accompany him in his gig to Oxford; in passing through Kensington, the old gentleman observed, he had paid his nephew a great compliment, for that was only the *fifth* time he had ever been in a gig in his life. The nephew replied, that his horse beat him hollow, *for he had never been in one at all before that day.*

they

Digitized by Google

they have done to their brethren of 'the bench,' had there been no such men on their road as Sir Henry Peyton, Lord Clonmell, the late Sir Thomas Mostyn, that Nestor of coachmen, Mr. Annesley, and Mr. Harrison? Would not the unhappy coachmen of five-and-twenty years back have gone on, wearing out their breeches with the bumping of the old coach-box, and their stomachs with brandy, had not Mr. Warde, of Squerries, after many a weary endeavour, persuaded the proprietors to place their boxes upon springs? What would the Devonshire road have been, but for the late Sir Charles Bamfylde, Sir John Rogers, Colonel Prouse, Sir Lawrence Palk, and others? Have the advice and the practice of such experienced men as Mr. Charles Buxton, Mr. Henry Villebois, Mr. Okeover, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. John Walker, Lord Sefton, Sir Felix Agar, Mr. Ackers, Mr. Maxse, Hon. Fitzroy Stanhope, Colonel Spicer, Colonel Sibthorp, *cum multis aliis*, been thrown away upon persons who have looked up to them as protectors? Certainly not: neither would the improvement in carriages—stage-coaches more especially—have arrived at its present height, but for the attention and suggestions of such persons as we have been speaking of. Gentleman-coaching, however, has, as we said, received a check; and in more ways than one. 'Tampering with the currency,' and low prices, have taken off the leaders; and the bars and four-bone whips are hung up for the present—very few four-in-hands being visible.* The 'B. D. C.,' or Benson Driving Club, which now holds its rendezvous at the 'Black Dog,' Bedfont, is the only survivor of those numerous driving associations whose processions used, some twenty years ago, to be among the most imposing, as well as peculiar, spectacles in and about the metropolis.

The fashion, however, was not one of venerable standing among us,—gentlemen-coachmen not having been known in England for more than about half a century. We believe we ourselves remember the Anglo-Ericthonius—the late Hon. Charles Finch, brother to the late Earl of Aylesford, who used to drive his own coach and four, disguised in a livery great coat. Soon after his debût, however, the already celebrated 'Tommy Onslow,' Sir John Lade, and others, mounted the box in their own character. Sir John was a renowned judge of coach-horses and carriages, and a good coachman of the old school; but every thing connected with the coach-box has undergone such a change in the last twenty-five years, that the Nestors of the art are no longer to be quoted. Mr. Warde, *the father of the field*, may now, we believe, be called *the*

* Only six years back, there were from thirty to forty four-in-hand equipages to be seen constantly about town:—*one* is stared at *now*.

father

Digitized by Google

father of the road also—and if the old heavy Gloucester 'six insides, and sixteen out, with two tons of luggage,' were to reappear on the road, no man's advice would be better than his.

Count Pecchio, whose little volume on England we lately reviewed, has a luculent chapter on the astonishing convenience of our public conveyances, and the finished elegance of our private ones. We hardly, indeed, know, which of the two things is more likely to strike the imagination of a foreigner, no matter from what part of the world he may come. Any one who has been accustomed to admire the muster of vehicles at the Tuilleries, in the best days of Louis XVIII., to say nothing of the citizen-king period, must indeed open his eyes wide the first time he is in St. James's Street on the day of a levee or drawing-room. Hyde Park, however, on any fine afternoon, in the height of the London season, will be more than enough to confound him. He will there see what no other country under the heavens can show him, and, what is more, we may venture to add, what no other country ever will show him. Let him only sit on the rail near our great captain's statue, with his watch in his hand, and in the space of two hours he will see a thousand well-appointed equipages pass before him to the Mall, in all the pomp of aristocratic pride, and in which the very horses themselves appear to partake. Everything he sees is peculiar:—the silent roll and easy motion of the London-built carriage—the *style* of the coachmen—it is hard to determine which shine brightest, the lace on their clothes, their own round faces, or their flaxen wigs—the pipe-clayed reins—pipe-clayed lest they should soil the clean white gloves—the gigantic young fellows, in huge cocked hats, bedaubed with lace, in laced silk stockings, new kid gloves, and with gold-headed canes, who tower above 'Mr. Coachman's' head—the spotted coach-dog, which has just been washed for the occasion. The *vis-a-vis*, containing nobody but a single fair dame, with all its *set-out*, has cost at least a thousand pounds;*—and the stream of equipages of all calibres, barouches, chariots, cabriolets, &c., &c., &c., almost all got up, as Mr. Robins's advertisements say, 'regardless of expense,'† flows on unbroken, until it is half-past seven, and people at last must begin to think of

* The most finished specimens of last season were, we understand, generally acknowledged to be a *vis-a-vis* of the Marchioness of Londonderry, a chariot of Mr. Long Wellesley's, and a cabriolet of Count Alfred D'Orsay.

† Already, however, like all other trades, coach-making is on the wane. Two years back, the town-coach could not be had under four hundred guineas. Three hundred is the price now. The travelling-chariot, with every thing complete, could not be purchased under three hundred and eighty guineas; three hundred will now suffice. The town-cabriolet, with patent boxes to the wheels, commenced at a hundred and fifty guineas: a hundred and twenty is now the figure, and so with all the rest of the tribe.

what

Digitized by Google

what they still call *dinner*. Old Seneca tells us, such a blaze of splendour was once to be seen on the Appian Way. It might be so: it is now to be seen nowhere but in London—and we must own we consider it as extremely doubtful whether anything like it will be visible in London the second spring of the first reformed parliament.

ART. IV.—*Observations on the Healthy and Diseased Properties of the Blood.* By W. Stevens, M.D. London. 8vo. 1832.

IN the 'Malade Imaginaire,' the confrère of Mons. Purgon thus praises his son, Thomas Diafoirus:—'Mais sur toute chose, ce qui me plait en lui, et en quoi il suit mon exemple, c'est qu'il s'attache aveuglément aux opinions de nos anciens, et que jamais il n'a voulu comprendre, ni écouter les raisons, et les expériences des prétendues découvertes de notre siècle, touchant la circulation du sang, et autres opinions de même farine.' The sarcasm of Molière was fairly merited by the prejudice that so obstinately resisted, for a quarter of a century, the general admission of the truth of Harvey's system, in whose own day it was said that no physician of more than forty years of age was willing to adopt the doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Splendid, however, as was this great discovery, it was not complete; in one or two points, indeed, it was obviously defective, and left abundant scope for the labours of succeeding physiologists; and, if the author now before us shall be judged to have made out his point, his name will hereafter be classed among the most successful of those that have followed and improved upon Harvey.

In the spring of 1830, a paper was read at the College of Physicians,* in which, for the first time, the views of Dr. Stevens on the nature and properties of the blood were developed. It attracted considerable notice; and hence the more elaborate work before us.

During a residence of nearly twenty years in the West Indies, he had many opportunities of observing the rapid and destructive progress of the fevers of hot climates; and from the facts pre

* The meetings which have been held at the College of Physicians, for the last four or five years, are intended to combine the ease and relaxation of an evening *conversazione* with the more grave and useful objects of literary and scientific pursuit. Here many papers of interest and importance have from time to time been read—and to these assemblies we owe in particular a series of essays from the pen of Sir Henry Halford, which have been lately published in a small volume, alike creditable to the accomplished president as a physician and as a scholar. One on the illness and death of the late king, George IV. possesses, indeed, very extraordinary merit and interest—the classical, unaffected eloquence of the language being worthy of the humane wisdom of the reflections which it conveys.

sented

Digitized by Google

sented to him during these frightful visitations of sickness, he has deduced his novel doctrine, which we proceed to make as intelligible to the general reader, as the nature of a somewhat technical subject will permit.

The fevers of the West Indies are of three kinds, essentially differing from each other, and easily to be distinguished, especially in their commencement. That which is produced by the influence of *climate alone,* in the case of strangers arriving for the first time in tropical regions, he describes in the following words :—

'That peculiarity of constitution which is necessary to enable the natives of northern countries to resist the effects of extreme cold, is very different from that which is required to enable the inhabitants of hot climates to resist the effects of long-continued excessive heat. The inhabitants of cold countries are generally surrounded by a more bracing atmosphere than those who reside within the tropics. Their digestive organs are more vigorous, their blood is more rich; it is more dense, for it contains a larger proportion of solid ingredients. That in the arteries is more florid, for it contains a larger proportion of those salts which are, in reality, the true cause of the arterial colour of the blood; and though, with the exception of its vital principle, these are the ingredients of all others the most essential to the healthy state of the circulating current, yet as these add to its stimulating power, it is probable that this excess of saline matter is the chief cause why the blood of the northern stranger is more inflammatory and stimulating than that of the Creole—or even the European who has been seasoned to the tropics.

'A sudden change of climate requires a change in the whole system; and the young northern stranger who arrives and resides in hot dry situations on the burning shores of the West India Islands, with a strong robust constitution and rich stimulating blood, is constantly on the very brink of a precipice, until his system be changed. This is sometimes slowly effected by residence alone; but, in general, the necessary change is suddenly produced by an awful disease.

'It is a common belief that heat, however excessive, cannot produce fever; this is often, but not always, true. We have seen that the animal heat is evolved in the extreme texture all over the system, but the skin has a considerable share in regulating the temperature of the body. When we are surrounded by a medium that is considerably lower than 98°, the excretory vessels of the skin are then closely constricted, and from the non-conducting power which the skin possesses, it prevents the equilibrium and retains the heat in the system, in the same way that a glove retains the heat of the hand. But under ordinary circumstances, when we are surrounded by an external heat which is much higher than that of the blood, the action of the minute arteries of the skin is immediately increased, a thin serous fluid is thrown out on the whole surface, and the evaporation of this serves as a cooling process, which prevents the heat both of the blood and the solids from rising higher than their natural temperature of 98°.

'So

Digitized by Google

'So long as the skin performs its natural functions, the greatest heat, even in hot climates, cannot produce fever. But the living blood is infinitely more delicate, and much more easily affected by extreme heat, cold, &c., than any of the solids; and when a young northern stranger is exposed, soon after his first arrival in the West Indies, to a high temperature, particularly in a warm room, his clothes are immediately drenched. And if, while in this state, he be suddenly exposed to a free current of cold night air, the vessels of the skin are suddenly constricted, the prespiration is instantly checked, and we all know that when the exhalent vessels are constricted in this sudden and forcible manner, they are not again so easily opened. If the individual who has been thus exposed remain in a cool situation, he may perchance escape sickness, or, if he be attacked, it is generally a mild case of the climate fever, a disease which, in its mildest form, resembles the common inflammatory fever of northern countries; and as the other secretions are also diminished, it is probable that this fever is produced by derangement of the blood, caused by the retention of those acrid fluids in the circulation which ought to have been removed by the secreting organs. But, in hot climates, when an unseasoned stranger is exposed, with a constricted skin, for some hours, to the direct rays of the sun, in a temperature that is, perhaps, twenty degrees higher than the natural heat of the body, this high external heat acts on the circulating current in the same way that it does on mercury in the thermometer; for now that the cooling process of perspiration is no longer kept up, the high heat raises the temperature of the blood, and not only renders it more fluid, but augments its volume. This increase of volume in the blood produces unnatural distension, not only in the heart, but in all the vessels, and this of itself causes reaction in the whole of the vascular solids; but, independent of this, it is the blood which is the cause of the motion of the heart, and the extent to which it produces this effect, depends almost entirely on the degree of its stimulating quality; the increase of heat not only renders the blood more fluid, but it adds greatly to its power of stimulating the vascular organs. When the excitement is fairly commenced, the process for evolving animal heat is carried on with great rapidity in the extreme circulation, and when the temperature of the chest is so high as it generally is in this fever, the blood is rapidly purified in the lungs. This increase in the arterial quality, together with the increase of heat, adds so much to the stimulating power of the whole current, that the impression which is made by this hot and stimulating blood on the heart and vessels, causes such violent excitement, that this is decidedly the most ardent of all fevers, and one that requires the most active means to arrest its progress.'—p. 202-205.

This description of what has been called the climate or seasoning fever, embraces almost all the striking points of the author's theory: the great feature of which is its immediate, obvious, and practical application to the maintenance of health, and to the cure

Digitized by Google

cure of disease. If Dr. Stevens's views be correct, a great step has been made in the science of medicine.

Without entering into any minute chemical analysis of the blood, it may be sufficient to say, that it is the red fluid circulating in the heart and vessels of animals, which, in the arteries, is of a rich scarlet colour, and in the veins, of a purple hue. When it loses its vitality, as every body knows, it coagulates. Besides several other substances, it contains some saline ingredients, the chief of which is common culinary salt. So far all physiologists are agreed, but the peculiarity of our author's opinion is that this saline matter is the cause of the red colour, of the fluidity, and of the stimulating property of the vital current:—that when the salts of the blood are lost or greatly diminished, it becomes black, vapid, and no longer capable of making the heart contract.

To render this short statement more complete, it must be added, that he asserts, that all acids blacken the blood; among others, carbonic acid; and it is to the presence of this latter, that the dark colour of venous blood is to be attributed. In the lungs, the oxygen of the atmospheric air removes this deleterious acid, and the circulating fluid then resumes its bright scarlet appearance. He goes on to say, that not only acids, but also alkalis, electricity, and poisons of all sorts, tend to destroy this red colour, and, in short, produce disease *by interfering with the agency of the saline matter*. They operate, he contends, not through any influence upon the brain and the rest of the body by a direct impression made on the nervous system, but by mixing with the blood. Look, for example, at the manner in which a serpent kills its prey.

'The rattlesnake has two fangs, which are concealed in a sheath, one on each side of the upper jaw; they are curved in their shape, and their point is as sharp as that of a common needle. They are hollow in the centre, and the roots of the fangs are connected with the poison-bags. These reptiles generally use only one fang at a time, and when they do use it, they seize with their mouth the part which they intend to poison, then perforate it deeply with the fang. At this moment the bag contracts, and the deleterious fluid which has such an enmity to the blood is injected into the very bottom of the wound, through a small aperture in the under part of the fang, at a short distance from the sharp point. Having effected his purpose, he withdraws the instrument, and leaves his victim to his fate. He does not seem to feel pain at the moment; and, generally, for the first five minutes, he appears to be perfectly well. At the end of this period, however, the ears begin to droop, he seems giddy and uneasy, the lower extremities soon lose their power, he falls on the ground: the pupils dilate, slight convulsions come on, and the animal dies, generally in about fifteen minutes from the time that the poison had been injected

Digitized by Google

injected into the wound. When we examine the part immediately after death, we find that the poison has completely destroyed the red colour of the blood, and not only of this, but for two inches all round the puncture, the muscular fibres, and even the cellular substance are as black as if they had been for hours in a state of complete mortification.'—pp. 137, 138.

The wouralli poison also causes sudden death by the immediate destruction of the living principle of the blood, in the part to which it is applied,—this loss of vitality in the circulating current extending almost instantly to the whole body. Many equally strong facts may be brought forward to show that poisons prove fatal to man by entering the circulation. On the other hand, instances have occurred where the poisoned blood of the human body has caused death to other animals. In Dr. Christison's very valuable work on poisons, a case is related of a person who had taken oxalic acid,—six hours afterwards, leeches were applied to the pit of the stomach, and every one of them was immediately poisoned. They were small, healthy, and fastened eagerly; on looking at them in a few minutes, they did not seem to fill, and on touching one it felt hard, and immediately fell off, motionless and dead. The others were in the same state; they had all bitten, and the marks were conspicuous, but they had scarcely drawn any blood.

On the subject of the poison of the rattle-snake, Dr. Stevens observes, that when the muriate of soda (common salt) is immediately applied to the wound, it is a complete antidote. 'When an Indian,' says he, 'is bitten by a snake, he applies a ligature above the part, and scarifies the wound to the very bottom: he then stuffs it with common salt, and after this it soon heals, without producing any effect on the general system.' (p. 142.) It may possibly be objected, that the Indians, not content with scarifying the wound and filling it with salt, apply also a ligature above the part; and that it is the ligature which is the efficacious remedy, intercepting the current of blood to the heart, and consequently preventing the action of the poison upon that vital organ. Dr. Stevens, however, says, 'that he has seen a rabbit, that was under the influence of the rattlesnake poison, drink a saturated solution of muriate of soda with great avidity, and soon recover; while healthy rabbits would not taste one drop of the same strong saline water when it was put before them.'—p. 315.

The mention of common salt as an antidote to a poison naturally leads to the consideration of its general employment as an article of diet,—a fact with which every one is familiar, though few, probably, have ever thought much upon the matter. It is true, however, that the muriate of soda, which is so regularly put upon our table, as a necessary article in our daily nourishment, is the

Digitized by Google

the principal saline ingredient in the blood: nor is it less true, that every article of food that we use contains either salt or the basis of saline matter, which, after a time, is converted into neutral salts, that enter the circulating current.

Horace says:—

'Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum,
Splendet in mensâ tenui salinum;'

and his commentator remarks that, 'Quibus nullum erat argenteum vas, salinum tamen ex argento habebant;'—that salt was considered by the ancients of such prime necessity and importance, that the poorest person kept it in a precious vessel. Mention of the high esteem in which this condiment was held, is constantly occurring in writers of antiquity. The temple of Jupiter Ammon, for instance, was built, according to Herodotus, in the deserts of Libya, in the immediate neighbourhood of vast pillars of salt, which were considered as natural indications of the peculiar sanctity of the spot. If we turn to the volumes of travellers of more modern times, we meet with some very curious facts relating to this subject.

'Beyond Hoden,' says Cadamosto, the Venetian, 'more than six days' journey inland, is a place called Tegazza, where there is quarried an immense quantity of salt, and every year large caravans of camels, composed of Arabs and Azanaghis, carry it to Tombuctoo, and go thence to Melli, a kingdom of the negroes, where having come, the said salt is disposed of in eight days, at the rate of from two to three hundred ducats the load, according to its size: then they return home with their gold. In that kingdom of Melli, the heat is very great, and the food is very hurtful to quadrupeds; so that of those that go with the caravans, out of a hundred there do not return twenty-five. They say, from Tegazza to Tombuctoo are about forty days' journey on horseback, and from Tombuctoo to Melli thirty. I asked them what the merchants of Melli did with that salt. They answered, that a quantity of it is consumed in their country, because from being near to the equinoctial, where the days and nights are equal, they are extremely hot at certain times of the year, *when their blood putrefies so, that if it were not for that salt, they would die:* but they take a little bit of the said salt, and dissolve it in a cup with a little water, and drink it every day, with which they say that they preserve their health. The said salt is carried to Melli by the foresaid camels in large pieces, hollowed from the mine, each camel carrying two pieces. At Tombuctoo, the negroes break it into more pieces, so that each man carries a piece, and thus they form an army of men on foot, who carry it a great way.'† The

* The *stipendium militare* consisted partly of an allowance of salt to each Roman soldier: hence, according to Pliny, its name, *salarium.—Hist. Nat.*, lib. 31, c. 7.

† Aloysio da Cadamosto, Libro de la prima navigazione per Oceano, a le Terre dei Negri

Digitized by Google

The experience of thrifty farmers, and the observations of the best practical writers upon husbandry, are all in harmony with the following statement of the late amiable and patriotic Lord Somerville:—

'In Spain, a thousand sheep use, in five months, four arobes of salt, which is 128lbs. Their sheep would fat to about 13lbs. per quarter, upon the average; this is the quantity given out, all of which may not be consumed, and as the price of salt in that country is no object, more would have been given if more were necessary. The quantity given to my sheep has been such as would keep them healthy, or as they appeared to demand. It is given in the morning when the sheep are looked over, in order to counteract the ill effect of the dew. They have continued at the rate of one ton of salt for every 1000 sheep annually. A small handful is put on a flat stone or slate, and ten or fifteen of these slates set a few yards apart, are enough for 100 sheep; at first the sheep may be moved towards them: if they feel a craving for salt, they will lick up quickly as much as is necessary; if they do not want it, what remains dry, when the sheep are next looked at, is taken up and reserved for future use. Twice a-week has usually been found sufficient: in particular cases it may be offered thrice. As to any doubt respecting their inclination to it, none can be maintained; for, of a flock approaching towards a thousand, there are not ten old sheep which have not taken kindly to it, and not a lamb which does not consume it greedily. We are all sensible of the effect of salt on the human body: we are told how unwholesome, and we know how unpalatable, fresh meat and vegetables are without it. The ancients held it in the highest estimation. "Omnis mensa male ponitur absque sale.' We also know the avidity with which animals, in a wild state, seek the salt pans of Africa and America, and the difficulties they will encounter to reach them: this cannot arise from accident or caprice, but from a powerful instinct within, which, beyond control, impels them to seek, at all risks, that which is salubrious. In Holland, the ancient laws ordained men to be kept on bread alone unmixed with salt, as the severest punishment that could be inflicted in their moist climate: the effect was horrible; those wretched criminals are said to have been devoured with worms, engendered in their own stomachs. In Germany, we are told by Count Rumford, that salt is universally given to oxen and cows in a fatting state, and that their *proof* is proportionate to the quantity given. In Sweden, in Saxony, in Silesia, and in France, salt is given to sheep. M. Daubenton says, "Le sel leur donne l'appetit, et de la vigueur: il les echauffe, et les fait digerer; il empêche les obstructions, et il fait couler les eaux superflues, qui sont la cause de la plupart de

Negri de la Bassa Ethiopia, per commandamento del Infante Henrico de Porto Gallo, 4to. Vicenza, 1507. The extract above is translated in the Appendix of Murray's Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa. Vol. ii. p. 533. Cadamosto was the first traveller in Africa who published a regular narrative.

leurs

Digitized by Google

leurs maladies." . . . . . They want it most, he adds, when they are languid and out of order, which happens in fogs, in heavy rains, and in snow.'*

It is well known that the savages of North America profit by the observation that game always abounds near to the salt *licks;* and the Laplanders, to this day, bring their reindeer periodically to the sea-side, for the sole purpose of drinking the salt water. May it not be suspected that after all Kitchener 'reasoned well,' and that the fondness for huitres du Rocher de Cancale at Paris, and for the Caviare of the Caspian at Petersburg, is the result of a powerful natural instinct, which has for its object, as M. Daubenton expresses it, not only to sharpen appetite and quicken digestion, but to warm us and give us strength, prevent obstructions, and dissipate superfluous moisture.

To be serious, what is the explanation to be given of this general appetite for salt, or for those substances in which it abounds, and which are prepared and preserved by it? The fact is brought under our notice every day, but hitherto little stress has been laid upon it, and as far as regards the treatment of disease, no inference of any importance has, to our knowledge, been drawn from it, by any writer before Dr. Stevens. In the first stage of the climate fever, which is one of violent excitement, our author observes, that blood drawn from the body, early after the attack, is so florid that, "on seeing it, young practitioners are afraid they have opened an artery instead of a vein; but in the last stage of the disease, the blood is invariably black: for at this period its saline ingredients are very much diminished.' It must be allowed that here is a most extraordinary coincidence between the narrative of the old Venetian we have quoted, and the recent observations of Dr. Stevens.

The climate fever, he proceeds, is not, therefore, the effect of a febrile poison—it is only met with in dry situations, and in the hottest weather; its victims are the young unseasoned strangers—'its parent is the bright god who governs the day;' it is not preceded by any premonitory symptoms, as is that other pestilence of tropical regions, called the marsh fever. In those who are under the influence of the poison producing *this* fever, the attack is preceded by premonitory symptoms, and begins with a cold stage, and the blood is both black and diseased *even before the attack.* The swampy districts of the West Indies resemble many parts of America, where also the marsh fever is very prevalent: as, for instance, the Genesee country:—

* Facts and Observations relative to Sheep, &c.; together with some Remarks on the Advantages which have been derived to the Author's Flock from the use of Salt. By Lord Somerville. London, 1809, p. 97–104.

'The

Digitized by Google

'The surface of this extensive district is so remarkably flat, that the Erie canal passes through it for seventy miles, without even a single lock; and, in fact, it might have been carried on the same level all the way from Utica to Lockport, that is, for a distance of two hundred miles. This is *the lake country* of the United States; and the rivers which conduct the waters from the numerous smaller lakes to the Ontario are almost stagnant. The Marsh Fever is the prevalent endemic, and those who are exposed to the poison are generally attacked with the most aggravated form of this disease: but even in the worst cases it has no more resemblance to either the Climate Fever or the African Typhus, than it has to the plague of Egypt, or the Indian cholera.

'The sickly season in the Genesee country generally begins about the middle of July; it ceases on the approach of cold weather, in October; and during the winter the inhabitants are exempt from the marsh fever. But in the hot months, this disease again appears, and in many districts the cases are so frequent, and, where they are not properly treated, so fatal, that this evil is more disheartening to the new settler, than the dense forests which he has to cut down, or the venomous reptiles with which he has to contend.

'During my residence in this country, in the months of September and October, 1830, I bled several individuals who resided in some of the most sickly places, but *who had not yet been attacked* with the fever. In every one of these, the blood invariably presented the *same peculiar diseased appearance* which I had often observed in those who reside near to swampy situations in the West Indies. In the Climate Fever, the patient is suddenly attacked, and, except that he may feel heated or uneasy, there is no other previous warning; but during the dormant stage of the Marsh Fever, there are certain premonitory symptoms which warn us of the danger. Immediately before the attack, there is a decrease of action, particularly in the vascular solids:—the pulse is less frequent than in health—there is less animal heat evolved—the temperature of the blood, and, of course, of the whole body, is reduced sometimes as low as to 94°.'—p. 215-217.

The third species of fever common in the West Indies is that called the African typhus, as having been imported from the shores of Africa,—and more commonly the *yellow* fever. It is produced by a specific animal contagion; and in this, as well as in the fever caused by the marsh poison, the blood is diseased even before the attack, and when drawn is dark in colour.

'During my residence,' says Dr. Stevens, 'in New York, in 1830, Dr. Ludlow, the author of an interesting paper on the Lake Fevers of the Genesee country, expressed a wish to see the result of certain experiments on the blood. An hour was appointed, but the individual whom he expected to bleed did not come. He went to the opposite side of the street to a young apothecary, who consented to be bled, the more readily that he did not feel very well; though he was so little ill, that he was walking about and attending to his duty. The moment

Digitized by Google

that the blood was drawn, I expressed my conviction that he was under the influence of some febrile poison, and stated that the action of the salts* on the colouring matter would not be so obvious in this, as in blood that was not diseased. I added a very large proportion of muriate and carbonate of soda, &c., to different portions of this blood, and though they reddened the colour, still they did not produce the same beautiful arterial appearance which they invariably give to the blood of health. *A few hours after the bleeding, this individual was attacked with fever, and was dangerously ill for several weeks.*'—p. 229.

The poison which causes the African typhus never produces its effect previous to the fourth day. Sometimes individuals were not attacked until twelve days had elapsed, after their exposure, at a distance of ninety paces, to leeward of the spot whence the poison emanated.

'When this disease is prevalent in Vera Cruz, strangers who arrive on their way to Mexico, generally get away from the sickly port as early as possible, and some of them remain in the high and healthy town of Jalapa for a short time, before they proceed on their journey into the interior. This town is high up in the mountains, about two days' journey from Vera Cruz; and though the African typhus is never known as an endemic in high and cool situations, yet there have been repeated cases of this disease at Jalapa, but always in those who had been previously in the infected commercial town on the sea-shore. Indeed, though they arrive at Jalapa in health, and remain well for a short time, yet so many cases have occurred of attacks, even so late as the eighth day, that strangers, who have been in the infected port, are never considered perfectly safe, until they have been at least ten days in the pure air. It is a fact, also, that when this disease has been raging in La Guaira, strangers who had passed through that town on their way to the high and healthy city of Caracas have remained apparently in perfect health for several days, and then they were attacked with the same fever which was raging in La Guaira during their, perhaps, short residence in that town.'—pp. 235, 236.

From such facts and observations, the author infers that fever is not the effect of a nervous impression, or of inflammation in a part, but in the first instance is a disease of the blood—which important fluid being once under the influence of a poison, the whole system soon becomes deranged. But it is time to hasten to his views on the treatment of these fevers.

'We have seen,' says Dr. Stevens, 'that common salt is the chief saline ingredient in the blood. We know also that the quantity of this is greatly diminished in the last stage of malignant

* The most common example of this action falls under the observation of every nurse in attendance upon the sick. When leeches which have been applied drop off, as soon as the blood which they disgorge comes in contact with the salt that is generally strewed over the plate upon which they are received, it changes its dark hue to a bright scarlet.

diseases;

Digitized by Google

diseases; and I have seen some patients, in the very last stage of fever, recover under the internal use of large doses of this and other active saline agents, where the cases at first were so hopeless that their recovery afterwards appeared to be almost a miracle.' He proceeds to give a variety of most interesting illustrations—for example—

'Dr. Coventry, long a respectable practitioner in the Lake country, and now President of the Medical Society of New York, states that a wealthy planter, in South Carolina, had not left his habitation in the sickly season for many years, while his neighbours were obliged to emigrate annually during the hot months. The only precaution which he used was a small dose of sulphate of soda, taken in water, every morning, during the period that the fever was prevalent, and this enabled him to remain in safety. I know also an instance which occurred in the West Indies, where almost every individual on board of a vessel was attacked with the African typhus; in fact, the only exceptions were two persons who took a small dose of Cheltenham salts every morning, as a preservative against the poison.'—pp. 314, 315.

The general conclusion to which the author comes upon the subject of medical treatment may be stated in these words. When there is a deficiency of saline matter in the blood, as in the last stage of fever, certain salts are taken into the stomach; they are rapidly carried into the circulation, and almost instantly remedy the disease of the vital current. The effect of acids is the reverse of that of the alkaline *salts*, the former being what, in medical language, are called sedatives, that is, remedies which reduce the force of the circulation. It follows, therefore, that in cases of inflammation, and where the system is greatly excited, acids are as useful—as they are found to be prejudicial where the powers of life are depressed, and the body is under the influence of a poison. A familiar illustration of the truth of this remark is afforded in the fact, that when strangers first arrive in the Wes Indies, they have a fondness for the vegetable acids, and a dislike to salted food; but after they have become seasoned to the climate, the appetite is reversed.

The following relation is given by Dr. Stevens as an example of the application of his principles to the treatment of climate fever; and though the patient unfortunately died, owing to an unforeseen and unlucky accident, the *case*, to use the appropriate technical phrase, *is very instructive.*

'In the year 1828, a party of strolling comedians, from the United States of America, visited the island of St. Thomas. There were fifteen in all, and during their short residence, eight were attacked with fever. All of them were attended either by Dr. Stedman or myself; one died and seven recovered. The following is an abridgment of the notes which were taken of the unsuccessful case, at the time that it occurred.

Digitized by Google

'Joseph Kenyon, about thirty-three years, rather stout, with a florid complexion, is a native of England, but has resided several years in the United States. He arrived in St. Thomas on the 28th October. This is his first visit to any of the West India islands. The theatre in St. Thomas is uncommonly hot, and this man, like the other actors, perspired most profusely while he was performing on the stage. He escaped the climate fever, however, until the middle of December. On the 16th of this month, Kenyon passed the day on a visit to an old acquaintance, who was then captain of a vessel that was lying in the harbour. The wind was southerly at the time, and the day was uncommonly hot for that season of the year. They had been sailing the greater part of the forenoon, about the harbour, in an open boat. In the evening, he felt heated and unwell, but drank even more than usual, on purpose to get rid of his bad feelings. A violent fever came on during the night, but they thought lightly of this, as it was believed to be partly the effect of the evening's debauch. The fever, however, continued during the day, but he refused to send for any medical attendant, and said that he would try to sleep it off, consequently the whole of that day was lost. On the morning of the 18th I was sent for to see him. His fever had commenced without any chill; he was suffering from severe pain, particularly in the head; his eyes were red, and his face exceedingly flushed, but his pulse was only 108; the artery at the wrist, however, was completely incompressible, and felt almost as large as the little finger. About forty ounces of blood were immediately taken from the arm; it was hot and florid, as it always is in this fever; but the crassamentum was not cupped, neither had it the slightest appearance of crust on the surface. The bleeding produced instant relief. About half an hour after this he took a croton pill, which was retained, and operated freely; the morbid heat was also removed from the system by the almost constant use of a sponge, frequently dipped in cold water.

'As the excitement continued, he was again twice bled during the day, and on the following morning, when I found that we had now nothing to fear from increased action, he was then put under the saline treatment. On the 20th he was much better: the fever still continued, but he was free from head-ache, and without any one of the malignant symptoms. When I saw him late on the night of the 20th, he was then considerably better. His eyes had been slightly yellow for the last twenty-four hours, but the yellow colour had not increased; his kidneys were operating with considerable activity; he was cheerful, and appeared to be so well that I thought he was completely out of danger, and left him without any intention of returning on the following day. About six o'clock, however, on the morning of the 21st, I was again sent for to visit this patient, and was told that he was dying. This was an unexpected blow to me, for, previous to that period, I had been so successful with the saline treatment, that I did not, at the moment, know what to think of this circumstance. When I entered the room, he was still perfectly in his senses. His first words were, that his fate was fixed, for he had got the black vomit. His eyes and skin had become

Digitized by Google

become completely yellow within a few hours; he complained of a severe burning in the stomach, and begged me, most urgently, to give him something to relieve it as speedily as possible.

'There was a box of Seidlitz powers on the table, which he had been using before, and, being the nearest remedy, I took the alkaline powder, and threw it into a tumbler which contained, as I supposed, about a few tea-spoonfuls of water, but it effervesced immediately so briskly with the carbonates, that I was induced to ascertain what it was. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that, as soon as I had left him on the preceding evening, the landlady of the house had come up with a large tureen full of warm vinegar and water. This said lady is an old French woman, who has long kept a lodging-house in St. Thomas; she told him that the English practitioners might be very clever, but they neglected many remedies that were always used by the best physicians in the French islands. She insisted upon bathing him with warm vinegar and water: to this he consented; it was done, and soon after he went to sleep. When she left him, he was apparently so little ill, that she did not leave either a servant to remain with him during the night, or a candle in the room. He awoke, however, about midnight with a burning at the stomach, and intense thirst; the juglet, however, had been taken away to be filled with water, and the servant had neglected to bring it back. He got up, as he said, half asleep and half awake, and as he could not find any water to quench his thirst, he dipped a tumbler into the tureen, and drank freely of the vinegar and water, which the old woman had, unfortunately, left in the room; but the thirst soon became more excessive than before, and in a short time it was so urgent that he could not sleep: he continued, however, from time to time drinking the vinegar and water; and, before day dawned, he had used almost the whole. The thirst had not been alleviated by the acid drink; on the contrary, it had produced a most intolerable burning in the epigastric region. About sunrise he became excessively sick at his stomach, and even the first time that he vomited, he brought up a large quantity of the black vomit. This was only a short period before I saw him, and then he felt relieved for the moment, from having got rid of so much of this black and acid irritating fluid from the gastric organs.

'I gave him one of the alkaline powders. A sinapism was immediately applied to the region of the stomach, and afterwards carbonate of soda was administered in large doses, but the vomiting continued. When he became worse, creole pepper, nitrate of silver, champagne, and other remedies were used, but without the slightest relief; for the stomach was so exceedingly irritable that all these agents were immediately rejected. The vomiting became less frequent; but in proportion as this left him he became delirious, with frequent starting in the tendons. The increased excitement was nearly gone, his pulse was down to 76°, and his skin was rather colder than natural. There were moments, during the day, when he appeared to rally; but at night he became much worse. Early on the following morning he became convulsed, and after some awful struggles he expired,

Digitized by Google

expired, as I believe, a victim to the accidental use of the large quantity of the acid.'—p. 337-342.

Dr. Stevens thus concludes his chapter on the treatment of fever.

'I know well that it will never be possible to cure every malignant case, either by this or by any other practice; still my conviction is, that the *saline treatment* is decidedly the most successful that has yet been tried. This practice, indeed, is as yet in its infancy; but from what I have seen of its effects, not only in the West Indies, but even in this country, I believe that the day is not very distant, when the physician will no more think of curing a malignant disease without the use of the active non-purgative saline medicines, than he does, at present, of treating acute inflammation of the chest without the aid of the lancet. The same opinion has been expressed by others who have seen the saline treatment fairly and extensively put to the test, particularly in the treatment of cholera in London.'—pp. 351, 352.

With regard to *cholera*, the doctors are at this hour as far from agreeing as they were a year ago; we are told, on the one hand, that success and failure are incident to every mode of treatment, that no one method is uniformly applicable to its symptoms: on the other, that cold water is the proper remedy; and by our author, that the *saline treatment* has been almost uniformly, in his experience, crowned with success. As to this opinion, Dr. Stevens certainly does not stand alone—but *non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.*

It must occur to every one who has considered the singular facts and important conclusions detailed in the former part of this article, to ask how, if common salt (and we mention this as being the chief, and, perhaps, the most efficacious of Dr. Stevens' remedies) be so salutary an article of diet, and so beneficial a medicine in the most malignant diseases, does it happen, then, to have been held in such bad repute, and considered as the cause of one of the most formidable and intractable complaints that have ever fallen under medical treatment; we mean sea scurvy.

Dr. Stevens, himself, adverts to this point, and mentions several instances in which the scurvy broke out on board ship, in spite of large quantities of lemon juice plentifully administered to the crew, and where that boasted specific had not the slightest effect even in checking its ravages. On the other hand, he details the experience of an American sloop of war, the Vincennes, Captain Finch, returned lately from a voyage round the world. She had been out four years; they did not use one particle of citric, or any other acid, as a preventive; and, during the whole voyage, they had not one case of scurvy.

We have reason to believe that the best medical observations of the present day go to establish the following opinion, that whenever

Digitized by Google

whenever people live in a moist and tainted atmosphere, if, at the same time, they have not a sufficient supply of nutritious aliment, they will be liable to scurvy. The influence of humidity, also, has been pointed out, on several occasions, by some of our celebrated navigators. In the account of his voyage round the world, La Perouse relates that he was very fortunate in preserving his crew from the scurvy; and, in a letter from Botany Bay, in 1788, he informs his correspondent, that he had arrived there without a man sick on board either of the ships under his command. Among the causes to which he attributes this extraordinary exemption from disease, he lays great stress upon the measures adopted to introduce the pure air of the atmosphere between the decks and into the hold, and his plan of counteracting by almost constant fumigations, and even by braziers of burning coals, the pernicious humidity occasioned by fogs. There will be found some curious notices of a similar tendency in the Journal of Sir Edward Parry's Voyages for the discovery of the North West Passage; perhaps one of the most striking is that which gives an account of the appearance of scurvy on board The Hecla, during his first voyage.

'Mr. Scallon,' he says, 'had, for some days past, been complaining of pains in his legs, which Mr. Edwards, the surgeon, at first took to be rheumatic, but which, together with the appearance of the gums, now left no doubt of the symptoms being scorbutic. It is so uncommon a thing for this disease to make its first appearance among the officers, that Mr. Edwards was naturally curious to inquire into the cause of it, and at length discovered that Mr. Scallon's bedding was in so damp a state, in consequence of the deposit of moisture in his bed-place, as to leave no doubt that to this circumstance, as to the immediate exciting cause, his illness might be attributed.'—*Voyage First*, chap. vi.

More recently observations of the same kind have been made by Captain King. He left England, as our readers know, in 1826, and the expedition continued healthy until the month of May, 1828, the beginning of winter in the Strait of Magalhanes, when the scurvy began to shew itself. The crews of the two ships which he commanded, the Adventure and the Beagle, were plentifully supplied with lemon juice and sugar; they had preserved meats, pickles, cranberries, fish, wild fowl, and wild celery, in abundance: the disease, therefore, could not be caused by the provisions, and he could only attribute its appearance to the excessive moisture of the climate, together with depression of spirits, the result of inactivity.

'I was so impressed,' he writes, 'with the effect which low spirits, arising from inactivity and the prospect of a protracted stay at our present anchorage, had upon the severity of the complaint, that finding some change necessary, I gave an order, "to sway the topmasts up," and

Digitized by Google

and prepare for sea. This instantly produced an evident improvement in the men, so much so that I thought we might still remain for the spring; but as soon as the people found that such was the intention, they relapsed into so desponding a state, that I was obliged to return to Monte Video.'

With respect to the treatment of scurvy, Dr. Stevens relates a curious fact, which rests upon the authority of a physician, of high respectability, at Aix la Chapelle.

'Some Dutchmen were brought there a few years ago, who had long been afflicted with a most inveterate form of scurvy, which had resisted the effects of, or more probably had been kept up by, the citric and other acids, which had been used extensively in these cases. They were all of them, however, cured in a very short time, by the natural non-purgative saline waters of Aix.*'—p. 300.

On the point now under consideration it is worth while to inquire, what is the experience of those who are conversant with the diseases of cattle? and if the common oracles of the farmer be consulted, their answers are strikingly applicable, and quite in unison with the views of our author. 'If,' says Arthur Young, in his 'Annals of Agriculture'—

'If the land of a farm be wet or moist, or otherwise unfavourable to sheep, the evil may be considerably remedied by the practice of giving salt in shallow troughs; they should have as much as they will eat, the quantity being very small, though they are exceedingly fond of it, little as they take.'

Again, in the 'British Farmer's Cyclopædia,' 1807, under the article Rot (Scurvy) in Sheep, occurs this observation:—

'It is a fact that, in the county of Lincoln, in rotting seasons, the sheep fed on salt marshes, which are overflowed by the spring tides, sell at very high prices, from the confidence that they are safe.'

But we must conclude. This is not a well written or well arranged book—but it is the work of a keen observer and an original thinker, and will probably be read through at a sitting by any one who feels much interest in contemplating the phenomena of life, and studying the mysteries of his own frame. The author's explanations of the function of respiration, and of the apparatus possessed by all warm-blooded animals, to enable them to maintain a temperature higher than the medium by which they are sur-

* The waters of Aix la Chapelle contain what chemists call a *notable quantity* of common salt: in our own country, the fashionable Spa of Leamington is, in fact, little more than a strong brine, in which the muriate of soda is the predominant ingredient; hence it is in delicate persons often found too stimulating, producing flushing of the face, headache, and other disagreeable symptoms, and occasionally requiring previous measures of depletion. 'After a full dose, there is generally a slight determination to the head, which is manifested by a sense of drowsiness, and a little fullness across the forehead.'—*A Chemical Analysis of the Leamington Waters.* By Amos Middleton, M. D. Warwick. 1814. p. 29.

rounded,

Digitized by Google

rounded, are strikingly ingenious. His account of the double circulation possessed by all perfect animals,—one for the purpose of generating heat, and the other of purifying the blood,—is equally meritorious. The phenomenon of hybernation also, and the necessity we are all under of living more generously at Christmas, than during summer, when we prefer (which is then best for us) lighter food, are accounted for upon scientific principles; and this part of his work, as it will be the most agreeable to the lovers of good cheer, so is it not the least interesting to the physiologist.

Twenty years hence, if we be not greatly mistaken, Dr. Stevens will be honoured as the author of one of the most important works in the medical literature of our age—nay, we are scarcely afraid to add, as the patriarch of an æra in medical treatment.

ART. V. — *Zohrab the Hostage.* By the Author of 'Hajj Baba.' In 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1832.

THIS is the best novel that has appeared for several years past; indeed, out of sight superior to all the rest of the recent brood: its story richer in materials and more artful in construction, and its style simple, manly English,—the language of a mature observer of men and manners, as well as a scholar, 'and a ripe one.' Such a book presents truly a delightful contrast to the flimsy tissues of false thought and affected jargon which have been swarming upon us season after season from the same manufactory; and which, we must candidly confess, 'paid paragraphs' and 'paid extracts' had induced us to believe more acceptable to the public at large, than it now turns out they ever were. It appears that after our eyes had been disgusted for so many years with flourishing statements of the 'unparalleled' sale of the trash we allude to, the publisher has just been detected in disposing of thirty thousand volumes of 'historical novels' and 'novels of fashionable life,' in one batch, *on condition of exportation*, at the rate of *eightpence* per volume. The *hoax* then has at length been discovered—the bubble has burst—and the fine ladies and gentlemen, who have not disdained to let themselves be mixed up with this long career of imposture, must now be contented to waste all their sweetness on the Annuals; while the Unitarian preacher at Birmingham who indited, as we are informed, 'The Exclusives,' (ascribed by his modest bookseller's agents to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester!) may restore his pen to the Anti-Nicene controversy; and the ingenious governesses and attorneys' wives who depicted the tracasseries of the Hampstead *hops*, and labelled them 'Almack's,' 'High Life,' &c. &c. may settle down again with

Digitized by Google

with what appetite they can to Mrs. Trimmer's Catechisms, and the balancing of the greengrocer's week book. 'Young Dukes' will not again be caught inviting Marchionesses of Bucklersbury to '*wine*' with them; nor 'Patricians at Sea' show themselves at home in St. Giles's; nor 'Life in the West' on a titlepage introduce the sayings and doings of the *hell* and the brothel: and if the clever stipulation about exporting be adhered to, we should not be surprised to hear that some of the works so dealt with had followed their authors—

'Witlings, brisk fools, curst with half sense,
Which stimulates their impotence.'

Mr. Morier lays his scene once more in Persia—a country with the manners of which, thanks to himself, Mr. J. B. Fraser, and Sir John Malcolm, English readers are much better acquainted, than they as yet are with those of any one district of our own eastern empire. The second volume of Malcolm's 'History' of Persia has not indeed been read so extensively as his 'Sketches;' but it is quite worthy of being so, if it were but for the mere amusement it abounds in. When the author has fairly reached the events of his own age, his style assumes wholly a different character from what it had presented in the first volume; and he introduces at every page descriptions and anecdotes which have the stamp of personal observation, and the strength of what some German quaintly but expressively calls 'living life' upon them. The 'Sketches' of the Elchee, and 'The Kuzzilbash,' have been so lately reviewed in this journal, that we need not dwell on their merits; and we may say the same, both of the original 'Hajji Baba,' and of the 'Hajji Baba in England'—works which at once took, and are sure to keep possession of, a distinguished place in our lighter literature—works in which the principle of vitality makes itself to be continually felt; in which we never part with the sustaining confidence that we are in the hands of a man of good sense and good taste—in his gayest flights of fancy self-possessed, in his broadest humour *quiet*, in his pathos, which is sometimes profound, totally devoid of melodramatic exaggeration, the crying and besetting sin of the day;—pages, in short, of which we should be surprised to hear that the most somnolent of easy-chair critics had ever turned over two at once.

On the present occasion Mr. Morier lays aside what constituted one of the most available of his resources in 'Hajji Baba'—the contrast of national manners; Persian peculiarities opposed to Turkish—Oriental to European. The materials of Zohrab are all indigenous to Iran. It is an attempt, and a successful one, to transplant the most peculiar of European forms of composition into another soil: and by its means to present a fuller picture of the workings of

Digitized by Google

of a system of social and domestic relations, at almost every point unlike our own, than we could ever hope to obtain from the study of any native works that have as yet been analyzed or described to Europeans. That Fancy has been largely called upon, for the filling up of this picture in some of its most important details, is obvious: the interior of the *harem*—the actual manners and feelings of Persians in their domestic relations—cannot be known to Mr. Morier, or to any other traveller, so distinctly as to enable him to dispense with this when he undertakes to pourtray such matters *in detail*. But that it has been exerted under the influence of severe judgment, and with constant reference to the results of real, though partial, experience and observation, we can desire no better evidence than the fact (which we have ourselves put to the proof) that a man may read Sir John Malcolm's History, with its rich appendix of dissertations on Persian life, manners, law, and religion the one day, and the novel now before us the next, without being able to lay his finger on any striking incongruity. Passing over a few avowed perversions of the actual course of public events within the last half century, there is, perhaps, nothing in the work of fiction, which the student of the History is entitled to say *could not have been*. How few are the novels of this class, laying their scene in the writer's native country, that can stand such a test! and yet which of them, that is not prepared to encounter it, asks our acceptance, except on the presumption of our gross ignorance, or can expect, if we *are* informed, a better verdict than *incredulus odi*?

The authors of the novels, more especially the so-called historical ones, that have obtained any share of popularity within the last five or six years, if they should again think of venturing on this department, will do well to bestow some study on *Zohrab*. They appear, one and all of them, to have proceeded in ignorance, or negligence, of the fact, that this is a classical species of composition, having certain leading principles and rules established and illustrated by high authority and example, to depart from which, without exciting disgust, is entirely impossible—in the absence of great original genius, that is to say,—of that gift above all rules, to which nothing is impossible.

One of the cleverest writers of the class, for example, (we mean the author of Pelham,) distinctly avows, that in his opinion, the canon which had hitherto been held the most imperative of all (namely, that which forbids devoting any considerable portion of a work of this sort to persons or incidents nowise bearing on the development of the fable) is useless and absurd. In a drama, he says, such things are inadmissible, because there the object is to set forth a definite action within definite and narrow limits; but in the novel,

Digitized by Google

novel, the whole, or a greater part, of a lifetime may be treated; and, as in actual life every one continually meets with persons and incidents that leave little or no impression on the main tenour of his fortunes, so, in the novel, as often and as largely as it suits the fancy of the novelist, may purely episodic materials be introduced, not only without injury to the work of art, as such, but to its manifest advantage, as tending to make it resemble more closely the usual course of actual existence. This is to lose sight altogether of the primary principles of all works of art, and to suppose that imitation, simply *quâ* imitation, will do. At that rate, the Scotch mason that hewed out Tam O'Shanter's corduroy breeches is a more perfect artist than either Chantrey or Westmacott—and the painter of the panorama of Botany Bay towers, head and shoulders, above Turner.

These gentlemen, since they permit themselves such more than epic use of materials rejected by the drama, might be expected to abstain from those features of dramatic composition which are peculiarly and especially incompatible with the epic form; yet here again they are perpetually delinquents. They avail themselves, in diffuse narrative, at every turn, of expedients which are only allowed in the drama, because of its exclusive characteristic —namely, as the species that brings personages and events directly before the spectator himself, without the palpable intervention of any third party. But this absurdity reaches its climax in the autobiographical novel—the very essence of which is, to present things *as they occur to the writer*. With these artists nothing is more common than to have an autobiographical hero describing a scene with his own father or brother,—known from the beginning, as it afterwards appears, by *him* to be such,—and yet leaving us in ignorance that the personage was his father or his brother, until the discovery of that fact *to us* comes to be a matter of convenience *to him* in the unravelling of his third volume. This is blinking all the peculiar difficulties of the form of composition, depriving it of all its counterbalancing peculiar advantages, and introducing into its main structure the very trickeries which it was expressly meant to avoid *.

We not long since, in reviewing certain romances by one of the authors of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Rejected Addresses,' had occasion to speak at length of the ridiculous fashion in which he, as well as less gifted imitators of Sir Walter Scott, has permitted himself to make use, in fictitious narratives, of real historical personages; and we may therefore pass lightly over the offences in this kind more recently perpetrated. We are not sure whether the taste of Mr. Bulwer himself, in this line, is exhibited

* See 'The Disowned' by the Author of Pelham.

to

Digitized by Google

to higher advantage in his 'Paul Clifford,' where he introduces a clumsy and witless caricature of King George IV. and his ministers, under the guise and similitude of a troop of Hounslow highwaymen,—the present Duke of Devonshire as 'Batchelor Bill,' the landlord of a flash-house in the Minories, &c. &c.; all this sort of travestie-farce being *inlaid* into a fable of the days of *King George I.!*—or, in another piece, where, side by side with a sentimental Gypsy deeply learned in the minor poets of the Elizabethan age! figures the late Mr. Henry Fauntleroy—scene over the Debtors' door at Newgate, and all the rest of him—or, in a third of the series, wherein the hero, an impudent wonder of *nineteen*, is gravely represented as living on the footing of intimate friendship and confidential intercourse with Bolingbroke, Pope, Swift, the Regent Orleans, Count Anthony Hamilton, Admiral Apraxin, the Czar Peter I., and his consort—to say nothing of occasional colloquies between the said beardless coxcomb and Colley Cibber, Matthew Prior, Mr. Addison, Richard Cromwell, (ex-Protector of England,) Sir Richard Steele, the Abbé de Chaulieu, the Duc de St. Simon, Fleuri, Dubois, Massillon, Dangeau, Fontenelle, Mad. de Maintenon, Louis XIV., and M. de Voltaire, &c. &c. We had really thought that after Mr. Smith's episode of John Milton smoking tobacco and dictating Paradise Lost in a suburban parlour, into which a *hero* (we forget his name) happened to stumble when the bailiffs were in chase of him, there would have been an end of this horrible nonsense—but no. Mr. Bulwer has worked the same vein of absurdity with a still more daring hand; and sorry are we to say that a greater than either has penetrated even lower than Mr. Bulwer. The author of *Devereux* makes the attempt, however unsuccessfully, to put characteristic words into the mouths of the great shades whom he evokes—but M. de Chateaubriand (as if to show how genius can distance everything else, even in folly) interrupts a conversation, in his latest novel, by the squalling of a child—an infant—and what follows? 'Cet enfant—c'étoit Voltaire!' After this last hit, we confess, we can scarcely indulge the hope that even a new Sir Topaz would extinguish this impertinence.

Let us, however, be just to the author of *Devereux*. Others, before and after him, have gone beyond all patience in the vice of episodic tampering with illustrious names—but it was reserved for him to outrage the last remaining barrier of propriety and verisimilitude, by representing through three volumes a wholly imaginary *petit maître* as not only mixing habitually, and on equal terms, with the best known men of one of the best known periods of modern history, but actually, during a considerable part of his career, occupying

Digitized by Google

pying, amidst scenes and affairs with which all the world is perfectly familiar, all but the very first and highest place. But this hero, who acts, for ten years, as prime counsellor to Peter the Great, and conducts the most important negociations of that reign with the courts of France and Austria—this exquisite 'Devereux,' to be sure, had sprung from a stock which might well give high augury of his fortunes. His father was a private English Squire, by historians unfortunately passed *sub silentio*, who, by his valour and skill in the military service of Louis Le Grand, earned not only a high place in the French nobility, but the baton of a marshal of France. The rival of a Turenne might fitly progenerate the Sully of a Peter.

The Bolingbroke of the novel to which we have been alluding, is made to throw out, as *obiter dicta*, in the course of his *communes* (as the author delights to call them) with its hero, some ten or a dozen beautiful sentences, excerpted from the writings of the real Viscount; but, with these exceptions, nothing is said by him or any other of the *redivivi* in the smallest degree worthy of them. Frederick the Great says, 'C'est un déplorable effect de la fragilité humaine, que les hommes ne ressemblent pas tous les jours à eux-mêmes: les Espagnols disent très judicieusement, "Un tel a été brave un tel jour."' The greatest philosophers and wits have, no doubt, their hours and days of dulness, but it seems hard to disquiet so many bright spirits for the sole purpose of showing that they *could* be dull. As for actions—the case is, if possible, worse. In these pages, while the real great men only say things that one could not, without regret, believe them ever to have said, the imaginary great men are not less assiduously occupied with doing things which we all know were either not done at all, or done *not by them*.

Since we have been led to say anything on this school of writers, we must take the freedom of making one remark more—which is, that Lord Byron's influence has, in certain particulars, left unfortunate traces among others than the poetasters of his time. These recent novelists have all borrowed from him a vein of egotism which nothing but very high genius could ever render tolerable in any species of composition, and which assuredly suits as ill with the novel as with any that could be named. Eternal rhapsodies about the personal feelings, opinions, circumstances, and prospects, of such a man as Lord Byron, might be borne with even in such a piece as Don Juan—but things like this make one sorry for authors of less distinguished rank.

The artist-like fashion in which Mr. Morier blends truth with fable, is especially worthy of the consideration of the writers to whom we have been recommending the study of *Zohrab*. If he

Digitized by Google

he touches on persons and events of nearly his own day, distance of place serves him and his reader instead of distance of time; he has no real names merely for the names' sake, but grapples with, and expands dramatically, characters and feelings true to nature, in themselves interesting, and therefore worthy of expansion:—and he has no mere episode, to crutch up a halting narrative—nor a single description purely to 'supply the place of sense.' Nor in Mr. Morier's novel are we indulged with any confidences about Mr. Morier.

The period with which he has chosen to connect his fable is one of the most important in the history of Persia, and abounding in circumstances, to the picturesque effect, as well as tragic interest of which, it would not be easy to add. The late king, Aga Mohamed Khan, was only born the chief of one tribe, among several, each of which pretended an equal title to place its own patriarchal leader on the throne. Among the savage wars of his boyhood, he fell into the hands of Adel Shah, the nephew and successor of Nadir, and this prince instantly gave orders that he should be made an eunuch.

'This act of cruelty was meant,' says Malcolm, 'to destroy every hope of accomplishing that very end which it ultimately promoted; for by depriving the representative of a great family of those sensual enjoyments which, in eastern countries, too often enervate both the body and the mind, it forced him to seek gratification from other sources. The attention of Aga Mohamed appears, from his earliest years, to have been directed to views of ambition; and he pursued them through life with a callous perseverance and unrelenting severity, which marked the deep impression made by his early wrongs.'—*History of Persia*, vol. ii., p. 176.

This 'callous perseverance' and 'unrelenting severity,' after many years of struggle, enabled the emasculated competitor to subdue every rival whom his arts could not conciliate. He became the undisputed lord of Persia; the present king is his nephew; and there appears now no likelihood of his dynasty being disturbed.

The character of this extraordinary man is drawn with admirable skill by Sir John Malcolm, who had the advantage of living on terms of familiar intercourse with many of his surviving ministers and captains. His talents, both for civil administration and for war, appear to have been of a very high order; and this is shown in nothing more distinctly than in his wise choice of men to second him in both departments. His prime vizier, Hajji Ibrahim, is still venerated in Persia as the model of a profound yet humane politician. He kept his place to the last, though his temper was in every respect unlike that of his master, and though he

Digitized by Google

he had the virtue to speak truth, in opposition to the all but universal custom of his countrymen, and in the presence of one whose passions were as fierce as his heart was cold. The Shah showed in general the same superiority in his total want of jealousy with regard to the military merit and renown of others. Deprived of one source of sensual gratification, he despised all the rest; he ate the loaf of the common soldier; he never, unlike most Persians of rank, was known to violate the prophet's law against wine; he was, to old age, unwearied in labour of every kind—restless as determined—fearless as far-sighted. Sir John Malcolm thus describes him in his sixty-third year:—

'His person was so slender, that at a distance he appeared like a youth of fourteen or fifteen. His beardless and shrivelled face resembled that of an aged and wrinkled woman, and its expression, at no time pleasant, was horrible when clouded, as it often was, with indignation. He was sensible of this, and could not bear that any one should look at him *.

'His first passion was the love of power; the second, avarice; the third, revenge. In all these he indulged to excess, and they ministered to each other; but the two latter yielded to the first whenever they came into collision. His knowledge of the character and feelings of others was wonderful, and it is to this knowledge, and his talent of concealing his own purposes, that we must refer his extraordinary success. He never employed force until art had failed.'—*Ibid.*

We refer our reader to the chapter from which we have been quoting, for copious details of the intrigues, the battles, the sieges, the massacres, the executions, which mark the successive stages of Aga Mohamed's career. He at last perished by the hands of two of his own most confidential personal attendants, under circumstances which, says Malcolm, 'can leave little doubt that his mind had become deranged.' Having discovered his two *valets de chambre,* as we may call them, in a conspiracy against his crown, he pronounced immediately the sentence of death, but deferred its execution until next morning, and meantime permitted the men to continue their functions about his person. These condemned traitors were the nearest watchers that night as usual in the apartments where the king slept. Next morning he was found stabbed in his bed, and the murderers had escaped. Such is Malcolm's edition of the story. Our novelist, on the ground, no doubt, that *le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable,* has given another version. We are not sure, however, that in this he has shown his usual judgment. Mad-

* Sir John tells us elsewhere, that a favourite centinel of the guard, happening to gaze one day on the Shah, as he rode by his post, had his eyes seared out on the instant.

ness

Digitized by Google

ness was not only possibly, but most probably, in Aga Mohamed's mind from the beginning. He had through life been afflicted with epilepsy. For ourselves, we confess we find it difficult, in spite of some three or four bright pages in Roman history, to imagine the existence of a perfectly sane despot; nor does it seem easier to conceive of an eunuch who does not either doze on the border of idiotism, or tremble on that of mania. What must it be when the two angry fountains of disease mix in the blood of one creature—placed in body out of nature—in mind beyond the natural relations of humanity?

A single page from Malcolm's History of Aga Mohamed will save Mr. Morier from all suspicion of having overdrawn the tiger half of his character. One of the most important triumphs of his career was the capture of Kerman, (the ancient Caramania,) where an old enemy, Looft Ali Khan, had, after many reverses of fortune, shut himself up, and made a most gallant defence. When all his outworks had been destroyed, and it was obvious that another day must consummate the success of the Shah, Looft Ali, and three of his principal officers, mounted their horses at midnight, fairly cut their way through the besieger's lines, and escaped scatheless to Nermansheer.

'When day dawned, and Aga Mohamed found, to use a Persian phrase, that "the lion had burst his toils," he wreaked his vengeance on the unfortunate inhabitants of Kerman: nearly twenty thousand women and children were given as slaves to his soldiers; all the males who had reached maturity were commanded to be put to death or deprived of their eyesight. Those who escaped owed their safety neither to mercy nor to flight, but to the fatigue of the executioners, who only ceased to glut the revengeful spirit of their monarch when themselves were exhausted with the work of blood. The numbers of the slain exceeded those deprived of sight, though the latter amounted to seven thousand. Many of these miserable wretches are still alive (1816).'

Sir John adds in a note—

'When at Shiraz on the 4th of June, 1800, I thought the best mode of celebrating the birth-day of our beloved monarch was to distribute alms to the poor: a great number assembled, and among them were more than a hundred men, whose eyes had been taken out at Kerman. It has been stated that Aga Mohamed ordered a certain number of *pounds weight of eyes* to be brought to him; nor is the tale in the least incredible.'

The following paragraph is a curious one. What insolence mingles even in the tender mercies of the tyrant! What soul-bruizing arrogance in his very repentance!

'The meerza, or secretary, of Looft Ali was brought before him. He demanded how he had dared to send firmans or mandates to him

Digitized by Google

who was a sovereign. "I wrote," said the man, "by the order of my master, Looft Ali; my fear of him present was greater than of you at a distance." "Strike off his hands and tear out his eyes," exclaimed the monarch, and the savage order was instantly obeyed. Next day he sent for the son of the man whom he had thus treated, and said, "Tell your father that the prophet has upbraided me in a dream for my usage of him: what can I do to repair the injuries I have done?" "He will desire if he lives," said the boy, "to pass the remainder of his days at the tomb of the holy Ali at Nujjuff." The king immediately directed that mules, tents, and every necessary equipment should be furnished for his journey. He also sent him a present of three hundred tomauns, and intreated the youth to solicit his father to forgive him, and *remember him in his prayers.*'—*Malcolm*, vol. ii., pp. 124, 125.

Mr. Morier's story opens with a lively description of this Monarch's *levee*, and introduces us, among other personages, to his benevolent vizier, his nephew, a youth of extraordinary personal beauty and grace, and an imaginary lump of deformity and mean cunning, who is represented as enjoying an extraordinary share of Aga Mohamed's favour and confidence—the royal barber, commonly called *Goozoo*, i. e. the Hunchback. A great hunting match, almost every particular of which reminds us of the Cyropædia, has been fixed for this morning. His Majesty's nephew is to attend him in the field, and his niece has been sent on, with other ladies of the harem! to pitch their tents in a sequestered valley, at a considerable distance from the capital, which the king designs to reach in the course of the evening. The whole pomp and circumstance of the royal *chasse* are given in picturesque fulness of detail; while by a few skilful touches here and there, we already begin to discover that the main interest of the opening narrative is to be connected with the fortunes of the yet unseen princess. The first incidents, however, which present the Shah in connexion with his gallant heir, are all we shall quote from this chapter:—

'Having advanced well into the recesses of the mountains, which reared their rude crests ever and anon into the most fantastic shapes, apparently forbidding the horseman's approach, or appalling his audacity, at length a cry was heard, loud and shrill, repeated from different stations on the rocks, "Goor khur! Goor khur!" "The ass! —the wild ass!" And, sure enough, some two or three of these beautiful and independent animals were seen quietly feeding in the very bottom of a deep ravine, apparently unmindful of their surrounding assailants. The old Chief of the Hunt came up in breathless haste, this time regardless of all ceremony, to where the Shah was posted, to inform him of the fact, and to point whither it ought to be their object to drive the game, in order that it might fall in with the different relays of dogs which had been posted in the mountains, and without which it would be in vain to attempt to tire the almost unconquerable

Digitized by Google

querable activity and bottom of these beasts. The Shah yielded a quick and eager assent, and without loss of time rode in the prescribed direction.

'With great wariness and skill, the huntsman got the wind of the game, and then, being within two or three hundred yards of them, slipped from the couples two of the swiftest and strongest greyhounds. The beasts no sooner heard the noise of the hunt than, with head and ears erect, crest up, snorting aloud the nervousness of their activity, they bounded off a few paces—then stopped—then bounded a few more—stopped, and turned front on their pursuers, when, as if disdaining all pursuit, they allowed the dogs to approach within a few yards, and then darted off at a speed which left imagination far behind. Having gained an immense advance, as in derision of their pursuers, they stopped, and even fed; when the same flight was again repeated, and again and again terminated with success. It was now that the well-known prowess of the Persian horsemen might be remarked: no ascent, however steep, no descent, however rapid, seem to stop them, but urging their bold and sure-footed horses over every impediment, they kept way with the dogs, in a manner that no one could believe who had not seen them. Among the foremost of these rode the king himself, with eager eye, in the direction of the chase, bearing in one hand his Georgian gun, and with the other directing his horse, with a quickness and dexterity worthy of any mountain chief. Close to the royal person rode the young prince his nephew, reckless of every danger, only anxious to be foremost, and distressed that he might not precede his uncle. He also had taken his gun in hand, for as the chase had now ascended to the rocky summits he might have a better chance of bringing down his game with it than with his spear. The Goors had now been chased by two relays of dogs, and still no symptoms of faintness were seen; they had carried their pursuers to the very summit of the most stupendous heights, near to which only some three or four horsemen had ventured to follow them; the rest either remained behind or were toiling up the rocks and ravines, but still the ground was so disposed that the whole scene was kept in full view by all the party. A suspension of all exertion seemed to have taken place, when a quadruped was seen to take post on the very apex of a triangular rock, which formed the summit of the highest mountain, cutting the blue sky with its form. At that moment a shot was fired—the animal still kept its post; a second after, another was discharged—and lo! down it fell from its proud height, tumbling prone into a yawning precipice, and bounding from rock to rock, from projection to projection, until it alighted almost at the very feet of the Shah himself. An universal shout of approbation from a thousand uplifted voices was immediately heard, which resounded in a thousand echoes through the deep recesses of the mountains. But well would it have been for him who fired the shot, who excited the admiration, whose heart bounded with delight, that he had never fired it! As soon as the successful result of it was seen, the envy and rage of the Eunuch

Digitized by Google

at once started into active passion. Turning sharp round, with a face beaming with wickedness, he exclaimed, "Who was that? What burnt soul dared to perform that feat?" Fatteh Ali, with his head down, his arms just supporting his drooping gun, and altogether deprived of his exultation, confessed himself the culprit by his silence. The gallant youth was instantly ordered from the field, and told to proceed at once to the night's resting-place, there to wait the king's further pleasure.

'With the excited anger of the tyrant fell his eagerness for the sport. His mind became the prey of every little hate and spite; and he would perhaps have sacrificed the promoter of it to his ill humour, had he possessed any other relative to whom he might look for perpetuating his dynasty.'—vol. i., p. 39-45.

The young prince, on reaching the camp, was imprudent enough to engage in shooting at a target with some of his attendants. On arriving there the old Shah's subsiding ill humour was rekindled by the sound of their firing. He suspected that his nephew was still exulting in the recent triumph of his marksmanship. After a brief interval the youth is summoned to the 'tent of secrecy:'—

'The day had now completely closed, and two tapers were just about being introduced, when Fatteh Ali stepped in, and discovered his uncle seated in a corner, not unlike a venomous snake coiled up within itself, ready to dart upon its unconscious prey. This face-to-face interview at first staggered him, but conscious of no offence, in all the innocence and confidence of his youth, he presented himself as if nothing of importance had occurred.

'"Fatteh Ali," said the Shah, in no very agreeably toned voice, "sit!" This was an unheard-of privilege; however, in obedience he sat down. "Fatteh Ali," repeated the King, with a strangely solemn air, "You are young—you are heedless, 'tis true; but young and heedless as you are, you must be taught that if you once lose respect for those to whom respect is due, you may in time commit acts of the most reprehensible nature,—acts, which if not rebellious, may border on rebellion, and leave me, your lord and master, no other alternative than that one of depriving you of the power of so doing." "For the love of the Prophet! for the love of Ali!" exclaimed Fatteh Ali, "what words are these? I am your sacrifice, my uncle! Whose dog am I, that I should think of rebellion? By your sacred head, by your salt which I have so long eaten, I was carried away by the ardour of the chase in what I did to-day—had I known that you would have been displeased, I would rather have cut my finger off than pulled that ill-fated trigger; pardon—oh pardon!" "All this is very well, Fatteh Ali! but before we part, I have something of importance to communicate to you. Prepare yourself—the King is in earnest." Saying this, he drew forth a small though strongly-secured box, at which he looked with an expression of malignity and mystery that no pen can describe; and applying a key to the padlock with which it was closed, drew forth a parcel wrapped in a silken handkerchief.

'Fatteh

Digitized by Google

'Fatteh Ali expected at least some gem of value, or some curiosity, precious from the manner in which it was preserved. His impatience was excited to the utmost, when wrapper succeeded wrapper, and still nothing appeared that in the least came up to his expectation. It might be a choice Koran, which on his departure his uncle might be anxious to give him, knowing how careful he was to let the world understand that he was a zealous promoter of his religion, and one of the holy prophet's most devoted sons. But no—the inside package had no appearance of anything so substantial; or it might possibly be the Jika, the ornamented jewel to wear on the head, the ensign of royalty, which now that he was about more closely to represent majesty in his new government, his uncle might be inclined to give him with his own hands,—this too did not appear to be the object of so much care. The Shah paused as he came to the last wrapper. At length at one effort, he pulled it off; but what was the youth's horror and surprise, instead of a splendid gift, to see an old handkerchief clotted with blood displayed before his eyes.

'"Do you see this?" said the King, as he deliberately unfolded the abominable rag, his face at the same time taking an expression which would have appalled even a demon. Fatteh Ali, with fixed muscles and blanched cheeks, stared wildly at the horrid exposure. "Boy," said the King, with increased earnestness, "does not this blood speak?" Fatteh Ali could only answer with looks of astonishment. "Speak, boy," said the tyrant, "do you know this?" "God forgive me," he answered, the words almost choking his utterance, "I know nothing of blood." "Ill-fated that thou art," exclaimed the Shah, "this blood is the blood of thy father." At this a deadly hue overspread the cheeks of the sensitive youth, and a tremor convulsed his frame. "My father!" he exclaimed. "Aye, thy father," said the despot, "and my brother! He was amiable, like thyself, therefore I loved him; he was thoughtless and heedless like you—I suspected him; he became ambitious and rebellious; therefore I slew him. There, go! Thou knowest the worst—thou knowest me—remember this night's lesson. Go; you are dismissed—ere to-morrow's dawn be on your road to Shiraz."

'As he described the love he bore his brother, tears, actual tears, sprung from sources which had seldom known such weakness, and gave an indescribable expression of inconsistency, of blended softness and harshness, to a countenance which long habit had imprinted with nothing but the most uncompromising sternness. But he soon recovered himself—this transient gleam of the truth of nature's feelings was quickly overclouded, and the youth in looking up at his uncle's face could discover nothing but its own usual impenetrable gloom. A long silence ensued.'—vol. i., p. 47-52.

Aga Mohamed murdered one, if not more, of his brothers, and tore the eyes from several of them; and, according to Mr. Morier's preface, he did preserve the blood of one of these fraternal victims in a handkerchief, as described in the above extract—but the novelist

Digitized by Google

novelist has in one important particular departed from the truth of the story. The father of Fatteh Ali was never supposed to have been either murdered or blinded by Aga Mohamed, but was his favourite brother, and fell gallantly fighting by his side in battle, leaving his orphan son to the Shah's care, who certainly, to give the devil his due, appears to have acquitted himself of that charge with fidelity. He from that hour considered his nephew as his heir, and used often, in reference to his bloody severities, to say—'All this I do, that yonder boy may have a secure throne.' So writes Sir John Malcolm.

We have praised the construction of Mr. Morier's fable. It is extremely simple; but though, as soon as the hero and heroine have been brought on the stage, the experienced novel-reader can be at no loss to foresee their ultimate happy union, and even to anticipate a good deal of the resources that are to be relied on for bringing about that consummation, the difficulties in the way of it are skilfully varied and progressively heightened, so as to keep the interest alive; and the precise *dénouement* is scarcely guessed at until the last moment.

To engraft anything like what readers of the western world expect to find in the high-born hero of a tale of true love, on a fiction framed of Persian materials, must of necessity involve a considerable draught on the fancy. Persons surrounded, from opening adolescence, with the means and habits of boundless voluptuousness, can very rarely, we presume, surrender themselves to the empire of a genuine passion.

——'Tis dalliance dulls the soul:
True heart-work speaketh in a virgin pulse.'

In order to get over this grand obstacle, our author selects for his hero the son and heir of the chief of one of those simpler mountain tribes of Persia, of whose interior life it is comparatively easy for us to imagine that it may approach the European elements of domestic virtue and happiness. *Zohrab* (the well-known name of the heroic son of Rustum, in Ferdoosi's epic*) is borrowed

* 'The poet commences this episode with a beautiful line, which truly characterizes the story he relates. It is, he says, "*Ekee dastan pur abe cheshum*,"—"A tale full of the waters of the eye."—The young Sohrab was the fruit of one of Roostum's early amours. He had left his mother, and sought fame under the banners of Afrasiab, whose armies he commanded, and soon obtained a renown beyond all contemporary heroes but his father. He had carried death and dismay into the ranks of the Persians, and had terrified their boldest warriors, before Roostum encountered him, which at last that hero resolved to do, under a feigned name. They met three times. The first time they parted by mutual consent, though Sohrab had the advantage. The second the youth obtained a victory, but granted life to his unknown father. The third was fatal to Sohrab; writhing in the pangs of death, he warned his conqueror to shun the vengeance that is inspired by parental woes, and bade him dread the rage of the mighty Roostum, who must soon learn that he had slain his son Sohrab. These words were

Digitized by Google

borrowed for this imaginary person; and we think it obvious that in many points of his character, as well as in some of the most picturesque vicissitudes of his career, our author has had his eye upon the gallant Looft Ali, the last prince of the Zend dynasty, whose escape from the massacre of Kerman has been quoted above from Malcolm's History, and whose ultimate fate was precisely such as the young reader anticipates for Zohrab, the moment before the romancer's wand is pleased to dispel all the clouds of his own creation.

Zaul Khan, the father of Zohrab, is introduced as having been an early brother in arms of Aga Mohamed, who, outraged and insulted by the Shah, after the struggle for the throne had been determined, has thrown aside his allegiance, and is maintaining his independence at the head of a league of the Turcoman tribes, at Asterabad, the capital of his hereditary province of Mazanderan. In the resistance he has been opposing to the king of Persia, the main principle of success depends, by universal admission, on the high qualities of the youthful Zohrab. He is the darling of his own race—the terror and admiration of all the land of Iran besides. The novelist lavishes, on his preliminary portraiture, all the resources of his art. It needs neither title-page nor conjurer to make us recognize the *hero*.

The hunting expedition of the royal eunuch brings him within no great distance of the borders of disaffected Mazanderan. His beautiful niece, the Princess Amima, has, as usual, preceded his march, and is first introduced to us as embracing, *contra bonos mores*, the opportunity of walking about for a little, without attendance, except that of one favourite maid, in the neighbourhood of a remote encampment, the description of which is among Mr. Morier's happiest passages of that class.

---

were as death to the aged hero; when he recovered from a trance, he called in despair for proofs of what Sohrab had said. The dying youth tore open his mail, and showed his father a seal which his mother had placed on his arm, when she discovered to him the secret of his birth, and bade him seek his father. The sight of his own signet rendered Roostum frantic: he cursed himself, attempted to put an end to his existence, and was only prevented by the efforts of his expiring son. To reconcile us to the improbability of this tale, we are informed that Roostum could have no idea that his son was in existence. The mother of Sohrab had written to him that her child was a daughter, fearing to lose her infant if she revealed the truth; and Roostum, as before stated, fought under a feigned name, an usage not uncommon in the chivalrous combats of those days. In the account of this combat, Ferdoosi has excelled himself. Nothing can be more beautiful than the picture of the distraction of the mother of Sohrab, who set fire to her palace, meaning to perish in the flames, but was prevented by her attendants. They could not, however, console her. She became quite frantic: her wild joy was to clothe herself in the bloody garment in which he had been slain; to kiss the forehead of his favourite horse; to draw his bow; wield his lance, his sword, and his mace; and, at last, to use the words of the poet, "she died, and her soul fled to that of her heroic son." '—*Malcolm's History of Persia*, vol. i. pp. 27, 28.

The

Digitized by Google

The affection—the deep and reverent affection with which Aga Mohamed is represented as regarding his lovely niece—the one person in the world for whom he does feel purely and profoundly—is a redeeming trait for which the reader is wholly indebted to the novelist's imagination. With this, however, he has no right to quarrel—no human being was ever entirely bad; and Mr. Morier might have, on this ground alone, defended himself, alleging that he brought the bloody Shah within our sympathy by an imaginary feature of relief, only to make up for something real that would have produced the same effect, had his information been more complete. Sudden revulsions of humanity, however, do appear in various parts of Sir John Malcolm's History of Aga Mohamed. It was, then, allowable to the *artist* to give consecutiveness and expansion of influence to an element of character, the existence of which had thus been not only inferred from general observation of mankind, but ascertained by specific facts in the case before him. The effect is everything to his story.

We return to the encampment of the harem near Firouzabad, a village supposed to occupy the site of an ancient city of importance, as some gigantic ruins close to it still bear the name of Iskender, (Alexander,) but more celebrated as being the frontier town to the forest-girt province of Mazanderan, and for its neighbourhood to certain remarkable passes through ridges and belts of rocky mountains, which have been famous, both in ancient and modern times, under the names of Gates, or Pylæ.* The truth of the following picture of localities speaks for itself—every sentence recalls to our own recollection some feature of the magnificent drawings of Persian scenery, brought to this country, some years ago, by Sir Robert Kerr Porter,—a collection which has hitherto escaped, we know not how, the zeal of what may be called the age of landscape engraving:—

'The plain on which the village is situated extends itself, with some slight undulations, to the foot of a perpendicular wall, or curtain of rock, that runs in a straight line almost quite across it, and seems to bar any further progress to the traveller in that direction. Its elevation is so abrupt that one might suppose its almighty architect intended to exclude man from going farther, and to reserve it entirely for the habitation of the antelope and the mountain goat, with which the tract is overrun, were it not for one narrow pass or lane, formed by a perpendicular rent from top to base in the live rock, sufficiently wide for two horsemen to go a-breast, and which, after winding about in an

* The same scenery is described, less minutely, but still with beautiful effect, in Mr. Morier's "Second Journey through Persia, &c." 4to. 1818. p. 363. The reader will do well to turn to that part of *the traveller's* narrative—as an insurrection which occurred in Asterabad and the neighbouring districts in 1815, and of which he gives a lively account, no doubt influenced *the novelist* in the choice of his localities.

uncertain

Digitized by Google

uncertain manner some two hundred yards, leads into a basin of narrow dimensions, surrounded on all sides by the same sort of rock. This is again perforated by a similar channel, which is a little broader than the other, but more beautiful; for its sides appear to have been polished and prepared with great skill, although the hand of man has evidently not been employed upon them; whilst a stream of the purest water winds its way through a clean bed, partly rock and partly gravel, creating a fringe of the most refreshing verdure on its banks, and giving to the whole scene an appearance of the most careful ornamental cultivation. This avenue, which even in the hottest weather is deliciously cool, again leads into a basin similar to the first, excepting in its dimensions, which are considerably larger, the former being, as it were, the anteroom to the latter, which, in its relative proportion, might be called the saloon. From this opening there appears to be no outlet. The rocks rise perpendicularly around, whilst the surface or the flooring, if we may so call it, is composed of a short tufted grass, which bends in crisp elasticity under the tread. No spot was ever better calculated for the purpose to which it was appropriated by the kings of Persia, namely, as a safe retreat for their harems; where their women, their wives, daughters, and female slaves, might roam about and take the air, without apprehension from the gaze of man, or indeed of any living thing, save the antelopes, and wild goats, which constantly, on the very crests of the rocks, peeped their heads over to survey the depths below.'—vol. i., p. 63-65.

It was on this delicious spot that Aga Mohamed had ordered the pavilion of his beautiful niece to be erected:—

'Its outer walls of crimson stuff, richly embroidered, were spread to a vast extent, enclosing a garden and a basin of water, laid out with great skill and labour. The pavilion itself was erected on three poles, the fly or roof of which covered a large space, so that constant shade was thrown over the apartment which it contained; and this was lined with the most beautiful Cashmerian shawls, which had been worked on purpose in the looms of that country; the sides and walls had been perforated in devices like lace or trellis work, allowing the smallest breeze free access within. The floor of this apartment, which had been raised some two feet from the level of the ground, was overlaid with carpets of the most beautiful colours and patterns, also manufactured at Cashmere, and presented nothing to the tread of an unshod foot but the softest and thickest wool, whilst thick *nummuds*, or felts, were profusely spread all round for seats. In the corner was a magnificent black velvet pillow, embroidered with small pearls at the two extremities, and terminated by tassels of larger pearls. Immediately before it a small fountain was made to throw up constant streams, which refreshed the air, the borders of which were ornamented by fresh flowers, and by a succession of fruits piled in bowls.

'The day had scarcely dawned, and the east was just lightly tinged with the beautiful crimsons peculiar to Persian skies, when a female form was seen making the last prostration of the Mahomedan prayer in one

Digitized by Google

one corner of this pavilion. No pen could ever define the beauty, the bewitching air of innocence and dignity which pervaded her whole person. She was fast ripening into womanhood, but her forms were almost infantine; different from the generality of her countrywomen, she was fair, at least she might be so called, where all are decidedly dark; her hair, flowing down her back and over her temples in the greatest profusion, was brown, but rendered auburn by a slight tinge of *khenna;* her skin was whiter, and of a more delicate texture, than that of the most refined Circassian; and her eyes were of so dark a blue that they were occasionally taken for the usual black eye of the country, and being deeply set, they possessed a double force of expression. Her movements were full of grace. There was an earnestness in every thing she said, which enhanced the value of each word, and gave her an appearance of sincerity unusual to her countrywomen. She was richly though simply dressed, in the costume of spring, that is, chiefly in shawls, which were disposed in folds round her person; whilst rows of buttons, each possessing a stone of value, drew tight to her shape the short but graceful vest which covered her body. Her head-dress was composed of a turban of shawl, of a round and picturesque form, two long tresses, after the fashion of Persia, falling from her temples in rich clusters nearly as low as the swell of her bosom. This fair creature was the Princess Amima. Possessing an almost unbounded sway over her uncle, she never took advantage of it but for the best of purposes, always tempering her zeal in favour of the unfortunate victims of his rage or ambition, by a wisdom and discretion beyond her years; and which, in fact, was the secret of her influence. She was almost adored as a saint by the whole country, particularly by those who immediately surrounded the person of the monarch. This young creature, as indeed all Persian girls do, had lived in such total exclusion from the world, that she had never spoken to man save her uncle, her brother, and the attendants of the seraglio, and consequently her heart had never known any stronger emotion of affection than for one or two of her own sex. Her mother had died when she was very young; and excepting an old nurse, whom she always called Dedeh, and her companion or waiting-maid Mariam, both of whom she loved with the greatest affection, she had no attachments.'—vol. i., p. 65-69.

The Princess, and her attendant, Mariam, are both eager, after saying their prayers, to avail themselves of the permission which the Shah had given them to walk about unaccompanied by their usual guardians.

'"We are really like mice in a cage," exclaimed Mariam, as she surveyed the rocks which surrounded them. "We might try to get out, but it would be in vain; for, excepting at the entrance on the other side, where the guards are posted, there does not seem to be a hole to put one's head into." "No," said the Princess, "never was there seen a more complete anderoon than this; 'tis one of the stupendous

Digitized by Google

stupendous works of Allah! See the rocks rise round us like a *serperdeh**."

'As they proceeded they came to a small projection, within which they observed a very narrow pass which had been hidden from their view, the rocks lapping over each other, like the folds of an Indian screen, and keeping that hidden which could only be seen by a near approach. Without hesitation they proceeded to explore what they at first took for a cavity, but as they advanced, the passage continued to wind onwards, until it stopped almost abruptly; but there was a narrow part of the rocks which had been formed by nature into an easy ascent, and adopted as a path by the wild goats, and which gradually led from the intricacy of the channel into some more open space. At first the maidens, as shy as the antelopes themselves, seemed uncertain whether they should proceed; but, taking courage from the total seclusion of the scene, and impelled by their natural eagerness and curiosity, they ventured to ascend, turning their eyes upwards with looks full of interest towards the perpendicular rocks overhead, which opened new forms to their view at each step they took. As they ascended they found their path bordered with mountain flowers, which, as they gathered, invited them onwards; they now saw more of the blue sky, and at length stepping over a huge rock, which had appeared to overhang their heads from the lowermost point of their path, they at once stood upon an eminence which overlooked an immense range of wild and savage country. In the extreme distance were seen the crests of the forest trees, which in one deep and impenetrable mass clothed the sides of the mountains that surround the Caspian Sea, and form the boundaries of the province of Mazanderan. A wild intermixture of low wood, rock, soil, and broken country took up the intermediate space, forming a chase celebrated throughout Persia for the variety of wild animals with which it abounds, and a well-known resort of its kings for the purposes of hunting. The majestic and snow-capped Cone of Demawend was seen to the westward, stretching its beautiful lines of ascent into the intervening lines of other surrounding mountains, and gave at once a character of grandeur, to what without it would be a dreary, chilling waste. No sound was heard save the shrill note of the hawk, or occasionally high in air the heavy cry of the eagle, which might be seen winding in graceful circles its descent upon its prey. The maidens, who had never before found themselves in so lone and unprotected a situation, remained awe-struck at the view before them, and scarcely ventured to address each other.

'"Only let us advance to yonder rock," said the confidant, "and then we will retrace our steps. We shall certainly see strange sights from it." They proceeded cautiously about a hundred yards farther to a rock which held a conspicuous place in the foreground, and which by its projecting top would seem to afford shelter from the sun as well as the night air. They had scarcely turned an abrupt angle

* The serperdeh is the wall of canvas which surrounds the royal tents.

when

Digitized by Google

when they heard, or thought they heard, the growl of a dog. Advancing a few steps, their apprehensions were realized; for they not only heard the bark distinctly, but saw a dog rise from the ground, where it had been lying, and almost immediately after, a man's form extended on the ground, apparently asleep. A hawk, hoodwinked, was perched immediately over him.

'The first impulse of both the maidens was to make a rapid retreat; but the bark of the dog having awakened the man, he immediately arose and advanced towards them. Amima, after recovering her fright, covered herself with her veil, though not before he had fully gazed upon her face; Mariam was too much pleased with the appearance of the stranger to feel unhappy. He was in fact a youth of the most prepossessing appearance. His shape was that of great manliness, agility, and strength; the breadth of his shoulders showed to advantage the slimness of his waist, his whole frame being poised most symmetrically upon legs formed as though they had been sculptured. Features cast in a mould of great regularity, and animated by the expression of sense and goodness, would have been at all times his best introduction; but in this instance they produced so magical an effect that fear gave way to confidence, and suspicion to goodwill. He was dressed in the costume of Mazanderan. His cap was placed on the side of his head, with hair in curl behind the ears; a short vest fitted tight to his body by a belt, and descended to his knees; a dagger was on his thigh, and a staff in his hand; a small hatchet was inserted within his girdle. With looks full of deference he approached the Princess and her attendant, and said, in the softest accent, "Be not in fear of me; I am your slave; tell me, as you fear Allah, where I am, in order that I may retrace my steps homeward. I have lost my way—benighted as I was last night, I passed my night under this rock, and now know not where I am."
—vol. i., p. 71-79.

The parley proceeds for a few minutes, Mariam, who penetrates the feelings of her mistress, insisting on hearing who the stranger is:—

'The youth, still with hesitation on his lips, and admiration and astonishment in his whole manner, was about to answer, when suddenly an antelope bounded by, apparently sorely pressed, and shortly after the trampling of horses' hoofs was heard, with the shouts of huntsmen. Several shots were then fired in the direction in which the trio stood. The interruption was so unexpected, so sudden, that the youth had scarcely time to throw himself before the Princess, to screen her from harm, when a horseman on full speed, passing the angle of the rock before mentioned, forgot his chase as he discovered them, and stopped, by one vigorous effort on his horse's rein. The consternation which seized Amima and her attendant, on discovering who it was, was so great, that it deprived them of all power of speech and action, and half fainting, half dragging themselves along, they hid themselves like frightened birds before the hawk, behind the rock which effectually screened them from the gaze of the men. The youth,

Digitized by Google

youth, in the meanwhile, having very soon discovered the peril of his situation, and before whom he now stood (for it was the Shah himself) drew up to his full height, and put himself in an attitude, which while it bespoke his independence, at the same time announced his determination to defend himself. The first impulse of the king was immediately to cry out with all his might to his attendants "Seize him—slay him!" and immediately the foremost dismounting from their horses, ran to put his orders into execution; as they approached their victim, he said, "Keep off, in the name of the Prophet keep off." Again the king exclaimed, "Sons of dogs! why do you delay? what news is this? whose dog is this? *bekoush! bekoush!* kill, kill."

'The youth finding that there was no chance of escape, for his assailants had now completely hemmed him in on every side, exclaimed with a loud voice, "Avaunt! desist! I am Zohrab!"

'This name acted like a spell upon those who heard it. The King himself was now as anxious to save as he had been to destroy the stranger, and ordered a cessation of the attack with as much vociferation as he had before urged it on. Every mouth was now hushed, and every eye turned towards him. At length, after eyeing him for some time from head to foot, the King exclaimed, "So this is Zohrab! O well done, my good fortune! Zohrab is in my power! This is he with a burnt father, who has so long laughed at our beards. By the head of the Shah, by the soul of Ali, let us give thanks to Allah! Well done, my good fortune!"

'All this while the youth kept a firm and steady countenance, and although he now stood in face of the bitterest enemy of his father and his family, yet he exhibited such a manliness and bravery of appearance, that no one could see him without a feeling of respect. "How came you here?" said the King to his prisoner in a taunting tone. "You less than man! What have you to do hitherwards?" "What shall I say?" said Zohrab. "My evil star led me hither; of my own accord I came not." "If you do not fear the Shah, at least respect the Coorook.* What had you to do with yonder women? Speak, before your tongue is cut out!" "I have no news to give either of the Coorook, or of the Shah, or of the women. I was hunting—my hawk fled from me—I pursued him—I was benighted. The morning found me asleep under this rock—on awaking, I found two women standing before me—and shortly after I was surrounded by armed men. That is my history—what else can I say?"

'By this time the rage of the tyrant, which to this moment he had in great measure suppressed, broke out upon witnessing the apparent coolness and indifference of his prisoner. "Dog's son! child of an unclean parent! ill born, ill begotten slave!" said he; "is it thus you speak to the Shah? You die not, but you shall live to misery. I will cut your accursed family into a thousand morsels; dogs shall defile their graves; aye, the graves of your grandfathers and grandmothers,

* The 'warning off'—the proclamation against coming within a certain distance of the royal harem in progress.

and

Digitized by Google

and all their ancestors. Take him, seize him," roared he to his guard; "give him the shoe on the mouth if he speaks; tie him with the cameltie, and lead him straight to the camp. Give him to the chief tent-pitcher, and let every tent-pitcher, one after the other, go and spit in his face; and then I will think of further acts of uncleanness to inflict upon him." Upon this he rode off, and such was the violence of his rage that he totally forgot the two unfortunate women, who were entranced with fears almost mortal at all they had heard, as they stood trembling behind the rock.'—vol. i., p. 81-85.

The fates of Zohrab and Amima are now of course fixed; but the course of their true love has many a formidable barrier to burst ere it reaches the certain termination. The hero of Mazanderan is retained in durance by the Shah, as the *hostage* of his tribe, whose submission is expected as the price of his release. He is committed to the care of the chief executioner—an officer in Persia, as in most Oriental countries, of high rank and importance, whose house conveniently abuts on the outer wall of the *ark* or citadel of Teheran, where the Shah and Amima have their ordinary residence. That, placed so near each other, the lovers should find some means or other to speed their soft intercourse, is what every one anticipates; that there should be a rival fair one to contest the affections of the Hostage—and that the enamoured and jealous daughter of his excellency the chief executioner should perplex effectually the affairs of volume the first to its close—all this is equally in the course of things. It would be unfair of us to do more than indicate lightly the stages of such a narrative.

In the second volume, Teheran is visited by a solemn embassy from the insurgents of Mazanderan, eager to accomplish the deliverance of their idolized champion. The first reception of these envoys by the Shah might be quoted entire as another vivid picture of real manners; we have room only for a fragment:—

'The subjection of Mazanderan had long been the object of the Shah's policy, and anxious to impress his former friend and rival, Zaul Khan, with an idea of his greatness, he determined to receive him with the utmost magnificence. The years which had elapsed since they met, had left but a slight impression upon their respective minds of each other's person. Upon the frame and countenance of an eunuch, an appearance of premature age settles the cast of his features even from youth, and the changes are not so strong as upon the man, whose beard, like the verdant foliage of nature, shows by the variety of its tints through which of the seasons of his career the owner of it is then passing. The Shah's superior good fortune, his rise from being a wanderer and an adventurer to the possession of a throne, were subjects in his mind of great exultation; and as he thought that success is always the test of merit, although his ostensible creed was that it was the gift of fate, so he longed to exhibit himself

Digitized by Google

self to his coming guest in all the glory with which his fortune had clothed him.

'The Shah was dressed so entirely with jewelry, that as the sun glanced upon him, the eye could scarcely meet the refulgence. His sword was placed across his knees; nothing could exceed the richness of its belt and sheath; a resplendent dagger glittered in a girdle of incalculable value, whilst he was backed by a pillow, so inlaid with precious stones, that it looked like a work of mosaic. But with all this his appearance was scarcely human; a dressed skeleton would have filled his place as well; at best he became a living illustration of the vanity of life. The jewels in which his person was incased, were contrasted with the ghastliness of his features, whilst those same features seemed to destroy the value of the jewelry.

'But still how dreaded a king was he to his subjects! There was something so uncommon in the circumstance of a being, so degraded in his person, raising himself to kingly power, that that circumstance alone gave a character of the marvellous to his appearance, and surrounded him by feelings of awe and mystery, highly conducive to the establishment of his power.

'The master of ceremonies proclaimed with an audible voice, "that the chiefs of Asterabad and the elders of the Turcomans, having arrived with presents to the king of kings, claimed permission to rub their foreheads against the threshold of his gate, and place themselves at his disposal." The Shah upon this was just on the point of saying the usual "*Khosh amedeed!*" you are welcome, when his ferocious eye in an instant flashed unexpected fire, and his whole features assumed an expression of doubt and suspicion. In countries where the blessings of freedom are known, the expression of the king's face is not scrutinized with the same degree of interest, as it is in those unhappy regions, where the contracted brow, the bitten lip, and the indignant attitude, acting like a barometer of public security, tell at once that danger is gathering in the political horizon . . . . .

'There was a certain twitching of his hideous mouth, an occasional uplifting of his scanty eye-brow, and a small vibration of his large ears, which the initiated in his looks well knew portended mischief. As the first indications of rage in the tiger, the stiffened bristles of the nose, the stretching of the limbs, and the outspreading of the claws, put the keeper on his guard, so the Vizier, and his own immediate attendants, instantly armed their minds with ready wit, and their nerves with fresh strength.'—vol. ii., p. 109.

The cause of this rising rage is, that the king has not discovered Zaul, the father of Zohrab, and his own former friend, among the members of the deputation. He is pacified by the assurance that the chief of Asterabad has been detained by sickness, and will follow immediately; but meantime Zaul has already arrived in Teheran, in the disguise of a dervish or faquir, which character he sustains, with admirable effect, through several of the most interesting

Digitized by Google

resting chapters of the second volume. The end of it is, that the pretended holy man obtains, in virtue of his supernatural knowledge and piety, access even to the recesses of the royal *anderoon*—penetrates the secret of an illness which is by this time preying on Amima, to the despair of the Shah—and, being consulted on similar grounds by the disappointed daughter of his son's jailer, finds the means of passing a night in the house where he is confined, and emancipates Zohrab. The other Turcomans have all their horses in readiness, and daylight satisfies the Shah how pertinaciously and deliberately 'his beard has been laughed at.'

In the course of examining into the conduct of the chief executioner, whose prisoner has escaped, the hunchback leaper arrives, and places in the Shah's hand an armlet, which had just been found in the deserted chamber of Zohrab:—

'The Shah had no sooner received it into his own hand and cast his eyes upon it, than his whole nature seemed to undergo a quick revulsion. It was his turn now to tremble—but it was the tremor of jealousy, of rage, of abhorrence, of maddening fury. Breathing short, and evincing much prostration of strength, he said slowly to the Humpback—"So you found this in Zohrab's room?" "As I am your sacrifice," said the crafty wretch, "I did." "And where?" "Near the youth's pillow," answered he, with a significant look. The king drank these words as if poison had been mixed with them. He said nothing. His head sank dejectedly on his breast. Every sort of feeling, from the deepest tenderness to the most deadly revenge, ran in quick succession through his frame. At one moment his beautiful and retiring niece stood before his imagination in all the modesty of her nature; at another he saw her in the arms of his young prisoner, whilst he felt that he himself was the object of their derision. It was but a short time since with his own hands he had given her the armlet, which had belonged to her father: to find it restored to him in this manner, and with this story attached to it, was more than he could bear. His first impulse was to order instant execution upon her who had excited his wrath; but so malignant were his present feelings, that he seemed to have pleasure in dwelling upon them, in order that he might devise a more sweet and perfect revenge. The pause, the awful pause, which ensued during these his cogitations was felt by those present as if they stood on the verge of eternity—as if they were awaiting the signature of their death-warrant, so sure were they that none but the most dire results could accrue from the delay. The eyes of all present were turned towards the dreaded awarder of their fate, in deep and breathless silence: it seemed as a mockery upon their misery, if the leaves of the surrounding trees even ventured to be agitated by the breeze, or the splashing fountains to throw out their refreshing waters.'—vol. ii. p. 256.

We pass over a scene of horrible ferocity, and follow the eunuch to his private apartments, where he is alone with the *Goozoo*.

'During

Digitized by Google

'During the whole of the public audience, his thoughts had been entirely absorbed in the history of the *bazubend*, which, as if it were a piece of live coal within the folds of his garment, appeared burning for revenge. Now that he was free from other cares, he reverted to this, with a degree of savage eagerness, which spoke how entirely it had taken possession of his mind. "You found it near the pillow, did you?" said the Shah. "As I am your sacrifice, I did," said the humpback. "Did you remark any thing else," enquired the King. "Nothing," said the humpback: "but—" "But—what?" roared the agitated monarch.—"Your slave does not venture to say what he has heard," said the crafty barber, with assumed backwardness. "Speak, wretch," said the king, his eyes almost starting from their sockets; "speak, ere I cut your tongue out." "As I am your sacrifice," said the other, "I was informed that a man was seen descending from the turret on that same night."

'Upon hearing this, the Shah, without giving himself time to make more inquiries, gasped for breath. His senses appeared to be totally and entirely bewildered; he was as weak as a child, and his ferocity seemed for a moment to have forsaken him. All he could utter was —"Send for the Khajeh Bashi."* At the sight of this officer, who was ever in close attendance, and who immediately made his appearance, shaking from fear, all his violence returned, and with a screech, more like the tones of an animal than that of a human voice, he said —"Pander! there has been a man in the harem!" The wretched creature to whom this was addressed so shook from head to foot, that his tongue refused to do its office. His jaw vibrated, and that was all. "Speak!—where have been your eyes?—a man was seen descending from the turret!" said the Shah, the words scarcely finding utterance from his choaking throat. "A man!—*Astafarrallah!*—Heaven forbid," said the poor wretch. "We know nothing of him. By the head of the Shah—by the salt of the King—your slave falls from the skies. What news is this!"

'By this time the deputy of the Khajeh Bashi had also been brought in, and he being a man of nerve, said, with all the humility possible, that if any thing of the sort had taken place, it must have been when there was so much difficulty in making way to the turret chamber through the Banou's apartment, when the Shah last visited the lady Amima. These words excited all the Shah's curiosity, and when the chief guardian, upon recollection, confessed that he had seen a collection of shawls tied together, hanging from the window frame in the turret, and that he had suspected that all was not right, conviction flashed upon the Shah's mind that the sacred precincts of his harem had been betrayed, and that his niece was guilty.

'"She dies!—she dies!" he was constantly repeating to himself, as he rested his head on his hands, occasionally rising from his seat and walking to and fro. He devised many schemes for putting his intention into execution, but none accorded with his feelings. He

* The chief eunuch of the harem.

Digitized by Google

thought of the turret as a fitting place to hurl her from; but he dreaded lest her cries might alarm the harem, who would rise in her favour. At one moment his fury roused him to do the deed himself. At another, he would have seen it perpetrated before his eyes, in order that he might enjoy her sufferings; but when the moment for decision came, he found that in fact he was afraid of confronting her, so much did he feel how completely he was in her power when they were face to face.

'At length he made up his mind as to the best mode of effecting his purpose, and this was, to order her destruction without again seeing her. Sadek* was a man in whose fidelity he knew he could trust, for he had never deceived him. His dogged resolution and courage were proof against everything, and to him he determined to entrust the accomplishment of this dark deed. Accordingly he summoned him, and when he had ascertained that they were entirely alone and no ears within hearing, he caused him to approach almost within whispering distance, and then in a low and suppressed tone—with all that earnestness of manner for which he was famous—"Sadek," he said, "I have ever been satisfied with thy services. Thy King now requires a proof of thy devotion, which he can entrust to none other than thee." The words which he was about to utter appeared to choke him. Calling up a long-drawn sigh, and using great violence upon himself, he said—"Amima dies! I have said it. Take her hence this night—never let me see her more. Go—show her this—(giving him the armlet)—it will explain all.—Go." He would have said more, but respiration almost failed him. Sadek, in wild consternation, would have answered and remonstrated at this cruel order; but the king made him signs, such as belong to a maniac, to be gone: and knowing what the reaction might be if he pressed the matter too hard, he kissed the ground and left the presence.'—vol. ii., p. 272-278.

Here the youthful reader of Mr. Morier's pages will feel a throbbing pulse. We, alas! are qualified to console ourselves with a quotation from Crabbe:—

'Time have I lent—I would the debt were less—
To flowery pages of sublime distress;
And to the heroine's soul-distracting fears
I early gave my sixpences and tears.
Much have I feared—but am no more afraid—
When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betrayed,
Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
That she anticipates some dreadful deed.
Not so do I!—Let solid walls impound
The captive fair, and dig a moat around—
Let there be brazen locks, and bars of steel—
And keepers cruel—such as never feel.

* Sadek was the *valet de chambre* by whose hand Aga Mohamed died.

With

Digitized by Google

With not a single *note* the purse supply;
And when she begs let men and maids deny:
Be windows, those from which she dares not fall,
And help so distant 'tis in vain to call:
Still means of freedom will some power devise,
And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize.'

From this hour the Shah is never heard to breathe the name of Amima—who is supposed by him, and by all the world but Sadek, to have died in obedience to his command. The mode of her preservation, and most of the circumstances that follow it, are drawn, we must say, from the old magazine of romantic *properties*—

'Nota magis nulli domus est sua quam mihi lucus
Martis, et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum—
Expectes eadem à summo minimoque poetâ.'

The tidings of her fate plunge Zohrab, it needs not to be said, into indescribable affliction, from which he recovers only to nerve his arm for the last struggle of Mazanderan, now about to be assaulted by the outraged Shah in person, at the head of an army which the insurgents can scarcely flatter themselves with the slightest hope of resisting.

The events of this expedition form the chief materials of the third volume—and the ambuscades, surprises, single combats, and battles of all sorts, which are made to bring out the chivalrous prowess of Zohrab, might furnish, had we room, a series of extracts not surpassed even by the splendid panorama of Persian warfare in the pages of '*The Kuzzilbash.*'

In the midst of the tumultuous warfare of this volume, the Shah, a thorough soldier, appears to high advantage,—equally prudent in planning and brave in executing; indeed, so decidedly superior to all about him, that we begin to wonder whether we are reading of the same personage that had moved emotions so different throughout the preceding part of the tale. Of a sudden our old acquaintance re-appears:—he discovers, that his most intimate confidant, the Goozoo—the humpbacked barber—has been tampered with by the insurgents, and has sold an important piece of intelligence to an emissary of Zohrab. This discovery takes place while the Shah is on his march through the frontier forest; and the short scene which ensues appears to us one of the most masterly in the book:—

'The Shah sat for some time wrapt in thought. At length he exclaimed, "Send for the humpback!" and looking upward to the summit of an enormous pine tree, which had been struck by lightning, he said, "and bid one of the executioner's gang be in readiness at hand with a rope." An awful fear ran through the by-standers as they heard these words, strongly enhanced by the wildness of the scenery around them. There sat the king, coiled up as it were in the

Digitized by Google

folds of his power, like the dragon of the wilderness spreading terror around; above him reared the towering stem of the pine, scathed and blackened, overtopping all the trees of the forest, stretching out its burnt and withered branches in stiff and rigid outlines, and presenting no bad emblem of the withered person of the Shah himself.

'He had not waited long ere the culprit appeared, making protestations with his wonted ease, but rather perplexed at the suddenness of the call, and much more surprised at seeing the number of people collected at so unusual an hour. "Stand forth!" said the Shah.—These words, uttered with a solemn voice, made the traitor's heart sink within him: and as he stood alone, and disengaged from the rest of the crowd, he made his lowest inclination.—"Hear the words of the king: listen to his question, and answer as you hope for salvation. There was once a dog; a dog, mangy, ill-savoured, and of broken fortunes; the refuse of its species; despised by men, avoided by other beasts; one man only in the world felt compassion for its sufferings; he took it in, fed it, cherished it, placed every confidence in it; made it the guardian of his house, and the companion of his hours. Long did this go on, disinterested kindness on the one hand, apparent undeviating fidelity on the other; when one day, for a piece of dainty meat, not a bit more dainty than what it got at home, did the ungrateful beast betray his benefactor's trust. What ought to be done to such a beast? Speak, O man! speak."

'The humpback's fears were excited to such a degree that he could scarcely utter; he looked with a supplicating face around, to see if he could discover a friendly countenance—the whole scene was that of ominous despair. "Speak!" said the Shah in a voice of thunder. "As I am your sacrifice," said the wretched man, "your slave knows nothing. He has fallen from the clouds. Whatever the Shah ordains is right." "Art thou that dog," said the Shah; "speak, yes or no?" "What does your slave know? He is less than a dog, or even the meanest reptile that crawls, before the face of the asylum of the universe; but, as Allah is in Heaven, as Mahomed the blessed is his prophet, and as Mohamed Shah is the shadow of God upon earth, your slave has done nought, save to pray daily for the happiness and prosperity of the sovereign of Irân." "So is it?" said the Shah, with a most incredulous face. "As I am less than the least, it is," answered the humpback, stroking his beard and face down into as open an expression as possible. "What does *this* mean," said the Shah, holding the letter out to him? The humpback looked at it with astonishment, and having read it, delivered it back to the Shah, saying, "As I am your slave, its contents are totally unknown to me." "Search him!" said the Shah, "whatever is found in his pockets bring to our presence." Upon hearing this, the poor wretch broke out into a cold sweat, his knees knocked under him, and he could say nothing, but "*cheezi nist*," —there is nothing. However, in the very pocket, where he had first deposited it, there was found among other papers the original note which he had received from Zohrab.

'No

Digitized by Google

'No sooner had the Shah read it, than without saying another word, and with an ominous fierceness of manner, he pointed upwards to the withered pine-tree, and straightway an executioner's officer was seen ascending with a rope to throw over its highest branch, whilst others seized with ruthless hand upon the condemned traitor.

'One must have heard them to conceive the piercing cries that issued from that small body. As soon as he perceived the fate that awaited him, he gave utterance to the most heart-rending lamentations. He threw himself upon the ground before the Shah, in attitudes the most abject; he begged for life, as if it were sweeter to him than to any one else; he entreated Zulma, the ferashes, Ali, any one and every one around, to intercede for him; in short, so miserable a spectacle of human woe and human weakness was scarcely ever seen. But all would not do. When everything was ready, and the rope about his neck, at a signal from the king, the ill-fated man was drawn up with the rapidity of lightning to the highest branch, and there he swung to and fro, a future feast to the vultures, and an intended beacon to the enemy, warning him not to trust for the future to a traitor's interference.

'The whole scene was full of awe, and as the blast swept through the forest glades, and agitated the tops of the highest trees, the withered branches of the pine creaked, and as it were moaned over the forsaken corpse which they bore. The uplifted faces of the assembled crowd, looking their last at the well-known form of the creature who not an hour before had been their dread, the stern figure of the king, and the silence which reigned, altogether produced a solemn and impressive effect.'—vol. iii. p. 158-165.

The fall and massacre of Asterabad—the death of Zaul Khan—the capture and condemnation of Zohrab—and an angry interview between the Shah and his nephew Fatteh Ali, who arrives too late to partake in the assault of Asterabad, but, on hearing of the murder of his sister, reproaches his uncle in fierce despair, and is also ordered into fetters—these incidents, which follow each other with breathless rapidity of effect, bring every interest that has been stirred to a point;—and then every knot is cut at once by the assassination of Aga Mohamed himself, by the hands of his attendants.

'A small lamp burnt in their room, by the light of which Sadek, with a gloomy determination overspreading his features, inspected the fatal dagger—a long Georgian *khanjar*, made of the highest tempered steel. Not daring to speak, scarcely to breathe, they communicated to each other by signs. They did not take off their clothes; both had prepared themselves for immediate flight as soon as the deed was over, and horses were ready saddled waiting for them at a moment's notice.

'The hour of midnight, for which they had been watching with nervous expectation, at length was announced by the sentinels on the city

Digitized by Google

city walls, and then indeed their courage was put to the test. Sadek's rose in proportion as Hussein's fell. The youth was scarcely alive, still he kept as steady a countenance as he could, and looked at his dagger. Sadek arose, and trimmed the waning lamp, his face exhibiting to the timid Hussein features full of stern resolution. "*Biah*, come! *wakt shoud!* It is his time," said Sadek. "One minute," said Hussein, his heart totally failing him. At that moment they heard an audible sigh from the Shah. "In the name of the Prophet, what's that?" said the youth. "Come on," said Sadek fiercely, "otherwise thy heart shall feel this," brandishing his weapon in his face. He then led on, and slowly opening the door of the Shah's apartment, entered without making the least noise; but Hussein, in his excessive agitation, stumbled over the high threshold, and awoke the king. "What's that?" exclaimed his shrill voice. "Who goes there?"

'Seating himself upright in his bed he perceived Sadek. "Sadek!" roared he, "what do you seek?" and at once perceiving his intention, "Stop! or ye die." "Die yourself," said Sadek; "I come for thy blood ere thou takest mine." "I'll give you all you ask," said the king, groping about for his arms. "I am your king! all ye desire take." "We want nothing but justice," said Sadek, "and this it is;" upon which he aimed a deadly blow at the king, which he parried with his arm; the king then raised his voice, and seeking safety in flight around the room, he dodged his assassin with considerable dexterity. He had just seized his sword, when Sadek, watching his opportunity, plunged the dagger in the very inmost recesses of his heart. He fell, and as the stream of life flowed rapidly from the gaping wound, all he could articulate was, "I am the Shah—I—I—Shah—Shah—." And thus fell the scourge of Persia's fair kingdom, and of her soft and thoughtless sons.'—vol. iii. p. 278—280.

His nephew mounts the throne amidst the acclamations of all classes; and Zohrab, delivered from his dungeon, receives the hand of the lady Amima, who appears at the right moment, her charms nothing impaired by half-a-year's seclusion in the recesses of the desert.

We have selected for extracts such passages as might, in our opinion, justify our praises of the novel, without materially interfering with the pleasure which the perusal of the work itself is calculated to afford. We are persuaded that if its author were to write a novel of English manners of his own day, he could hardly miss to produce a decided re-action in the public taste;—even on eastern ground, we think it hardly possible that the compactness and life of his fable, and the grace of his language, should fail of contributing largely to that desirable issue.*

ART.

* From the condemnation which we have bestowed on most of the novels lately published in London, we must take this opportunity of marking one remarkable exception.

Digitized by Google

ART. VI.—*The History of Charlemagne.* By G. P. R. James, Esq. pp. 510. 8vo. London. 1832.

THE age of Charlemagne is a noble subject for an historian. It is the first great period of transition from the ancient into the modern social system; the final dissolution of the old Roman —the dawn of modern European civilization. The name of Rome yet possessed so much traditionary awe, that the great barbarian conqueror, whose armies were at once upon the Elbe, the Danube, the Ebro, and the Po, condescended to strengthen his hold on his vast dominions, and his authority over the minds of his multifarious subjects, by assuming the title of successor to the Emperors of the West. The cities, not only of Italy but of Gaul, preserved the Roman municipal institutions, and the provincial forms of magistracy; the Roman law maintained a co-ordinate authority with the new barbaric codes, or infused into those codes some portion of its wiser and more humane spirit; the Roman became the predominant element in those modern languages, which were formed from the fusion of Latin with the Teutonic dialects. Above all, Christianity, the adopted religion of imperial Rome, remained, the great connecting bond between the two periods of society; though itself strongly coloured by the prevailing barbarism of the times, yet slowly subduing that barbarism; by degrees, bringing the successive hordes of fierce warriors from the North and the East within the pale of civilization, and laying the foundation of a moral dominion over the whole European world, more extensive, and more permanent than the temporal sovereignty of the Cæsars. On the other hand, the enfeebled race of the Roman provincials had been renewed to courage and martial energy by the infusion of barbaric blood, or rather by the superinduction of a military caste, if powerful to oppress, still valiant to defend. A warrior aristocracy had become the owners or the terri-

ception. The authoress of 'Carwell' has, indeed, had recourse to materials, the effect of which, in any less delicate hand, must have been horrible and revolting; but she has had the art to use even them without touching anything more painful than 'the sacred source of sympathetic tears.' It is a little tale, in every page of which we feel the efficacy of an imagination equally strong and feminine. The language is simple—a world apart from the stilted exaggerations in vogue—and every sentiment speaks the warmth of a good heart and the elevation of a graceful genius.

There is another recent book which many readers, taking it for a novel, may think worthy of being separated from the million of its class. But the 'Younger Son' is not a work of fiction. It is, we are assured, a fragment of the Autobiography of a man of remarkable talents, who has chosen to live a most extraordinary life, and to describe its incidents with, considering their character, a most extraordinary measure of fidelity. With Mr. Trelawney's general strain of opinion and sentiment it is impossible not to be grieved and pained; but the facts he narrates, and the eloquence of his style, are such, that when his book is completed, we shall feel it our duty to treat of it separately, and at some length. He has not yet reached what we expect to find the most interesting part of his story—the detail of his adventures in Greece, and more especially of his intercourse with Lord Byron.

torial

Digitized by Google

torial superiors of the soil. Though the complete system of feudal service, and the institutions of chivalry, which the Romantic poets assign to the age of Charlemagne, were of a later period, their first principles were already in operation; and the Leudes, or military chieftains, the descendants of the free Frankish conquerors, ever ready to obey the summons of their monarch to the field, tyrannized over and protected the old provincial population, which still cultivated the land. Though the titles of many of the officers in the court, and still more in the provincial government of Charlemagne, were Roman, the character of his administration was that of a northern barbaric conqueror. He was the elective head of a vast tribe of free warriors, who obeyed him, from the awe and the respect due as well to his personal prowess as to his commanding mind. Though the accomplished monarch was master of many languages, that of his court at Aix-la-Chapelle or Worms was almost unadulterated Teutonic. Even the Christianity of the age began to partake of the sterner character; the conversion of the Saxons was enforced, not so much by the zeal and eloquence of the missionary, as by the sword of the conqueror. It was a baptism of blood that brought the fierce foresters into the pale of the church.

It is this alliance between the inert stability of the old Roman civilization, and the stirring energy of Teutonic barbarism, which at once gives its character to the age of Charlemagne, and entitles his name to mark a most important epoch in the history of Europe. His empire, like that of Alexander, was dismembered, and broken into many fragments, soon after his death; but it had already achieved its great end. Though, to the superficial reader, it may seem an insulated tract of history, bearing little relation to, as having exercised little influence over, that which followed,—as it were, a short and premature, though splendid, spring, breaking out in the dead winter of the darkest ages, and leaving behind no effect from its warmth or vivifying energy; yet, by those who look deeper, it will be contemplated in a very different light. The æra of Charlemagne will appear not merely, as it were, the turning point in the fortune of the world, but as having laid the foundation of the social system of Europe, re-opened the intercourse between the more remote provinces, and established a kind of federal relation between the separate kingdoms, which, rising out of the dismemberment of his empire, formed the national commonwealth of Christendom. As though they were conscious of having once been limbs of the same body, they retained a sort of political unity; and, though with perpetually jarring and colliding interests within themselves, might coalesce,—as was afterwards the case at the Crusades,—

Digitized by Google

Crusades,—in one league against a foreign and misbelieving enemy.

Before the epoch of Charlemagne, Europe seemed to be doomed to a succession of invasions, each more disastrous and desolating than the last, until every vestige of social order and social improvement should be destroyed, and the highly cultivated, the richly adorned, the wisely governed, the civilized empire of Rome should become a wild Scythian desert, and the whole human race retrograde to a savage state. As yet, the admission of the conquering barbarians into the bosom of the empire, and the subduing them, in some degree, to order and humanity, and to the tenets of a purer religion, had afforded no security. No sooner had Goths and Vandals, and the other earlier invaders, either settled down into subjects of the empire, or erected independent thrones, than, in their turn, they were overrun by new swarms; they lay prostrate before hosts which, coming, as it were, from the darker depths of the northern forests, or the Tartarian steppes, were each more rude, ferocious, and inhuman than the last. Wave after wave had rushed on and broken, and still the desolating flood seemed to pour forward in inexhaustible fury. Arabia threatened to complete what Scandinavia and Tartary had begun. The old Roman empire was in danger of being turned on its western flank by the still-advancing Mahometan; the fate of *Christian* Europe trembled in the balance; and if any hope of *civilization* remained, it seemed doubtful whether it would assume the oriental form, and become a splendid Asiatic despotism, or retain the germs of freedom and improvement inseparable from her own social institutions, from the independent character of the hardy foresters of Germany, now mingled with her population, and from her more liberal and expansive religion.

It could scarcely be expected that the nation of the Franks would stand forth as the saving bulwark of Christian Europe, so long as their sceptre slumbered in the feeble and effeminate hands of the later Merovingian kings. Yet, before the revolution which placed the Carlovingian race on the throne, Charles Martel, in his office of Maire du palais, had already arrested the torrent of Arabian conquest. The first of the Carlovingians laid the foundation of that empire, which ultimately raised, as it were, a solid breakwater against which barbarian invasion might rage in vain. But it remained for the indefatigable vigour of Charlemagne to throw back, on every side of his vast dominions, the enemies of Christianity and civilization, who never again penetrated, at least by land, to the kingdoms of the West. Internal disunion had already enfeebled the onset of Mahometanism from Spain, but Charlemagne

Digitized by Google

Charlemagne established the Ebro as the frontier of Christendom, from which the descendants of Pelayo gradually drove back the still-waning crescent. On the east, instead of patiently awaiting, and repelling the inroads of the idolatrous Saxons, or the Huns of Pannonia, the more enterprising representative of the western Empire carried his arms into the midst of the deserts which they had either made or inhabited, compelled them to the yoke of social order, and changed them from bands of predatory savages, ever ready to bear fire and sword upon the fruitful fields and flourishing cities of the Rhine, into regular communities and peaceful bishoprics, themselves hereafter to present a firm barrier or outwork against any succeeding invasion from the remoter North or East.

The empire of Charlemagne, of which Gibbon has given one of his rapid, brilliant, and comprehensive outlines, comprehended, with the exception of the larger part of the Spanish Peninsula and Great Britain, all those kingdoms, which, down to a comparatively recent period, have mingled in the politics of Europe. They seem, as it were, to have been qualified, by being the subjects of the western empire, to become members of the great Christian union. When they ceased to be united under one temporal monarchy, and when the successors to the imperial dignity of Charlemagne had shrunk into the sovereigns of the Germanic league, they still owned one spiritual dominion, and were, to a certain degree, held together by the religious supremacy of the popes. For it was the Italian conquests of Pepin and Charlemagne, and their close alliance with the Roman see, which permanently opened the whole of Europe to the domination of the Vatican. The popes stood on a new footing when they were recognized as the fathers of the Christian world by its acknowledged lord. The coronation of Charlemagne at Rome, not merely invested him with the traditionary reverence, which seemed still to be inseparable from the mantle of the Cæsars, but re-established Rome, as it were, as the capital, the chief seat of dignity in the western world, though the court of the Emperor was still held at Aix-la-Chapelle, or Paderborn, or Worms. The indefinite pretensions of the Roman pontiff to the religious allegiance of the nations were, for a time at least, strengthened by his becoming a territorial sovereign; and the ecclesiastical supremacy of the ancient mistress of the world was, perhaps, almost as influential as the claim of succession to St. Peter, in establishing the bishop of Rome as the acknowledged spiritual liege lord of Christendom. Nor must the advantages derived to Christianity at this period of human affairs, from its thus assuming the strength and vigorous administration of monarchical

Digitized by Google

monarchical power, he lost sight of, in the contemplation of evils, which, in a later age, arose out of its tyrannical despotism. At all events, this alliance between the monarch of the Franks and the Roman pontiff, is another remarkable illustration of that which we have ventured to lay down as the characteristic of the age of Charlemagne, the incorporation of the last remains of the old Roman institutions with the manners and usages of the northern barbarians; the blending the sacred reminiscences of ancient glory, power, and prosperity with the youthful hopes and splendid promises of the newly-developing form of society.*

Charlemagne himself was the type and representative of his age. His very stature was that of one of the gigantic barbarians, whose *magna corpora ad impetum tantùm valida* are described by Tacitus as distinctive of the Teutonic race. His abstemious and simple habits, his contempt of the pomp and splendid habiliments of a court, his insatiable love of war, the indefatigable activity with which every year he headed his armies on every frontier of his dominions, now in the depths of the German forests, now on the Spanish March, now delivering Italy, and now forcing the stockades of the Avars in Hungary; the relentless recklessness of human life, when a sterner policy seemed to demand it, shown in the massacre of the Saxons; the nobler feature of his respect for the popular assemblies of his free subjects—all these parts of his character belong to the barbarian chieftain of a half-civilized tribe, or confederation of tribes. He united the noble descent which his ancestors demanded of their kings, with the valour which they required of their military leaders. His *sovereignty* was limited by the independent spirit of his martial aristocracy; he led them to victory as much by his example as his authority. He commanded their admiration by his activity, by being ever conspicuous and in the front of the battle. In every respect he filled up the inimitable description of the royal qualifications required by the ancient Germans, which we have paraphrased from Tacitus—'Reges ex utilitate; duces ex virtute sumunt. Nec regibus infinita, aut libera potestas: et duces exemplo potius quam imperio: si prompti, si conspicui, si ante aciem agunt, admiratione præsunt.'

On the other hand, he had some of the better qualities, as well as the vices and imperfections, of a legitimate heir to the throne of the western Cæsars. His general humanity, his love of letters, his encouragement of the peaceful arts, his respect for the advancement of law and social order, which sometimes degenerated

* C'est sous son règne, et, pour ainsi dire, sous sa main, que s'est operée la secousse par laquelle la société Européenne, faisant volte face, est sortie des voies de la destruction pour entrer dans celles de la création.—*Guizot*, vol. ii. p. 304.

into

Digitized by Google

into a passion for minute legislative regulation;—his zeal for the propagation of Christianity, however at times conducted in a barbaric spirit, and condescending to be mingled up with the petty theological controversies of the day;—the almost Asiatic liberality with which he dispersed his favours among his numerous wives and concubines, and the dissoluteness of his family and court, which would no less have offended the severe virtue of his German ancestors, than the stricter morality of Christians in abetter age—when our point of view takes in these things, we discover in the Frankish monarch the legitimate successor of Justinian and Theodosius. Charlemagne, environed by his free and armed warriors in the Champ de Mai, and either presiding in or giving his sanction to a council of bishops, in solemn debate on a novel heresy; at the simple and abstemious meal of an ancient German, hearing lectures on astronomy and passages from St. Augustin; wearing ordinarily the coarse and shorter dress of his Frankish ancestors, at Rome putting on the tunic and chlamys of a patrician; hewing down Saxons with his battle-axe, and receiving on his throne the ambassadors of Haroun-al-Raschid, with their oriental gifts of an elephant, and a water-clock, and the keys of the holy sepulchre; now issuing regulations for the cultivation of his own *demesne*, now legislating for his vast empire; even in more trifling particulars; after the barbarian enjoyment of the chase, indulging in the luxury of a Roman bath—all these strongly contrasted incidents illustrate his remarkable position on the confines of each stage of civilization, and render his reign, as it were, the March or debateable ground between ancient and modern Europe.

Of the modern writers, who, as far as our information extends, have treated on the age of Charlemagne, the most comprehensive and philosophic view is that of M. Guizot, in his admirable 'History of Civilization' in France. Mr. Hallam, indeed, has but one fault, the rapidity with which, in consistency with the plan of his work, he has glanced over this important epoch. We only regret that the same master hand which struck out the bold outline has not filled up the detail. Both these authors, however, give philosophic commentaries on the history of Charlemagne's reign rather than its history. The same may, indeed, be said of Gibbon's condensed and luminous survey of this period. In the pages of M. Sismondi, the reign of Charlemagne wants character and impressiveness. Though it might do credit to an inferior writer, it is neither so just and original, nor so distinct and picturesque,—it is neither reasoned with so much depth, nor related with so much life, as we should have expected from the historian of the Italian republics.

The

Digitized by Google

The bold and graphic sketch of Karl the Great,* by M. Thierry, represents only the barbarian part of him. He is a noble savage; a powerful but rude and superstitious German forester. Astonished, it would seem, at the discovery, that the mighty Karlovingian, whom the national vanity and the high monarchical principles of former historians had represented as a *Frenchman*, as the legitimate ancestor of Louis XIV., was a German in manners, in his place of residence, in language, this clever but somewhat paradoxical writer has thought that he could not cut too deep the ruder lineaments of his Teutonic descent; he has thrown him back, as it were into the primitive forests from which his race emerged, and left him scarcely a touch of civilization, except his religion, and even of that he has exaggerated the darker and more superstitious hue.

The volume now before us, if it does not altogether realize our high conception of what a history of Charlemagne might be, deserves respectful mention. It is a work of research, and written, on the whole, in a masculine style. The writer has examined the original authorities with acuteness and industry. He has detected (perhaps he triumphs sometimes too insultingly in his detection) the frequent errors in the Life of Charlemagne, by M. Gaillard. This author belongs to a school of French writers, who were less studious of minute accuracy in detail, than of the general brilliancy and effect of their composition; but his work received the high and rather rare testimony of Gibbon's approbation; and some of his observations, which the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' has condescended to make his own, are full of justice and good sense. Mr. James has placed his main strength in the character of Charlemagne himself, rather than in that of his age; and never was hero more gallantly vindicated from every imputation upon his fame, by the zeal of a contemporary biographer, than the Emperor of the West by his ardent panegyrist. But, in fact, the disputes about the greatness and the virtues of Charlemagne, as of almost every other distinguished name, arise from the opposite principles of judgment adopted by different writers. Where, on the one side, they are made amenable to the high and abstract standards of justice, humanity, and religion, there are few which will stand the test; where, on the other hand, allowance is made for the opinions and the genius of the age in which they have lived, they resume the honours of which they have been despoiled,—their virtues are reinstated in their integrity, their faults or crimes palliated, if not

* This modern school of French history has restored the German character to the names of the older race of Frankish monarchs. M. Chateaubriand consents to give up to barbarism and cacophony the inglorious Merovingians: he writes Chlovigh, or rather Hlovigh, Khildebert, and Karl Martel, but he cannot part with the more French and harmonious 'Charlemagne.'

excused:

Digitized by Google

excused: at all events the verdict founded on such different principles cannot be the same. It is well, perhaps, that there should be writers of both these classes: it is well that the splendid crimes, the destructive and sanguinary and barbarous glories of antiquity, should be weighed in the balance of more enlightened reason and purer Christianity, that so posterity may be disenchanted from its misplaced admiration. Yet, unless due regard is paid to the predominant character of each age of civilization, neither will the leading men, who have formed and been formed by each period, be fairly or justly estimated; neither will fame nor ignominy be equitably and wisely distributed; nor will the true philosophy, derived from considering human nature in every state and period of moral probation—under every varying circumstance which may try its powers and faculties, its nobler gifts and more debasing passions—be deduced from the lessons of history. Mr. James, indeed, as we shall hereafter see, on some points has urged the plea of conformity to his age and social state to the utmost extent in favour of the Frankish monarch: it may be doubted whether he has not trenched upon some of the great immutable principles of morality, which are of all climes and all ages. Our chief objection to his work is, that he sometimes falls into a trite and feeble vein of moralizing, true and right principled in the main, but both out of place and unimpressive. His style not seldom betrays that haste and incorrectness, which we may excuse in imitations of the Waverley romances, but which should not be permitted to disfigure pages claiming the graver name of history: while in some passages, though this is by no means generally the case, where the scenes, without in the least detracting from their fidelity, would admit of more picturesque grouping, and more realizing vividness of description, we have regretted that the hand of the novelist has not been called in to give the last enlivening touch to the design.

The first of the Carlovingian dynasty, Pepin, left a throne, from the extinction of the feeble Merovingian race, the free choice of the Franks, and the sanction of the church, without a competitor, and firm in the power and in the alliances of its founder. Of Charlemagne little is known before the death of his father and his own acession; but the two circumstances which Mr. James has noticed, as resting on undoubted authority, were calculated to make a strong impression upon his mind. In his twelfth year, he was deputed to receive the Roman pontiff, who had crossed the Alps, to place himself, as it were, under the shadow of his father's throne. Mr. James indignantly rejects the description of his reception by a later papal historian. As far as we can make out the barbarous Latin of

Digitized by Google

of Amalric; Pepin met the pontiff with a vast body of soldiers, dismounted from his horse, and escorted him for three miles, with continual prostrations to the ground. At all events, the seeds of veneration for the representative of St. Peter were on that occasion, no doubt, sown deeply in the heart of the young prince. Charlemagne next appears actively employed in his father's wars in Aquitaine, a province which, perhaps, as retaining a larger proportion of the old Roman population, and from some remote claim of its dukes to descent from the line of Clovis, reluctantly admitted, and, for a considerable period, was ready on every occasion to renounce, the sovereignty of the Carlovingians. It was a war almost of extermination. 'Blood and flame wrapped one of the finest districts of France, and ruin and destruction marked the consequences of the vassals' revolt, and the vengeance of the sovereign.' We do not quite, however, understand how Mr. James reconciles his notice of the *celerity* of Pepin's conquest, whom he states in one sentence to have 'with rapidity almost incredible subdued the whole province, from Auvergne to Limoges'—with a subsequent passage, from which it is plain that the war was maintained by the obstinate Aquitanians for at least four years.* It is remarkable that this war was undertaken under the pretext of avenging the plunder of church property, on Waifar the duke of the province, by the son of Charles Martel. This is, in itself, a curious change in the policy of the Frankish monarchs; but it appears that churches and convents were not spared in the indiscriminate ravages made by the troops of Pepin.† In these campaigns Charlemagne was instructed and exercised in the arts of war: he might also read appalling lessons of remorselessness in the treatment of the rebellious province by his father, and in the execution of Remistan, the leader of the insurrection.

But though the throne of Pepin seemed thus established on the most solid foundations, the fatal principle of dividing the kingdom, like any other property or possession (a practice common to most nations of Teutonic descent), at the death of the sovereign, threatened to reduce the power of the Franks, so that they would have ceased to dictate to Italy, and perhaps to resist the kindred swarms of barbarians who were ready to burst in and crush their advancing civilization. The commanding character, the unscrupulous ambition of Charlemagne, the opportune death of his brother, reunited the empire in its former strength and integrity. It is difficult to comprehend the principle, or even to trace the limits, of this division between the sons of Pepin. Charles received the more extensive, but probably less wealthy and

* Sismondi says for *nine* years.

† Sismondi—from the Continuator of Fredigarius.

populous,

Digitized by Google

populous, kingdom of Neustria, extending from the Scheldt to the mouth of the Loire, if not to the Pyrenees: Carloman the southern districts, from Suabia across to the Mediterranean, including Burgundy, Alsace, Helvetia, and Provence. To which division Aquitaine was assigned does not clearly appear; but no sooner had her fears of Pepin been allayed by his death, and the chance of independence seemed more favourable against a divided kingdom, than this refractory province was again in arms. While Carloman hesitated and promised to assist in the conquest, the more active Charlemagne was already laying it waste, and, though with a small army, had suppressed the insurrection. Hunald, probably a former duke of Aquitaine, who had abandoned the cloister to take the lead in the defection, fled to Lupo, the duke of Gascony, likewise in open revolt. Charlemagne demanded the surrender of the fugitive; his summons was instantly obeyed. The following passage is not in Mr. James's best style:—

'Clemency was a natural quality in the mind of Charlemagne. It seldom if ever deserted him, even when age had taken from the first softness of the heart; and, in the whole course of a long life, we find few or no instances of cruelty recorded against him, while every historian rings with the praises of his moderation and gentleness. The single example of great severity which I shall have to notice hereafter, was the effect of that stern, though perhaps necessary policy, from which the mind of youth impetuously revolts. But in the present instance, young and happy himself—in the possession of those physical powers, and that ease of corporeal sensations which give natural amenity to the disposition, and also blessed with that inexperience of abused lenity and of unrequited kindness, which leaves the heart free to act—cruelty could scarcely form a part in the character of Charlemagne. No bloodshed stained his triumph over Hunald, gratified the revenge of Lupo, or blackened the Gascon's treachery by its consequences; and the young monarch spared his rebellious subject, though prudence, and even humanity, taught him to guard against future insurrection.'—pp. 122, 123.

Mr. James, in a note, expresses some doubt whether this Hunald was the same who had formerly been duke of Aquitaine; for, by one historian, he is represented as having been delivered up, *unà cum uxore suâ*, which could scarcely be applicable to a monk, and a very old one! Hunald, on renouncing the cowl (if, indeed, he had ever formally assumed it) to set himself at the head of the insurrection, may have reassumed his conjugal connexion. 'Nevertheless,' proceeds Mr. James, 'if it was the same, as M. Gaillard observes, there could be no great severity in again shutting up a man' (he was condemned to perpetual imprisonment) 'who had done so voluntarily himself, and only broke

Digitized by Google

broke his vows to excite tumult and rebellion.' Yet, surely, it was no such splendid act of magnanimity to spare the life of 'an old man and a monk,' who had shewn total incapacity to conduct the rebellion which he had attempted; nor, perhaps, was the sacred dress which he had once worn without influence on a mind like that of Charlemagne. It was neither according to his temper nor his policy to give offence to the church, by the execution of a man who had once belonged to their body. Nor, after all, is it quite clear on what title rested the sovereignty of the Carlovingian kings over Aquitaine and Gascony.

The conquest of Aquitaine by Charlemagne threatened to sow disunion and discord between the conqueror and his feeble brother, Carloman. The misunderstanding was, for the present, reconciled by the influence of their mother, Bertha. Bertha, in the same pacific spirit, arranged a marriage between Charlemagne and the daughter of Desiderius, king of the Lombards. Charlemagne accepted the proposals, and wedded the Lombard princess, —though it is by no means certain that he had not already a wife: —such, at least, the pope, alarmed at this connexion between the son of his protector and the daughter of his deadly enemy, proclaimed to be the title of Himiltruda, whom Charlemagne dismissed, without ceremony, as a mistress. But the daughter of Desiderius was treated with little more respect: at the end of a year she was sent back repudiated, upon the pretext of 'incurable sterility from natural defect,'* to her indignant father. We must return, hereafter, to the consequences of this deep-felt insult.

Three years after their accession to their father's dominions, the brother of Charlemagne died, and, according to Mr. James, with precipitate haste! his widow fled with her children to the court of the Lombard king. The nobles of Austrasia were summoned, according to M. Sismondi, to meet at the castle of Carbonnac in Ardennes, and by one consent, Charlemagne was proclaimed the successor to his brother's throne:—

'The right of the nobles of Carloman's dominions, to choose his brother for his successor, was undeniable; and many circumstances induced them to do so without hesitation.

'A reign of two years over a considerable portion of the French

* The strenuous opposition of the queen-mother to this decree is a strong evidence against the truth of this allegation. Bertha, however unwilling that a marriage, which she had negotiated, should be thus abruptly terminated, would scarcely have consented with so much reluctance to the separation of her son from a wife, who could not bear a heir to the race of Pepin. According to Fleury, Adelard, the cousin of Charlemagne, was so disgusted at this instance of the injustice, and wickedness of the world, that he abandoned it for the church, of which he became a distinguished member. Here, indeed, there is room for an uncharitable inference, that the crime of repudiating a barren wife might assume a darker hue to the eyes of one not far removed from the succession.

Digitized by Google

people had already sufficiently displayed the character of the young monarch, to show that he possessed all those talents requisite to lead a barbarous nation, in difficult and momentous times. The nobler, the finer, the grander qualities of his mind and his heart, it is probable the rough chiefs of his warlike people neither saw nor estimated; but it was the peculiar attribute of that great prince, to add to feelings and powers which would have ornamented the brightest times, those animal abilities and ruder perfections, calculated to dazzle, captivate, and control the age in which he lived. It is anything but wonderful that such a leader should have been the universal choice of the Francs, in preference to an infant monarch and a female regent.

'In accepting a crown which the nation had every right to bestow, Charlemagne was justified. He committed no crime—he violated no law—he was no usurper. But whether it would not have been nobler to have preserved the throne of their father for his brother's children, is a question not so easy of solution. The appearance of such an action would certainly have been more magnanimous, whether the reality were so or not; and where a doubtful procedure redounds to the advantage of the person who adopts it, the world is ever ready, and often just, in attributing it to a selfish cause. Nevertheless, a number of truly patriotic motives, to a mind so extensive in its views as that of Charlemagne, might act in opposition to kindred affection and native generosity. The good of the people that he was called to govern certainly required some other rule than that of women and children. Too many instances were before his eyes of the fatal effects springing from such an administration; on the other hand, even if the nation would have consented to his governing in the name of his nephew, till the child grew up into the man, it is evident that his sister-in-law, Giberga, anxious for the supreme power herself, would never have yielded her assent. At the same time, it must be remembered, that the very proposal would have been an attack upon the rights of the French people to a voice in the succession of their monarchs, which Charlemagne was then in no condition either to make or to support.

'Other motives undoubtedly concurred to determine the young king in his acceptance of the crown. If we may judge from the immensity which he afterwards accomplished, and from the steadiness and unity of design with which he pursued the general civilization of Europe, we shall find cause to believe that great scheme to have been the offspring of his mind at a very early period.'—p. 140-144.

There can be no doubt that the crown of the Franks was at this period, in a certain sense, elective. But what reasons the widow of Carloman may have had for her distrust of Charlemagne's designs, Eginhard was not likely, and other historians have been unable or unwilling, to disclose. Her flight may have been hasty, and her place of refuge unwisely chosen; but the brotherly love of Charlemagne to her husband had never been profound,—his ambition might be reasonably suspected,—his clemency

Digitized by Google

clemency had not yet been put to the test,—these were not days in which blood was considered too dear a price to pay for a crown; and it is far from improbable that Charlemagne had been in correspondence with the disaffected nobles of Austrasia.*

The war with the Saxons was the final repulse, at least from Western Europe, of the assaults of barbarism and idolatry, upon dawning civilization, and influential, however superstitious, Christianity. These latter had long tamely endured, or offered a vain resistance to the aggressions of the immitigable enemy: now, as it were, animated with some portion of the spirit of barbarism, they rallied under the standard of Charlemagne, became, in their turn, the aggressors, and compelled by force of arms submission to the pursuits and to the religion of peace. In the language of M. Guizot, 'Il y fit face par la conquête; la guerre défensive prit la forme offensive; il transporta la lutte sur le territoire des peuples qui voulaient envahir le sien; il travailla à asservir les races etrangères, et extirper les croyances ennemies. De là son mode de gouvernement et la fondation de son empire: la guerre offensive et la conquête voulaient cette vaste et redoutable unité.' War, to nations in the state of the Saxons, is a moral, almost a physical, necessity: their restless incursions upon their neighbours' territories, their irreclaimable hostility to all districts which offered any chance of plunder or of conquest, were the inseparable consequence of their social state; the battle, either on sea or land, was their element; their wealth, their very subsistence, was the industry of more peaceful nations. Their faithless disregard of treaties, with which they are reproached by the historians of Charlemagne, arose not merely from the usual fickleness of savages, who often consider cunning as legitimate a means of success as force, but from the constitution of their society. There was no representative or responsible authority which could bind a number of independent clans to the observance of a common treaty: the submission of certain tribes was no security for the peaceful conduct of the rest. They might confederate for purposes of invasion and pillage, but ill-success dissolved the league,

* It is neither unamusing nor uninstructive to compare the different lights, in which the same transactions appear to two writers of sense and impartiality:—'Jusqu' ici, Charles n'avait rien fait qui le signalât aux yeux de ses compatriotes comme plus digne d'amour ou de respect qu' aucun de ses prédecesseurs. Ses mariages et ses divorces, ses brouilleries avec son frere, et son injuste occupation de l'heritage de ses neveux, ne montroient en lui, qu'un homme abandonnè a ses passions, et qui, depuis qu'il etait roi, se croyoit au dessus des lois. Mais vers cette epoque commença la longue et terrible guerre qu'il soutint contre les Saxons pendant la plus grande partie de son régne; guerre qui developpa la premiere ses talens militaires, qui le rendit cher a la nation et a ses soldats, qui accoutuma les Francs a se considerer de nouveau comme un seul peuple, et qui les engagea a corriger dans leur constitution politique ce qui paroissoit nuire a la rapidité de leurs décisions et de leur vigueur.'—*Sismondi—Hist. des Français*, ii. 232.

Digitized by Google

and each resumed its native independence. We altogether concur with Mr. James, that Charlemagne's wars with the Saxons were inevitable, and that the policy of attempting their subjugation within their own territory, was both wise, and productive of great, though perhaps remote, benefit to mankind.

His first campaign was resolved at a general diet at Worms, which was at once a popular assembly of his subjects, and the muster of his army. The disunited Saxons seem to have made no regular resistance to his advance upon their fortification of Ehresburg: the destruction of the temple of Irminsul (Heer-man-saule, the pillar of the War-man,) avenged the act of hostility, the burning the church of Daventer, which was alleged as the cause of the war.

We hasten, however, to the Italian affairs of Charlemagne. The repudiation of his daughter had mortally wounded the pride of the Lombard king, Desiderius, whom, we may observe, Mr. James is inclined to treat as an usurper, not remembering that his title, the consent of the nation, was as good as that of Charlemagne to the throne of the Franks. Manzoni, in his tragedy of Desiderio, has beautifully described the anguish of the parent:—

'L' ira del cielo
E l' abbominio della terra, e il brando
Vendicator sul capo dell' iniquo
Che pura e bella della man materna
La mia figlia si prese, e me la rende
Con l' ignominia d' un ripudio in fronte.
Onta a quel Carlo, al disleal, per cui
Annunzio di sventura al cor d' un padre
E udirsi dir che la sua figlia è giunta.'

The court of Desiderius had become the asylum of all the enemies of Charlemagne. Hunald, the exiled duke of Aquitaine, had escaped from his imprisonment, to meet, we may observe, a singular and miserable fate, for one who had once been a monk; he was stoned to death for heresy, or, as some state, apostacy from Christianity. Could this be the open breach of his monastic vows? The widow and children of Carloman were more dangerous instruments in the hand of an enemy. Desiderius had attempted, by persuasion and by menaces, to induce the pope to anoint them as rightful owners of their father's kingdom. His refusal brought the Lombard army into the Roman territory, and the pontiff, by a messenger who, with difficulty, found his way to the court of Charlemagne at Thionville, summoned the son of Pepin again to rescue the territory of the Roman republic and the head of the church from violence and spoliation. Charlemagne, as Mr. James would assure us, 'sure of victory,' hesitated, and from the

Digitized by Google

the unambitious moderation of his character, attempted to bring the Lombard to terms by peaceful negociations, and even by offers of money. Among his more honourable motives, may have been some compunctions of remorse. He might, without shame, have felt repugnance to attack the man, whose pride he had so deeply wounded by the repudiation of his daughter. But war was inevitable: it was resolved with the characteristic decision, and prosecuted with the characteristic rapidity and vigour, of Charlemagne. The diet of the nation again met at Geneva, and the conqueror of the Saxons prepared to pass the Alps:—

'To conduct a great force, consisting principally of cavalry, through two of the most difficult and precipitous mountain passes in Europe, was an undertaking which even the mind of Charlemagne would not have conceived, had it not been absolutely necessary to conquer such difficulties in the outset. The continual rumour of his military preparations had put the enemy on his guard. All the easier passes of the mountains were already fortified by the Lombards; and no way remained of forcing an entrance into Italy, but by unequal and most hazardous battle, or by the painful march which he determined to accomplish. It would seem, that on this passage of the Alps, great conquerors have taken a pleasure in trying the extent of their powers. Hannibal, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, have each undertaken, and each succeeded in the enterprize; but of all these, perhaps the monarch of the Francs had to contend with the greatest difficulties with the least means. The Carthaginian, it is true, was harassed by enemies, and the Corsican was burdened with artillery; but the one could call to his aid all the resources of ancient art, whose miracles of power shame our inferior efforts; and the other could command all the expedients of modern science, to support his own energies, and to smooth the obstacles of his way. Charlemagne stood alone in the midst of a barbarous age.'—pp. 169, 170.

But Mr. James has altogether passed over a fact in the history of this transaction which is clearly made out in the 'Observations' appended to Manzoni's drama.*

Charlemagne, it seems, when he arrived before the *chiuse* (stockades which completely blocked up the descent from the Mont Cenis Pass, and of which the name is still preserved in the village of Chiusa), in despair of forcing the passage, which was defended by the Lombards with the utmost skill and valour, was about to make an ignominious retreat. The expressions of Flo-

* From these Illustrations, we may observe, it appears that this accomplished writer, the author of two tragedies, if not of the highest dramatic effect, admirable for their truth in the delineation of character, for their eloquence, and their touching pathos—of some pieces of the most splendid lyric poetry which the Italian language can boast—and of the best romance which Europe has as yet produced in the school of Scott, possesses, in addition to all these claims upon respect, some likewise of the highest qualifications of an historian.

doard,

Digitized by Google

doard, a canon of Rheims, who lived in the tenth century, are distinct to that effect:—

'Claustrisque repulsi
In sua præcipitem meditantur regna regressum.
Una moram reditus tantum nox forté ferebat.'

Anastasius, the papal biographer, by no means friendly to the Lombards, confirms this statement;—nor has Mr. James noticed an important personage in this memorable transaction, Martin the Deacon, the messenger from the pope, who, according to still earlier authority, has the merit of having, unexpectedly, rescued Charlemagne from his embarrassment; and who, by leading some of his best troops by a side pass, whence they fell on the undefended rear of the Lombard, secured him a complete victory.

The defeated Desiderius, as is well known, fled to Pavia, where he endured a siege of fifteen months. During the siege, Charlemagne made his celebrated progress to Rome. This march and his reception by the grateful pontiff, are described with so much spirit by Mr. James, that, merely marking in *italics* a few silly affectations, we extract the whole passage:—

'In the meantime, Charlemagne set out from Pavia, accompanied by a considerable army, and an immense train of bishops, priests, and nobles; and, passing through Tuscany, he advanced by rapid journeys upon Rome. Shouts and songs of triumph greeted him on the way; towns, castles, and villages, poured forth to see him pass; the serf, the citizen, and the noble, joined in acclamations which welcomed the conqueror of the Lombards; and *dead Italy seemed to revive, at the glorious aspect* of the victor. Thirty miles from the city, he was met by all those who could still boast of generous blood in Rome, with ensigns and banners; and at a mile's distance from the walls, the whole schools came forth to receive him, bearing in their hands branches of the palm and the olive, and singing, *in the sweet Roman tongue!* the praises and gratulations of their mighty deliverer. Thither, too, came the standard of the cross, with which it had been customary to meet the Exarchs on their visits to the city; and truly, since the days of her ancient splendour, never had Rome beheld such a sight as entered her gates with the monarch of the Francs. It was now no savage army come to ravage and to spoil, with hunger and hatred in their looks, and foulness and barbarism in their garments. On the contrary, a long train of the princes and nobles of a warlike and beautiful nation, mingling, in the brilliant robes of peace, with all the great of a people they had delivered, entered the gates of Rome, and, amidst songs of victory and shouts of joy, were led forward, through all the splendid remains of ancient art, the accumulated magnificence of centuries of power and conquest, by a monarch such as the world has seen but once.

'Above the ordinary height of man, Charlemagne was a giant in his stature as in his mind; but the graceful and easy proportion of all his

Digitized by Google

his limbs spoke the combination of wonderful activity with immense strength, and pleased while it astonished. His countenance was as striking as his figure; and his broad high forehead, his keen and flashing eye, and bland unwrinkled brow, offered a bright picture, wherein the spirit of physiognomy, natural to all men, might trace the expression of a powerful intellect and a benevolent heart. On so solemn an occasion as his entry into Rome, the general simplicity of his attire was laid aside; and he now appeared blazing in all the splendour of royalty, his robes wrought of purple and gold, his brow encircled with jewels, and his very sandals glittering with precious stones. As he approached the church of St. Peter, and was met by the Exarch's cross, the monarch alighted from his horse, and, with his principal followers, proceeded on foot to the steps of the cathedral. The marks of his reverence for the shrine of the apostle were such as a sovereign might well pay, whose actions and whose power left no fear of respect being construed into submission. In the porch, near the door, he was met by Pope Adrian, attended by all his clergy, clothed in the magnificent vestments of the Roman church; and while loud shouts rent the air of "*Blessed be he who cometh in the name of the Lord!*" the pontiff held his deliverer to his heart, poured forth his gratitude, and loaded him with blessings.'—p. 177-179.

The famous territorial donation to the pope closed this memorable visit. Mr. James is probably right in supposing that it was bestowed as a kind of feud, under Charlemagne, who, as exarch or patrician of Rome, or as conqueror, maintained a supremacy which was not less real because indefinite.

Pavia, on its surrender through despair of relief and starvation —if not through the treachery of some of the Lombard chieftains within, who began to be weary of an unprofitable adherence to the fallen fortunes of their king—was treated with lenity not less laudable, because perhaps as much to be ascribed to policy as to humanity. Charlemagne assumed the iron crown of the Lombards, and received the willing allegiance of the submissive nation. Desiderius, to whom our author vouchsafes no compassion—indeed he treats him throughout with unusual want of fairness—was first considered as a state prisoner, under the care of the bishop of Liege, afterwards became a monk in the abbey of Corbey. But what was the fate of the wife and children of Carloman, who had already fallen into the hands of the victor after the fall of Verona? The church, the asylum of the friendless, as well as a safe and honourable confinement for dangerous pretenders to thrones, is supposed by some to have received one of the sons into its bosom. But the credence on which this prince has been identified with Syagrius, bishop of Nice, is far from satisfactory;—and the sudden and total disappearance of the whole family from *history* leaves a dark shade of suspicion upon the minds of all who estimate Charlemagne

Digitized by Google

Charlemagne without those leanings of sentiment which are almost inseparable from the position of a biographer.

The extraordinary activity of Charlemagne can only be appreciated by a rapid statement of his occupations during his more peaceful hours, and by the dates of the wars, and the regions in which he headed his army in person. We shall describe the former in the words of Mr. James:—

'Gifted with a frame, the corporeal energies of which required little or no relaxation, and which, consequently, never clogged and hampered his intellect by fatigue, Charlemagne could devote an immense portion of his time to business, and, without taking more than a very small portion of sleep, could dedicate the clear thoughts of an untired mind to the regulation of his kingdom, even while other men were buried in repose. He was accustomed, we are told, to wake spontaneously, and rise from his bed four or five times in the course of each night; and so great was his economy of moments, that the brief space he employed in putting on the simple garments with which he was usually clothed, was also occupied in hearing the reports of his Count of the Palace, or the pleadings of various causes, which he decided at those times with as much clear wisdom as if listening to them on the judgment-seat. Some lighter exercise of the mind was nevertheless necessary even to him; but this was principally taken during his repasts, when he caused various works to be read to him, which did not require the severe attention that he was obliged to bestow on judicial investigations. The subject of these readings was, in general, the history of past times, and works upon theology, amongst which the writings of St. Augustin are said to have afforded him the greatest pleasure. By the constant employment of moments which would otherwise have been wasted to the intellect, an extraordinary mass of business was easily swept away; and, at the end of the very year in which he returned from Italy, a number of acts, diplomas, charters, letters, judgments, and affairs of all kinds, can be traced to Charlemagne himself, the despatch of which, together with all those that must have escaped research, would be utterly inconceivable, were we ignorant of what were the habits of that great and singular man.'—pp. 193, 194.

The warlike occupations of this 'great *and* singular man' will be better comprehended by glancing over the list of his fifty-three campaigns, compiled by M. Guizot.

1	Against the Aquitanians.		1	Against the Bavarians.	
18	„	the Saxons.	4	„	the Sclavonians beyond the Elbe.
5	„	the Lombards.			
7	„	the Arabs of Spain.	5	„	the Saracens in Italy.*
1	„	the Thuringians.	3	„	the Danes.
2	„	the Avars.	2	„	the Greeks.*
4	„	the Bretons.			

* We would suggest to Mr. James that he might increase the usefulness and perspicuity

Digitized by Google

During his Italian campaign the Saxons had renewed their ravages; but being seized with a sudden panic, attributed, of course, to a miracle, they retreated into their own territory. Four armies, not headed by the monarch in person, revenged the affront, and recovered the plunder. The next year Charlemagne himself was on the Weser, and notwithstanding the surprise of his rear-guard, which was nearly cut off by a bold movement of the enemy, his victory was complete. The third year he was recalled to Italy by an insurrection of the Lombard duke of Friuli, who, in one campaign, was discomfited, taken, and executed. The same year he was again in Saxony, and penetrated to the Lippe. The Saxons not merely submitted to own allegiance, but to em brace the religion of the conqueror. The contest with the Saxons gradually changed its character. From a war of predatory aggression on the part of his barbarous enemy, Charlemagne, as we have said, made it a war of conquest and subjugation on his own. Instead of fighting for the plunder of richer countries, both the East and the West Saxons, the Ostphalians and Westphalians, had to defend the freedom of their own wild forests. By erecting forts within their territory to bridle their inroads, their independence was threatened; and the famous Witikind now began to combine, by his superior genius, the disunited clans into a nation—at least, for their defence against this formidable enemy. From the head of an invading and predatory horde, he became the chief of a people contending for their liberties: from the destructive renown of a Brennus or an Alaric, he rose to the glory of an Arminius. In the campaign of 777, Witikind was worsted, and obliged to take refuge in Denmark; and, at the same instant, new plans of conquest opened on Charlemagne. His camp on the bank of the Weser was visited by a Saracen emir, who invited him to take advantage of the disunion among the Mahometans in Spain. With the grandson of Charles Martel, and the head of the western Christians, an opportunity of probable success would justify the invasion of the Arabian misbelievers. Nor, considering how recently triumphant Mahometanism had threatened to sweep over the whole of Europe, would policy refuse to concur with zeal in strengthening and advancing the Christian frontier? Charlemagne wintered in Aquitaine; and the next year saw the bounds of his empire extended to the limits of the Spanish march. It was on his retreat, after a great victory near Saragossa, and while he was hastily leading his armies back over the Pyrenees, on account of the dangers which again

spicuity of his work, in a second edition, by adding to his Appendix this, as well as the other tables of the national assemblies, the councils, the capitularies, and the learned men of the reign of Charlemagne, contained in M. Guizot's work.

threatened

Digitized by Google

threatened his frontier on the Rhine, that his rear-guard was cut off in the celebrated fray of Roncesvalles. Milton, as far as we remember, has gone further than any of his romantic authorities, when he asserts that—

> ' *Charlemagne*, with all his peerage, fell
> By Fontarabia.'

Our northern minstrel is, at least, more in accordance with the general legend in his—

> ' When Roland brave and Oliver,
> And every paladin and peer,
> By Roncesvalles fell.'

The Saracens, however, had no share in the glory of this slaughter; nor, with all due respect for the Spanish champion, Bernardo del Carpio, can we admit his claims to the honour of having squeezed the great Roland to death in his arms. It was a sudden onset of the Gascons, assisted by the Basque mountaineers, and possibly a few Navarrese.*

It was fortunate that Charlemagne, with the main body of his troops, had passed unobstructed, for his presence was never more wanted on his north-eastern border. Witikind was again at the head of the whole Westphalian nation; and on the Rhine, from Cologne to Coblentz, 'all was confusion and destruction, rapine, massacre, and flame.' The indefatigable prince urged on his lighter troops, gathered his tributaries in the course of his rapid march, and was in time to overtake, to conquer, almost to annihilate, the Saxons, who were retreating in security, and heavy laden with their plunder. In the spring of the next year (779) he was again in the midst of Saxony, near a place called Bucholtz: their whole army were dissipated, and, in his presence, the nation renewed their submission, bowed their necks to the sceptre of the conqueror, and their heads to the baptism of the priest. The whole country was now formally admitted within the pale of Charlemagne's empire, and laid out in those great bishoprics and abbacies, which, uniting territorial possessions with ecclesiastical dignity, influenced the political and social state of Germany for many centuries.

* We cannot but admire the truly characteristic national self-complacency with which the abbreviator of Condè's 'History of the Arabs in Spain,' consoles himself for the disgrace,—'Les Arabes et même les Espagnols prétèndent a l'honneur de cette victoire; il n'appartient ni aux uns ni aux autres; les Français de la Seine ne furent vaincus que par les Français de l'Adour et de la Garonne.' We must not embark M. de Marlès in a quarrel with those of his countrymen, who most traitorously acknowledge that Karl the Great was in every point a German; nor remind him, that if, as those poetical old romancers assert, the horn of Roland was heard in its dying peal on the walls of Paris, it would only have disturbed the repose of a provincial town, which the tasteless Teuton seems never to have honoured with his presence.

Digitized by Google

Charlemagne's compulsory conversion of the Saxons by the Mahometan apostolate of the sword, was attributed by his own age to that one motive, which commanded unqualified admiration—zeal for the name of Christ. The sentiment is embodied in the lines of a rude poet, quoted by Sismondi:—

> 'Hinc statuit requies illis ut nulla daretur,
> Donec Gentili ritu cultuque relicto
> Christicolæ fierent, aut delerentur in ævum.
> O pietas benedicta Dei, quæ vult genus omne
> Humanum fieri salvum!'——

How far the sagacious mind of Charlemagne saw beyond his own age or was limited by its narrow horizon; how far he supposed that, by forcing his subjects to submit to the rites of Christianity, without any change in their manners or habits, he secured them the immediate benefits of Christian salvation,—or how far he contemplated the remoter benefits which he might confer, by introducing the mild and humanizing tenets of the true faith among these fierce tribes, who would gradually be mitigated and subdued to a more peaceful temperament,—how far stern and unrelenting bigotry, or wise and far-sighted Christian policy, was the predominant motive, — it may be impossible to decide. But when Mr. James would persuade us, that the laws, which enacted the punishment of death not merely against human sacrifices, or the murder of a bishop, but against the refusal of baptism and eating meat in Lent, were only framed, *in terrorem*, to force the reluctant savages to listen to the doctrines of the bible, we cannot but think that his admiration of his hero has blinded him to the character of his time. While, indeed, he asserts that the *Saxon Code* was 'intended in mercy, and directed with wisdom,' he admits that it was 'arbitrary in character, and in principle unjust.' The mercy, we fear, was something akin to that of the Inquisition of later days; and the wisdom, by which it was directed to eventual good, not so much that of Charlemagne, as of the Great Being who overrules to ultimate blessing even the cruelty and superstition of man.

It is impossible, in all these discussions, to lose sight of one act in the death-feud of the Franks and Saxons. Scarcely two years had elapsed, when (in 782) the baptized subjects of Charlemagne were again idolaters and in arms. Faithless they doubtless were to every treaty, and their ferocity spared neither the edifices nor the ministers of that religion which was the sign of their subjugation. They were guilty, perhaps, of the more deep and indelible offence of inflicting an ignominious blow upon the fame of the unconquered Franks. Three of the Frankish generals were totally defeated by the valour and skill of Witikind. Charlemagne

Digitized by Google

magne made haste to avenge and wipe out the stain. His presence appears to have overawed the Saxons; they submitted, and tamely surrendered the leaders in the late insurrection. Of these, four thousand five hundred were, in one day, massacred in cold blood by Mr. James's 'merciful and benevolent' hero.

† It is remarkable that neither the heroic Witikind, though manifestly the very soul of the confederacy, nor his brother in arms, Alboin, were among those guilty authors of the revolt who were extorted from the fears of the Saxons, and sacrificed to the pride and vengeance of the conqueror. They had, most likely, secured their retreat among some of the remoter kindred nations, and returned to the field when the spirits of their countrymen were in a state to be rekindled to their native energy. Two battles more, at Dethmold and on the banks of the Stare—one, we may suspect, from the retreat of Charlemagne, not altogether so splendid and decisive as *his* historians assert—displayed the unsubdued activity of the German champions, who again appeared at the head of the insurrection. The contest lasted for two years longer. Wherever Charlemagne pitched his camp, all was peace, order, submission; beyond its precincts, war, tumult, rebellion. At length he succeeded in subjugating the whole country to the Elbe. Beyond that river Witikind, and his brother in arms, were still rallying the Ostphalian clans; but precisely at this point the meagre chronicles excite only to disappoint our curiosity. The barbarian chieftains at length voluntarily acknowledged the superior genius of the emperor: twice they visited his court—at Bardingaw in Saxony, and at Attigny on the Aine. They gave the last solemn pledge of submission,—they bowed to the religion of the Cross; they were 'solemnly baptized' at the palace of Attigny, where Charlemagne himself appeared as the sponsor for his conquered enemies. By what negociations they were induced to put their trust in the clemency of their conqueror; whether they were dazzled by the splendour of the court, or awed by the commanding character of Charlemagne; whether desperate of any further support from their countrymen, they abandoned a fallen cause; or whether, having at length perceived the superiority of peaceful civilization over savage independence, though bought at the price of subjection:—on the still more interesting question, as to the motives of their conversion, whether it was a mere acknowledgment of submission, or a sincere admission of the evidence and truth of Christianity; whether it was wrought by persuasion or by art; by the pomp and splendour of ceremonial, or by argument which touched the stern heart of the warrior;—on all these points history is silent; and even legend has no tale which could convince the faith of such Roman Catholic

Digitized by Google

lic believers as Fleury. It may be remarked, however, that even in this fierce age, the inhuman execution by which Charlemagne expected to crush the refractory spirit of the Saxons, entailed upon him several years of war and battles of doubtful event:—the milder treatment, to which Witikind at length submitted, secured an unprecedented interval of eight years of peace.

Yet, though the Saxon wars were at present brought to a successful termination, Charlemagne had little time to dedicate to his more peaceful pursuits. During the early part of his reign, but one or, at most, two years elapsed in which he was not called upon to 'buckle his harness on his back,' to mount his war-horse, and head his army in person. Among those who rendered him but doubtful allegiance, were Arichis, the duke of Benevento, and Tassilo, duke of Bavaria, who had both married daughters of the Lombard Desiderius. The Byzantine court mingled their subtle intrigues with the discontents of these chieftains, and ventured one descent upon the shores of southern Italy, with the hope of regaining their ascendency in that part of their former dominions, by the re-establishment of Adalgisus, the son of Desiderius, on the Lombard throne. But Italy had no inclination to return again to a remote sovereign, who had power to oppress, but none to defend. The alliance between the Pope Adrian and Charlemagne was strengthened by personal respect and esteem; by the remembrance of obligation on one part, and the close tie of common interest in both. The death of Arichis and his eldest son dissolved the triple league; and the duke of Bavaria, after long vacillating between feeble rebellion and timid submission,—between secret conspiracies against the power, and not ineffectual appeals to the clemency, of his sovereign,—was at length arrested and brought to trial for his treason before the great assembly of the nation at Ingelheim. He only escaped an ignominious death by changing his crown for the tonsure.

The extension of Charlemagne's dominions brought him into collision with still more barbarous races, who occupied, as it were, the back settlements of Europe. A single campaign beyond the Elbe subdued the Wiltzes, a Sclavonian tribe. The invasion of the Huns or Avars of Hungary was not crowned with such complete success, though it seems to have secured the Bavarian border from their hostilities. The *chagan* of the Avars had encouraged or instigated the revolt of Tassilo; and Charlemagne pursued his usual policy of arresting the danger of invasion by penetrating at once to the heart of the enemy's power. Mr. James is disposed to call in question the singular description, in the chronicle of the Monk of St. Gall, of the fortifications, which,

Digitized by Google

which, like the wall of China, though of humbler height, and perhaps less substantial materials, encircled their territory—and gave to the whole kingdom the appearance and the security of a Tartar camp.

'The whole country, we are told, was surrounded by nine circles of double palisading, formed of trunks of trees, twenty feet in height. The interstice of the double palisade was twenty feet in width, which was filled with stone and compact lime, while the top of the whole, covered with vegetable earth, was planted with living shrubs. At the distance of twenty Teutonic, or forty Italian, miles from the first circle, or *hegin*, as it is called, was a second internal one, fortified in the same manner; and thus the country presented fortress after fortress, from the outer palisade to the smaller inner circle, or *ring*, as the writers of that day term it, within which the accumulated wealth of ages was guarded by the Avars. The space between the various ramparts was filled by a woody country, so thronged with towns and villages, that a trumpet could be heard from the one to the other; and the means of egress from the inner to the external circles, or from the extreme boundary to the neighbouring countries, consisted alone in very narrow sally-ports, practised in various parts of the palisades.'—pp. 351, 352.

There is something, in our judgment, so Scythian and Asiatic in this description, that we cannot suppose that it could have sprung out of the barren invention of an Helvetian monk; nor does there appear any improbability in his statement, that he received the account from an officer in the invading army. Charlemagne forced his way to the confluence of the Raab and the Danube; his son Pepin, from another quarter, had gained a great victory, and had penetrated deep into the hostile territory: but a pestilential disease, which destroyed nine-tenths of the horses in the army, enforced a precipitate retreat.

The oriental licence with which Charlemagne, in Dryden's more nervous than scrupulous language,—

'Wide as his command,
Scattered his Maker's image through the land,'—

menaced his throne, and even his life, with some of those evils, which in general rend asunder the firmest Asiatic empires. The eldest of his sons was Pepin, the hunchback. He was born from Himiltruda, probably, though not certainly, a concubine, whom Charlemagne, as we have said, had dismissed on his marriage with the Lombard princess Hermengard. On his divorce from the daughter of Desiderius, he had married Hildegard, a Suabian: on her death, succeeded Fastrada, of German descent, who, in her turn, made way for Luitgard. Fastrada, at the present period, shared the throne: the cruelty of her character is generally admitted. Already had it excited one conspiracy,

Digitized by Google

conspiracy, dangerous, if not to the throne, to the person of the monarch. Hartrad, the Thuringian, when arraigned before his peers, boldly declared, that if his councils had been followed, the sovereign would not have passed the Rhine alive. Many nobles of rank and power had been alienated, it should seem, by the tyranny of the queen. Pepin, ill brooking the inferiority to which he was doomed by the flaw in his birth—misshapen in mind, if the histories may be trusted, as in person, and with his malignity of temper, made more dangerous by that keenness and intelligence, which is so often found in those to whom nature has been niggardly of personal attractions—resolved to turn their disaffection to his own advantage. The lives of Charlemagne and all his legitimate sons were to be sacrificed to the ambition of the hunchback bastard. This is among the transactions which raise only to perplex and confound our curiosity. Not merely the atrocity, but the incredible boldness, of such a plot, against a monarch apparently at the height not only of his power and glory, but of his popularity, induce us to suspect some secret underworkings, which it is nevertheless impossible to conjecture. It is manifest that Charlemagne was so firmly seated, either through awe or love, in the hearts of his subjects, that he could venture to arraign his guilty son before the great diet of the nation, and even to mitigate his punishment to perpetual seclusion in the cloister. It is difficult to suppose any connexion between the events; but the conspiracy seemed the signal of a wide-spread revolt against the Frankish monarch. The Saracens broke through the frontier, crossed the Pyrenees, appeared in arms before Thoulouse, and gained a great victory over the count of that city. Saxony rose up at once, though Witikind stood aloof; Christianity was renounced, the churches burned, the priests massacred. We cannot pause to trace the restoration of order; but Charlemagne seems to have borne reverses with as much dignity as successes. The Saracenic invasion led to no permanent results; and after his reconquest of Saxony, the Frank adopted the policy of the Assyrian monarchs recorded in the Old Testament, and transplanted immense numbers of his Saxon subjects, and scattered them through his more peaceful and internal provinces.

But it is time to close our review of the warlike career of Charlemagne. We must only add, in few words, that a successful inroad brought the rich spoils of the Ring or Scythian camp of the Pannonian Avars to the foot of Charlemagne's throne. The chagan and his subjects submitted to an ill-defined and fallacious allegiance to the conqueror,—to a compulsory, but still gradually advancing, Christianity. At the close of his reign, Bohemia was brought within the pale of civilized Europe.

Digitized by Google

rope. But while the frontier of the Christian empire was still expanding towards the east, on its northern and western and even its southern shores, an enemy appeared—the fierce and piratical Northmen. The prophetic foresight of Charlemagne is said to have anticipated the progress of these dangerous foes, 'who, in less than seventy years, precipitated the fall of his race and monarchy.' *

In our survey of the wars of Charlemagne we have been contemplating the barbaric part of his character. However his policy, in these remote expeditions among the morasses of Germany and the plains of Pannonia, may have tended to introduce the arts and the religion of peace,—however they may have been conducted with something of the strategical skill (if we may couple the terms) of more *civilized warfare*,—it cannot be doubted, that they were undertaken with much of the same savage delight in war, for its own excitement, for its own opportunities of signalizing strength and valour, its own glories, its own spoils, which animated the still ruder, the more untamed, Germans of the Saxon name. Charlemagne and his nobles, at the great national diet of Paderborn or Worms, no doubt heard the trumpet sound for their advance against the enemy, with the same kind of exultation with which the Saxons clashed their shields, when excited by Witikind to make a marauding descent against the rising cities on the Rhine.† Had this not been the case, Aix-la-Chapelle would never have been adorned with the marbles of Ravenna: kings of Saxon or of still ruder descent might, at a still more remote period, have founded a royal dynasty at Paris. These diets, which were at once the national assemblies, and the military array of the empire, still retained the independent character of those smaller meetings of the tribes, which distinguished the social state of ancient Germany. Though many of the chieftains bore the Roman titles of dukes and counts, and though the commanding genius of Charlemagne may have exercised, even before he assumed the

* Agreeing with Mr. James in his general view of the policy which directed Charlemagne's German conquests, we would remind him that when he quotes the words of an author like Gibbon, for the purpose of animadversion, he should be scrupulous as to his own accuracy. The 'vague expression that the conquest of Saxony by Charlemagne tore away the veil which covered Europe from the Normans,' is not precisely that of Gibbon; his words are, 'the subjugation of Germany withdrew the veil which had so long concealed the continent or islands of Scandinavia from the knowledge of Europe, and awakened the torpid courage of their barbarous natives.'

† Even those designs, which, in our days, are consecrated to peaceful and commercial uses, and in the conception of which Charlemagne appears to have outstripped his age, were undertaken solely for military objects. The junction of the Rhine and Danube by a canal was intended to further the hostile designs of the conqueror against the remoter parts of Germany and Pannonia. We may perhaps be reminded of the great works completed, with not more peaceful views, by the modern Charlemagne, and yet may be unwilling to retract our charge of barbarism.

name,

Digitized by Google

name, an imperial authority, yet their free voices were demanded by the sovereign, and their acclamations assented to his measures with a spirit, which had long been extinct among the patricians of Byzantium or Rome. The sovereign, as M. Guizot observes, had what is called, in modern languages, the *initiative*, but the diet was not convened merely to register or to ratify the royal edicts: it was a deliberative assembly, the great *council* of the nation; and, as councillors, they might advance any demands, or suggest any measures, expedient for the public weal. When great state criminals were brought before them, they sat in judgment on their peers, and the monarch seems to have required their sanction for capital punishment, though he might extend his clemency to those whom they had adjudged to death. The assembled Fideles of Charlemagne were nearer akin to the armed parliaments of their Teutonic brethren around the shrine of Irminsul, than to the pompous but submissive senates of the Cæsars. Yet, when Charlemagne, at a late period of his reign, was hailed in Rome as successor to the Cæsars of the West, it is no slight trial of our faith in the superiority of the Frankish monarch to the pomp and splendid appellations of Roman pride, to suppose that he was surprised into the acceptance of the imperial dignity by the adulatory gratitude of the pope, or that the scene was not got up between the churchman and his powerful protector. Mr. James thus describes this remarkable transaction:—

'On Christmas day, Charlemagne presented himself in the church of St. Peter, to offer up his prayers with the multitude, to the giver of all dignities or debasements, the ruler of kings and peasants. At the request of the Pope, and to gratify the Roman people, he had laid aside the national dress which he usually wore on days of solemnity—and which consisted of a close tunic embroidered with gold, sandals laced with gold, and studded with jewels, a mantle clasped with a golden agraffe, and a diadem shining with precious stones. He now appeared in the long robe of the Patrician, and, as military governor of Rome, presented himself to the people as a Roman. The church was filled with the nobility of Italy and France; and all that they saw around, after they entered its vast walls, must have told them that some great ceremony was about to take place. At the high altar stood the head of the Christian church, surrounded by all the splendid clergy of Italy; and the monarch approaching, knelt on the steps of the altar, and for some moments continued to offer up his prayers. As he was about to rise, Leo advanced, and, raising an imperial crown, he placed it suddenly on the brows of the monarch, while the imperial salutations burst in thunder from the people,—"Long life and victory to Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Emperor of the Romans!"'—pp. 448, 449.

Digitized by Google

To our present consideration it is unimportant how far Charlemagne was pre-cognizant of the pope's intentions: whether these honours were 'thrust upon him' altogether against his will, or with greater precipitancy than he intended, it is clear that any displeasure he may have felt or simulated soon died away. The emperor remunerated the zeal of the pope with a splendour and magnificence, which showed that he was not ungrateful for his service. But long before he was thus invested with the imperial title, he had been, as it were, the representative of the western Cæsars; their successor in the great trust of maintaining the law and order, the arts and religion of civilization, among the provincials of Gaul and the adjacent regions. We cannot enter into the question, upon which Mr. James impeaches the statement of Gibbon, as to the degree in which the general peace was maintained and protection extended to the different races and orders of the Frankish empire.* Where the conquerors were gradually rising to the rank of a feudal aristocracy, and the conquered hastening to the state of villeins or slaves, much disorder must have been inevitable. Yet it is not less clear, that all which survived of the Roman civilization, the municipal administration of the towns, the internal communications, the arts, the manufactures, the commerce, and even the literature, maintained their ground under the fostering protection of Charlemagne, and began to force their way among his Frankish subjects. The mere reconsolidation of so great an extent of territory under one government, tended to the re-establishment of as much of the ancient system, as was compatible with the new order of things. Those parts of his dominions, which were now first subjugated or recovered from the fiercer barbarians, for the first time called back the remembrance of those times, when Rome conquered to civilize—in Pliny's language, *ut humanitatem homini daret.* Instead of military colonies, Germany was planted with religious foundations and peaceful monasteries. As long as Christianity was considered as a degrading mark of subjugation, on every revolt, the blooming cultivation, which spread as a belt around these quiet settlements, was reduced to its primitive state of forest wilderness; but the patience, and the faith of the missionaries gradually won respect and security; and as soon as their possessions had acquired a character of sanctity among the slowly-converted people, they increased in fertility and wealth, till they had diffused the arts of agriculture, and the desire of the social comforts,

* M. Guizot throws the weight of his high authority into the scale of Gibbon, (p. 278,) and some of the Capitularies, which he quotes, (p. 232,) show that even the precincts of the palace were not secure against violence and disorder, how much less the remoter provinces.

through

Digitized by Google

through extensive districts. Many of these religious settlements rapidly grew up into towns, and some of the most flourishing cities of Germany date their origin from the time of Charlemagne. But the advancement of civilization would have been more slow, without the re-opening of Italy to its ancient connexions with the north of Europe. Beyond the Alps, Charlemagne no doubt imbibed a taste for the grandeur of the ancient edifices and for the ornamental arts. Aix-la-Chapelle, his capital, was in some respects a Roman city; it had its schools, its theatre, and its capacious baths, as well as its palace and cathedral. The various articles of use, of luxury, and of splendour—the carved vases and 'cups of gold and silver'—the silver tablet, richly chased, which represented cities and countries—the bracelets, rings, and ornamented belts—the 'table-cloths of fine linen'—even the highly-ornamented arms—if, as our author asserts, of native, not of Italian, manufacture, were, in all probability, executed by the descendants of the Roman provincials. When Mr. James speaks of *France* as the territory, and of *the French* as the subjects, of Charlemagne, he is returning to the fallacious language exploded by the more inquiring modern school of history. The Franks and the monarch himself were yet Germans, and still addicted to their hereditary occupations of the sword and the lance, rather than to the labours of the loom or the tools of the graver.

The literature, which Charlemagne laboured with enlightened zeal to disseminate among his subjects, was Latin in its origin, and cultivated almost entirely by ecclesiastics: the old Roman was the sacred language, which the ceremonial of the church was not inclined to exchange for the half-formed and barbarous Teutonic of the Franks.* Alcuin is selected by M. Guizot as the representative of the literature of the age; and the mind of Alcuin (a countryman of our own, by the way—born in York) was formed in Italy. Though his studies embraced the whole circle of sciences, and all that remained current of the older literature, their bias was essentially theological. In his letters, though he sometimes alludes to the events of the time, recommending prisoners to the mercy of his sovereign, &c.—though he discusses astronomical questions—yet the greatest part confine themselves to religious topics,† tithes, the new heresy of the Felicians, and inter-

* It is curious to find such provisions as these among the Capitularies of Charlemagne. 'Let no one believe that we cannot pray to God but in three languages. God is adored in all tongues, and man is heard if he prays only for that which is just.' (M. Guizot supposes the three tongues to be Greek, Latin, and German; we are inclined to suspect Hebrew to have been the third, of which the ecclesiastics, though knowing little, might admit the traditionary sanctity.) 'Let all preaching be of such a nature, that the common people may well understand it.'

† See the curious abstract given by Guizot.

Digitized by Google

pretations of passages and terms of Scripture. It was, no doubt, much owing to the influence of the church, to the absolute dominion over letters exercised by the ecclesiastics, as well as to the constant use of the Latin in the religious services, that in the formation of the 'Roman' the Latin element predominated; though the French could scarcely have been so entirely affiliated to the languages of Roman origin, unless the Roman provincials had still continued to form a predominant part of the population.

'Charlemagne (as Mr. James quotes Eginhard) applied himself earnestly to purify and enrich the national dialect of the Franks. The names of the months and the winds, which had formerly comprised both Latin and barbarian terms, he changed to others of a Teutonic origin. A grammar of the language was commenced under his inspection; and he ordered the old and barbarous poems, which sang the wars and actions of the ancient kings, and which had previously been only transmitted by tradition, to be preserved in registers for the benefit of posterity.'

If any vestiges of these poems remain, they exist in the ballads and 'Heldenbuchs' of Charlemagne's German subjects:—and from these, at a later period, detached fables may have found their way back into the French romances of chivalry, which have certainly much in common with the poetic legends of Germany. It is curious enough to speculate on the different character of French, or even of European literature, if the Frank or Teutonic element had predominated in the *dialect of France;* if the language of Paris had been more nearly allied to those of German than those of Italian descent. French literature might have gained in poetry what it might have lost in other respects, if the old songs of the Frankish ancestry had been perpetuated in the popular ear, and infused, as it were, a vigorous and native impulse into the imagination of the race. At the court of Charlemagne himself, however, these poems seem to have been considered with a kind of antiquarian curiosity, rather than with national pride, and infelt delight in their rude but stirring strains. The great emperor, if, as we have no authority for supposing, the national bards were ever admitted into his hall, would have thought the time wasted which was withdrawn, by their barbarous rhymes, from discussions on astronomy and passages of St. Augustin. The whimsical pedantry of Alcuin's school, his Academia at Aix-la-Chapelle, in which Charlemagne took the name of David, Alcuin of Flaccus, Angelbert of Homer, his daughter Gisla of Lucia, Guardrada of Eulalia, clearly shows the bias of the fashionable studies. The very curious Latin poem of Theodulf, bishop of Orleans, the Parænesis ad Judices, from

Digitized by Google

from which M. Guizot has given some extracts extremely interesting as illustrative of the state of manners and society, was, no doubt, considered of far greater importance than all those poems of the elder bards. The Libri Carolini, which emanated from the ecclesiastical council at Frankfort, and in which, under the name of Charlemagne, the errors of the second Nicene council were 'somewhat scurrilously' refuted, were, not improbably, esteemed the most enduring monument of literature which the age had seen, and in value above price, when compared with the old poetic legends of the nation. Even in orthography, according to Mr. James, the Latin influence prevailed. The rude characters employed under the Merovingian race were disused, and the small Roman letters were introduced; and it is from this change in the manner of writing, that our author accounts for the strong expression of Eginhard, on which rests the common opinion that Charlemagne *could not write.* This imputation on his hero's accomplishments, Mr. James indignantly rejects. We are, however, still inclined to adhere to the interpretation of Gibbon and Hallam. The sensible observations of Sismondi place the subject in its proper light.

'Nous croyons plutôt que ces savans'—(Lambecius and others who have adopted opinions similar to those of Mr. James)—'ont perdu de vue la direction que prenoit l'enseignement dans les siécles barbares, et dont Charles est un des plus remarquables exemples. Avec peu de livres et moins encore de papier, écrire étoit d'un grand luxe et une grande dépense; aussi les leçons étoient-elles presque toutes orales, et l'écriture ne servoit-elle jamais pour apprendre. Charles n'avoit pas besoin, il est vrai, d'épargner le parchemin, mais ses maîtres ne s'étoient accoutumés avec aucun autre écolier à fonder leur enseignement sur des extraits et des cahiers. Ils gravoient sur la mémoire et non sur des tablettes: ils n'exigeoient de leurs èlèves ni notes, ni compositions, et ils poussoient assez loin les études sans faire pratiquer un art qui nous en paroît le premier commencement. Quant aux lettres à écrire, et aux chartes à accorder, c'étoit l'ouvrage des seuls secrétaires. Charles se seroit reproché comme une perte de temps l'emploi de sa propre plume, et son envie d'apprendre à écrire étoit presque pour lui un gout de luxe et sans objet.'

Fleury, we may add, quotes from Mabillon, a remarkable evidence that Charlemagne 'had a mark to himself, like an honest, plain-dealing man.'

We might still further illustrate our view of the singular blending and intermingling of the two states of society during the reign of Charlemagne—from the legislative enactments of the monarch. In his Capitularies meet together the simpler and at times the sterner spirit of barbaric law, with the more complicated and at once more minute and comprehensive regulations of the imperial jurisprudence.

Digitized by Google

jurisprudence. But we must leave ourselves space, in justice to our author, for his character of,—ought we to have written panegyric on?—the subject of his biography. It is vigorously conceived, and executed with no inconsiderable force and command of language; and however—though by no means admirers of the sarcastic spirit inseparable from Gibbon's style—we may be still haunted with something of *his* scepticism as to the unblemished virtue and unrivalled greatness of the Carlovingian monarch, we are rather inclined to enable our readers fairly to judge for themselves, than to pass a peremptory decision in our own favour.

'The character of Charlemagne can alone be appreciated by comparing it with the barbarism of the times from which he emerged; nor do his virtues or his talents acquire any fictitious grandeur from opposition with the objects around; for, though "the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert," his excellence lay not alone in adorning, but in cultivating the waste. His military successes were prepared by the wars and victories both of Pepin and Charles Martel; but one proof of the vast comprehensiveness of his mind, is to be found in the immense undertakings which he accomplished with the same means which two great monarchs had employed on very inferior enterprises. The dazzling rapidity with which each individual expedition was executed, was perhaps less wonderful, than the clear precision with which each was designed, and the continuous, persevering, unconquerable determination wherewith the general plan was pursued to its close. The materials for his wars,—the brave, the active, and the hardy soldiers,—had been formed by his father and by nature; but when those troops were to be led through desert and unknown countries, into which Pepin had never dreamed of penetrating, and in an age when geography was hardly known—when they were to be supplied at a distance from all their resources, in a land where roads were unheard of, and provisions too scanty for the inhabitants themselves—the success was attributable to Charlemagne, and the honour is his due. His predecessors had contented themselves with leading an army at once against the point they intended to assail, or against the host they proposed to combat; but Charlemagne was the first in modern Europe who introduced the great improvement in the art of war, of pouring large bodies of men, by different roads, into the hostile country; of teaching them to co-operate though separate, to concentrate when required; and of combining their efforts and their movements for a general purpose on a preconcerted plan.

'In a life like his, which was a life of improvement on all that immediately preceded him, it is wonderful that he did not meet with repeated disappointments and disasters, from the many hazardous experiments he was obliged to make, and from the insecurity attending many of his conquests, on account of the very rapidity with which they were accomplished. This will appear the more extraordinary, when

it

Digitized by Google

it is remembered that, in addition to the fierce savages of the north, he had to contend with the civilized and warlike Saracens, with the veteran Lombards, whose whole history was warfare, and with the cunning Greeks, who supplied by art much that they wanted in vigour. The native energy, activity, and strength of the Francs, indeed, gave him advantages and facilities in all his struggles; but had he not, as a leader and a king, possessed energy, activity, and strength, in a far greater proportion than all, the very qualities in his subjects, which he used as implements in his own great designs, would have been employed by them against himself; and, instead of combating and conquering a thousand foreign enemies at once, he would have had, like many who preceded him, to strive through life with unwilling vassals, for a precarious throne. War was a necessity of the time, and the country; and the Francs could not have been governed without war. Charlemagne, happily for himself and for his people, brought with him to the throne warlike talents, and a warlike disposition; and, happily for the world, possessed likewise the spirit of civilization and improvement.

'Notwithstanding one instance of terrible severity,—which, however erroneously, he judged necessary to strike terror into a fierce and lawless people, and to stop the further desolation of both nations, he was the most clement of kings, and the least selfish of conquerors. After his victories, he imposed a benefit and not a yoke, and raised instead of degraded the people who became his subjects. His great success in civilization was all his own. Nothing had been done by those who went before—scarcely a germ—scarcely a seed had been left him. He took possession of a kingdom torn by factions, surrounded by enemies, desolated by long wars, disorganized by intestine strife, and as profoundly ignorant as the absence of all letters could make it. By the continual and indefatigable exertion of mental and corporeal powers, such as probably were never united but in himself, he restored order and harmony, brought back internal tranquillity, secured individual safety, raised up sciences and arts; and so convinced a barbarous nation of the excellence of his own ameliorating spirit, that on their consent and approbation he founded all his efforts, and sought no support in his mighty undertaking, but the love and confidence of his people. Of his many conquests, the long and persevering wars which he waged with the barbarians of the north have been, in their success, the most advantageous to Europe; for, as civilization advanced step by step with victory, and as he snatched from darkness all the lands he conquered, he may be said to have added the whole of Germany to the world. Italy fell into greater disorders than before; France underwent another age of darkness; but from the Rhine to the Elbe, and from the Danube to the Ocean, received light which has continued unextinguished to the present day.

'In domestic life, Charlemagne was too indulgent a father, and perhaps too indulgent a husband; and the consequences of this weakness

Digitized by Google

ness often gave him pain. Nevertheless, the monarch could hardly reproach his daughters for passions which they inherited from himself, nor for yielding to those passions, when he set them the example. The private vices or follies of any man can only become legitimate matter for history, when they have had an effect upon society in general; but it may be observed, without entering deeply into any unpleasant details, that Charlemagne scarcely could expect the morality he inculcated to be very strictly observed, when his own incontinence was great and notorious. This, however, is the only vice which history has recorded of Charlemagne, amongst a thousand splendid qualities. He was ambitious, it is true; but his ambition was of the noblest kind. He was generous, magnanimous, liberal, humane, and brave; but he was frugal, simple, moderate, just, and prudent. Though easily appeased in his enmities, his friendships were deep and permanent; and, though hasty and severe to avenge his friends, he was merciful and placable, when personally injured. In mind, he was blessed with all those happy facilities, which were necessary to success in the great enterprizes which he undertook. His eloquence was strong, abundant, and clear; and a great talent for acquiring foreign tongues added to his powers of expression. The same quickness of comprehension rendered every other study light, though undertaken in the midst of a thousand varied occupations, and at an age to which great capabilities of acquisition are not in general extended. His person was handsome and striking. His countenance was fine, open, and bland, his features high, and his eyes large and sparkling. His figure was remarkable for its fine proportions; and though somewhat inclined to obesity in his latter years, we are told, that, whether sitting or standing, there was always something in his appearance which breathed of dignity, and inspired respect. He was sober and abstemious in his food, and simple to an extreme in his garments. Passionately fond of robust exercises, they formed his great relaxation and amusement; but he never neglected the business of the public for his private pleasure, nor yielded one moment to repose or enjoyment which could be more profitably employed. His activity, his quickness, and his indefatigable energy in conducting the affairs of state, having already been spoken of at large, it only remains to be said, that in private life he was gentle, cheerful, affectionate, and kind; and that—with his dignity guarded by virtues, talents, and mighty renown—he frequently laid aside the pomp of empire, and the sternness of command. No man, perhaps, that ever lived, combined in so high a degree those qualities which rule men and direct events, with those which endear the possessor and attach his contemporaries. No man was ever more trusted and loved by his people, more respected and feared by other kings, more esteemed in his lifetime, or more regretted at his death.' —p. 493-499.

Mr. James intends the present volume as the first of an historic gallery, in which the great men of France are to be exhibited as representatives of each successive age. It is hardly perhaps a *fair*

Digitized by Google

fair way of writing history to select the more remarkable periods and imposing characters, and to avoid the more difficult task of keeping up the interest during the less exciting times. There is likewise much danger lest an erroneous impression should be conveyed of the formation and development, during the intervening period, of those principles or opinions which, at their height, give their marked and predominant historical character to the more important epochs. Instead of a drama skilfully evolved, with all the incidents combining to lead on the catastrophe, Mr. James will give us nothing but Fifth Acts. His still greater difficulty will be to avoid attributing too much to individual character, not perceiving, or at least, unless he studies each of the subjects of his biography in close and inseparable connexion with the spirit of his age, not impressing upon his readers the great truth, that the mightiest minds are rarely dominant in their own day, unless they fortunately coincide in their bias and tendency with the impulse already given to society. This, in general terms, is remarkably the case in France, where the current of change has usually run with so much violence, that her great men, who have never been wanting at the critical period, and who have rarely been deficient in pliancy and self-adaptation to their times, have more frequently floated to eminence on the swell of the tide, than given a new impulse or diversion to its course. We throw out these suggestions, because our author has executed the present work with so much ability, that we shall look forward to those which are to succeed it with much interest, and with the expectation both of amusement and of instruction.

Mr. James has fallen into some of the prevalent vices of his day; above all, he has yielded to the temptation of facility—and written and published a great deal too much. But if he will follow the advice of the old college-tutor in Boswell, viz.—'always strike out anything that you think particularly fine'—and rise above the ambition of being constantly before our eyes in advertisements, he must attain an honourable station in our libraries.

ART. VII.—*Mémoires de Louis XVIII., recueillis et mis en ordre* par M. le Duc de D****. 6 tomes. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

'THE Memoirs of Louis XVIII., written by himself, collected and arranged by the Duke de D****'!—*Mentiris impudentissime!* These memoirs are not only not written by the king, but they are not compiled by any one who could ever have approached his majesty in his private or even in his public character. When we first heard of the work, we thought it possible—from the scandalous

Digitized by Google

scandalous plunder of the private property of the royal family, which took place during the rage of the *moderation* of July,—that some papers of the late king might have got into the hands of a publisher;—but a slight examination satisfied us that this work was composed of no such materials, and that the writer or compiler, whoever he may be, is equally unacquainted with the forms of the Court and the secrets of the Cabinet; and indeed knows no more of the general or personal history of Louis XVIII. than may be gathered from almanacs, gazettes, journals, letters, and memoirs long since before the public. We do not mean to deny, indeed we admit, and shall have occasion to show, that the work is got up with great industry and some art—that most of the incidents of the king's life are correctly traced—that his known sentiments are often adroitly introduced, and his style of expression cleverly imitated: but they are disfigured, distorted, and overlaid by the addition of such futile circumstances, such trivial dialogues, and such prosy commentaries, as weary and puzzle the reader, and swell out into we know not how many thick octavos,* matter which really should not occupy more than one. Besides, had the compilation been better made, the work itself would have still wanted the real interest which its title arrogates; for, from the moment we were satisfied that these volumes, however correct the general facts might be, were not the production of the *king himself*, our only curiosity about them was to see with what greater or less ingenuity and skill the fraud had been perpetrated. The value of *mémoires*—whether as regards amusement or utility—consists in their *authenticity;* that is, not merely in the abstract truth of the facts, or in the intrinsic justice of the observations, but in their giving the facts and observations as they appeared to, or proceeded from the individual named on their title-page. In the voluminous memoirs dictated by Buonaparte to his followers at St. Helena, many of the facts are notoriously false, and most of the commentaries are studiously delusive; but the memoirs are not, on that account, less characteristic of the author, less entertaining to the casual reader, or less important to the critical history of the man. As France has been 'the mighty mother' of genuine memoirs, she has also been prolific, both in former and latter times, of this class of literary forgeries, and the impostures of Courtilz de Sandrac, and Senac de Meilhan, are examples at once of the temporary success and of the ultimate worthlessness of such works. The 'Mémoires of Anne de Gonzague' were read, on their first appearance, with great interest; but they were soon detected as spurious. In vain did Senac de Meilhan prove that they con-

* We have before us only *six* volumes, but we understand that two others have just appeared in Paris, and that *many more* are to follow.

tained

Digitized by Google

tained nothing that the princess *might not* have written. They fell at once from considerable popularity into utter contempt, and the biographer of that indefatigable coiner Courtilz very justly observes, that ‘ nothing is more injurious to literature and history than this kind of historical romance, which mixes up truth and falsehood in a way against which even the most judicious reader can take no sufficient precautions.’ Since the restoration of 1814, this, like the other manufactures of France, seems to have revived with great activity,—a society of young *litterateurs* have been earning no very respectable livelihood by this practice. The booksellers' counters have been inundated with fictitious memoirs of generals, ministers, fine ladies, and even courtezans. The work now under consideration takes a still higher flight, and braves public opinion with still greater audacity, but, we believe, with as little real claim to authenticity as the most notorious or most profligate forgeries of the day.

If such be the work, we may be asked why we take the trouble of exposing it,—can it either require or deserve a laboured criticism? At first sight, we thought not; but we find that there are so many people who believe whatever they see in print, and so many others whose better judgment has been overborne by the boldness of this attempt, that the work has not only had a consi derable sale, but acquires, from the silence of the French *gentlemen*—(we say nothing of *princes*)—who should have exposed it, a degree of credit which we conceive it is our duty to destroy. We wish to save the pockets of our readers from the expense, and the pages of the future historian from the deception, of this costly and solemn forgery.

Before we proceed to the examination of what is attributed to the king, we must clear the way by saying a word about the *indicated* editor. There are but three persons to whom the eight letters and four asterisks, ‘ Le Duc de D****,’ can apply—namely, the two Dukes de Damas, and the Duke de Duras. No one who knows anything of either of the Dukes de Damas can, for a moment, believe, that, true or false, they have any share in the publication of these memoirs,—every line of which they must, from their peculiar connexions and positions, either regret or reprobate. With regard to the Duke de Duras, the improbability is certainly not so flagrant. He is supposed to have participated more than MM. de Damas in the peculiar politics of Louis XVIII, as distinguished from those of his brother Charles X. He is, therefore, no doubt, the person to whom the designation of the title-page is meant to apply: but of him, too, we will venture to say, that it is very improbable that he could have been the depositary of the king's original notes, if any had existed, and next to impossible

Digitized by Google

impossible that he should have been the hand to *collect* and *arrange* such materials; and, above all, that he should have been actuated by such a calumnious and hostile spirit against the royal family as pervades every part of the work. Among many more important objections to M. de Duras, which a reader acquainted with the history of the court of France will find profusely scattered through the volumes, there is a trifling circumstance which has more weight with us than a thousand apparently graver ones of purely political or critical complexion. The king, in his account of his grandfather's death, is made to speak contemptuously enough of the pusillanimous conduct of the '*pauvre* Duc de Duras' on that occasion. Now, we cannot but suspect that if the present Duke de Duras had been the *Redacteur* of this collection, he would have spared his father's memory this sneer, and the rather, because, in fact, the sneer was quite undeserved, for the old duke's conduct was not really liable to the kind of imputation which the Memoirs convey. But then, it may be asked, why did the gentleman-of-the-press, assuming the style and title of M. de Duras, insert this sarcasm? The answer is two-fold: first, because falsehood always betrays itself by little circumstances which escape the fabricator;—liars, it is proverbially said, should have good memories—and, fortunately for the cause of truth, no memory is sufficiently accurate to carry on without some hitch or blot a long train of imposition;—but, secondly, it is probable, that the body of the work was written, aye, and printed, before the author had determined to attribute on the title-page any share in the imposture to the Duc de Duras. For, it says, the Memoirs have been *collected and arranged* by the Duc de D****. Now, the idea implied by these words is, that the materials of the work were separate and scattered notes, written by the king at different times, and requiring the arranging hand of an editor; but when we come to the body of the book, we find nothing of this kind: the story flows in one uninterrupted current from beginning to end,—there is an unbroken train of narrative and reasoning,—no *hiatus*, no *lacunæ*, no *pauses*,—it goes *currente calamo*—and the author refers to what he *will* have to say in a *subsequent* chapter, and to what he *has* said in a *preceding* chapter, in so many instances and in such a methodical way, as prove that the work was composed as one successive and uninterrupted whole; so that the words '*collected* and *arranged*' are contradicted by every page, by almost every sentence, of the six volumes. This is decisive; and when we see such a flagrant proof of fabrication on the very title-page, we are not surprised to find subsequent and still stronger evidence that the whole is an imposition.

From

Digitized by Google

From this general judgment, however, one small portion must be excepted. Four chapters—making 76 pages, out of about 3000, of which the work consists,—are genuine; namely, the earlier chapters of the fifth volume, which are a reprint of the '*Narrative of a Journey to Brussels and Coblentz*,' which was, we know, really written by the king, published in 1823, and analysed in the 28th volume of this Review, (p. 464.) That publication, which, no doubt, suggested the present forgery, serves, on the other hand, for its more complete exposure. It is at once the bane and antidote,—it prompted the fraud, and assists its detection. We shall begin our examination with this part of the subject. The king's 'Narrative' did him no great honour, either as a man or an author. It was pleasantly said, that this account of his adventures resembled the *clown's* flight in a pantomime—*toujours peur et toujours faim.* The style too was as mean as the matter, with frequent grammatical errors, and, what is more strange, colloquial vulgarisms. We remember to have called on Madame de Genlis a few days after its publication, and she immediately exclaimed, with an air *demi-sérieux*, 'Vous nous trouvez, nous autre royalistes, dans une petite affliction; notre bon roi s'est avisé de descendre dans l'arène comme auteur; il avait la réputation d'homme d'esprit, et passait même pour *puriste*, mais cette malheureuse "Relation" vient d'anéantir tout cela.' It is not, therefore, on the score of any critical or moral difference of tone and manner between these four chapters and the rest of the Mémoires that we rely. His Majesty's undoubted portion of the work is certainly in this respect the worse of the two; and if any conclusion were to be drawn from this topic, it would be, that the fabricated parts want that slip-slop familiarity — that over-anxiety about his personal comforts — that trivial and puerile gaiety, which degraded but authenticated his Majesty's real *Narrative.* But we must notice certain chronological evidence which a comparison of the *Mémoires* and the *Narrative* incidentally affords.

The *Narrative* is inserted in the regular train of the *Mémoires*, without any mark whatsoever of being of a different date from the chapters which immediately precede and follow it—it belongs to the same period, and forms an uninterrupted portion of the story. Now, *all* the preceding and *all* the subsequent chapters have been avowedly written *since the Restoration*, and are *full* of allusions to, and observations on, that event: nay, as early as in the *ninth* page of the *first* volume, the king, while talking of the death of his parents in 1765, is made to mention the *miraculous birth* of his grand-nephew, the Duke of Bordeaux, which took place in September, 1820, only four years before his Majesty's own

Digitized by Google

own death. We are aware that an occasional anachronism might be introduced by the author of a work on a subsequent revision of what had been written many years before, but these allusions to the Restoration, and to events posterior to it, occur not *once* or *twice*, but one or two *hundred* times, and are indeed interspersed, or rather inseparably interwoven, through every chapter of the book. Now as the *Narrative* is given as a consecutive and uninterrupted portion of the work, it ought to be of the same date as what immediately precedes and follows it; but, unluckily for the impostor, in the intermediate pages of the *Narrative* are found these words :—

'I know not what may be the fate of my country, or of myself; but, whatever lot Providence may have in store for me,' &c.—vol. v. p. 76.

obviously written before the Restoration; and indeed, from the context of the Narrative, and its dedication to the Comte d'Avary, (which the new editor has cautiously suppressed,) it is certain that it was composed very soon after the event, and probably within the year 1791. This again is decisive,—the true narrative reveals the true date; and the fictitious narrative,—in which the authentic one is, as it were, imbedded,—betrays the false dates; and not only is there no notice, as we have already stated, of the true Narrative being an insertion of an earlier date, but the editor endeavours to connect the true with the false, as if it had been written at the same time; for when he resumes the false *Mémoires*, he does it in these words :—' before I *proceed* further with the eventful history of my life,' &c.—vol. v. p. 77.

But it is not only in *dates* that the real *Narrative* contradicts the romance, but in some curious and important facts and sentiments. Up to the commencement of the *Narrative*, the *Mémoires* express no dissatisfaction at the supposed writer's personal position during his residence at the Luxembourg; on the contrary, he appears writing, talking, acting, going about with perfect freedom: nay, the preceding chapters talk of his being in 'higher favour than ever with the people,' and of his being 'quite at his ease on that head;' and of his intercourse 'with Beaumarchais,' (a notorious and suspected person,) 'and other *gens d'esprit*, whom he was in the habit of seeing;' not a word of complaint of his own situation—no mention of captivity, or duress, or oppression—all is fair and free so far as regards him; and it is not, therefore, without surprise that, on turning the very next pages the reader arrives at the real *Narrative*, and finds the following passage, in which *Monsieur* accounts for his emigration :—

'My *captivity* had become so intolerable to me, particularly latterly, that I was absorbed by one *passion*—the desire of *liberty*. I thought of nothing else, and I saw all objects through, if I may use the

Digitized by Google

the expression, that prism. Those who have suffered the *torments* of such a situation, or who can understand, from the statements of others, the *irksomeness* of *captivity*, will at least excuse my proceedings,' &c.—vol. v., p. 7.

And again; speaking of the backway by which he escaped from his apartments, *Monsieur* says—

'Here I must pause to express my wonder, how it was that during *the twenty months* that I had now been in Paris, this passage, which was known to several of my attendants, had not been even suspected by my *gaolers*, and that, using it as I did, during the *hottest of the persecution*, to go to my chapel, which is in the great Luxembourg, I had not myself betrayed it.'—vol. v., p. 11.

And again, when the hackney-coach in which he escaped drove out of the Luxembourg, he exclaims—

'My joy at thus escaping from my *gaolers*,' &c.—vol. v., p. 29.

Now, instead of any allusion to these *twenty months of surveillance*, or to *captivity*, *gaolers*, or *martyrdom*, (between which and *apostacy* lay, he tells us, his alternative,) we find, in the immediately preceding pages of the *Mémoires*, extracts from the *procès verbaux* of the Constituent Assembly, passages from newspapers, trivial conversations, and stale jests, but not a syllable that in any degree alludes to what must naturally have been, as we see it really was, uppermost in the thoughts of *Monsieur*,—his own personal discomfort and peril. Indeed, the most cursory reader cannot fail to observe, that these volumes (except the seventy-six genuine pages) want that *individuality* which is the infallible test of authentic memoirs. They are full of conversations and dialogues, in which the supposed writer is made to show his wisdom and display his wit—but of the accidents of domestic life, the little excitements of temper, the leanings of self-interest or self-love, in short, of all that constitutes the essence of memoirs, not a trace! When the critics of the day arraigned the authenticity of the 'Mémoires of Anne de Gonzague,' they stated, as their first and strongest objection, that the Mémoires never exhibited her *doing* anything, though there was an abundance of 'conversation and advice.' So it is with these volumes—there is hardly a fact which has not been already in print, and nine-tenths of the book are made up of 'conversation and advice:' facts cannot be invented without detection,—but argument and gossip may be spun out, with little fear of contradiction, till the inkstand dries up.

But it may be asked, is it not a kind of presumption in favour of these Mémoires, that the editors, whom we admit to be industrious and clever, did not remove the discrepancies between these two portions of the work, which would have been easy if they had fabricated one of them? To which we answer, first, that if the two

Digitized by Google

two portions had been genuine, and written by the same hand, and about the same period as they pretend to be, there could have been no such discrepancies; secondly, we repeat that it is the eternal privilege of truth, and the eternal penalty of falsehood, that they never hang together—they infallibly betray each other; but, thirdly, the forgers were indeed clever enough to see this difficulty, but they could not by any ingenuity escape it. The *Narrative* was the basis of their undertaking—it was that alone which rendered it probable that the king should have left *Memoirs;* and as that had been published in his lifetime, it became of necessity a portion of their book in which they could not venture to make a single alteration; still less could they assimilate their own workmanship to this genuine portion, for no imagination could furnish those little details which reality so profusely supplies, and if they had attempted to do so, they would have been liable to flagrant detection at every page; and finally, it would have been impossible to have filled even *one* volume of the size of these goodly octavos with *real* matter. But although they could not surmount this difficulty, they have artfully enough endeavoured to evade it, or at least to render it less evident and striking. The *five months* which precede the date of the real Narrative—to the king himself, as we have seen, the most cruel, and, therefore, to him at least the most interesting portion of his life—are slurred over in *six* pages (of which *two* are copied from the *procès verbaux* of the Assembly); and after the close of the seventy-six pages, instead of attempting to carry on the narrative—which they found it would be impossible to do without some mark of patching—they make the writer pause 'before he *proceeds* with the eventful history of his life, for the purpose of presenting to the reader an *exact picture of the general state of Europe;*' and thus they endeavour, and perhaps to a careless reader successfully, to obliterate or soften the lines which divide the true from the false. We descend to these details, as affording, on the one hand, an additional proof of the forgery, and, on the other, to show the art and care with which the deception has been prepared, and which have rendered it so plausible. We have but one word more to add on this part of the subject. In the first page of the first volume, in what the editor calls the *Préambule*, the king is made to say, that he has 'accomplished the glorious but pacific mission of the Restoration,' but he adds, 'that the occupation of writing these Mémoires *had been* a consolation in his exile.' These assertions are not absolutely inconsistent, for he might have written the body of such a work in his exile, though he only resolved on the publication and wrote the *Préambule* after the Restoration; but we should

Digitized by Google

should wish the editor to point out to us a single chapter—except the *Narrative*,—which bears any marks of having been written in his exile, or any passage which can lead us to suppose, that it was written prior to the *ninth* page of the *first* volume, avowedly written subsequently to the birth of the Duke of Bourdeaux in September, 1820. No such passage can be found: the statement, therefore, of the *Préambule* must be false. But there is one other point which completes this series of evidence. The king is made to say in the first volume, 'If *at some future day* these pages shall *be published*'—but here again a slight failure of memory in the fabricator has afforded a contradiction, and consequent detection; for in the beginning of the *sixth volume*, (the interval was so great, that it is no wonder that the editor's memory should have failed,) we read:—

'It is the privilege of memoir-writing to invert occasionally the chronological order of facts, according as fancy may suggest or memory recall. Thus, then, *in the preceding* VOLUME, I have passed slightly over the interval between the deaths of the king and queen;' —vol. vi., p. 1.

and then he proceeds to fill that chasm. But the worthy writer had forgotten, that though *he* knew that he was beginning the *sixth volume*, a King, who doubted whether his notes were ever to meet the public eye, could not possibly have known the *exact paragraph* of so voluminous a mass of papers, which should—after having been *collected and arranged* by an editor and printed in successive *livraisons*—form the precise opening of a *sixth volume!* It is evident, from this slip of the pen, (as we know also from private sources,) that the fabrication is still in progress, and that the work is spinning out and publishing in these *livraisons*, and will probably continue to be so, as fast as the pen of the impostor can run, and his scissors snip, and as long as public credulity shall make the fraud profitable.

Having thus exposed some (but not a tenth of all we could produce) of, what may be called, the technical marks of fabrication, we must now advert to the style, matter, and spirit of the work. On grammatical inaccuracies of expression we, for the reasons before given, shall not rely; though we suspect that a French *puriste* would find, in that point also, many traces of forgery. But there are still some verbal inaccuracies, not of a grammatical nature, of which the king or even the Duke de D**** could not have been guilty, and which are not unimportant. When the Revolution began to destroy all personal respect towards the royal family, it became common to call them by their Christian names, and a surname was invented for a family that had existed even before surnames:—thus, and *then*, the *King* became '*Louis Capet*,'

Digitized by Google

Capet,' and *the Queen* '*Marie Antoinette*;' but their family, their court, and the better orders of society never, while they lived, call them otherwise than the *King* and the *Queen*. That Louis XVIII., speaking historically of the queen, should, in memoirs written since the Restoration, have called her '*Marie Antoinette*' is very possible, but when we find him, so early as 1772, representing himself as saying, in a grave, though complimentary speech to his august sister, 'Ah, Madame, I feel it impossible to refuse *Marie Antoinette* any thing,' (vol. i., p. 208,) we see at once that it is a form of speech invented by some low-mannered editor, which the king could not have used in the circumstances stated, and which no Duc de D**** could have copied; and this colloquial familiarity occurs in many instances, some of which are even less credible than the one just quoted, which, however, we have selected, because the editor puts it into the king's own mouth.

When, in some observations on the pretensions of the House of Condé, and on the danger to the throne from their ambition, the Prince de Condé is called very emphatically His *Royal* Highness, it is an error, which an editor, knowing nothing of court etiquette, might easily make; but neither Louis XVIII. nor a Duke de D****, could have fallen into such a mistake, and particularly when treating of the rank of a House that never enjoyed the title of *Royal;*—a distinction, indeed, which even the House of Orleans, though so much nearer the throne, could never obtain till, a few years since, Charles X. granted it to the earnest solicitations of his affectionate and grateful cousin, Louis Philippe. This blunder, however, was too obvious not to be soon discovered, and though it was too late to correct the first volume, the subsequent *livraisons* give, even to affectation, the Princes of Condé their real title of A. S.,—*Serene Highness.*

Again; the writer tells us, in a formal way that precludes all possibility of its being an error of the press, that the Duke of Bourbon had a natural son, whom he not only acknowledged on the parish registers as his, but persuaded the '*Princesse de Condé,*' his sister, to stand godmother for. His sister, Mademoiselle de Condé, was indeed a princess, but Louis XVIII. or the Duke de D**** could have no more called her *Princesse de Condé*, than George IV. could have called one of his sisters, *Princess of Wales.* When we saw the mother of the Prince de Lambesc called Madame de *Brienne* instead of *Brionne,* (vol. ii., p. 217,) we thought it was a mere error of the press, but when we find the error repeated ten times, in the text, and in the index, and in the table of contents, we are obliged to ascribe it to the ignorance of the real editor; and these indexes and tables of contents show how

Digitized by Google

how far the imposture ventures to go; for the poor king—who for the last ten years could scarcely hold his pen—is represented as having himself not only written the text, but as having performed the *manual* labour of adding these laborious appendages to volumes which were not printed till eight years after his death. In the contents of the sixteenth chapter of the fifth volume we find, 'Comment *Monsieur* se debarrasse du Baron de Bretueil.—Propos du Prince Reuss—on refuse de reconnaitre MA régence!' '*How Monsieur* (the supposed writer) *gets rid of the Baron de Breteuil.—Observation of Prince Reuss—they refuse to recognise* MY *regency!*' and this absurd mixture of the third and first persons is repeated in the same form twice over in pages 260 and 380.

Then we have (vol. ii. p. 239) a silly story that Louis XVI. appointed the *Marquis de Ségur* Secretary of State for the War Department, meaning to appoint the *Comte de Puységur*, but deceived by the resemblance of the names;—a story just as credible as that King William IV. should have appointed Lord *Palmerston* Secretary of State for the Foreign Department, by mistake for Mr. *Palmer*, the Governor of the Bank. Nay, the French mistake is the more improbable of the two,—for the Marquis de Ségur and the Comte de Puységur were both personal familiars of Louis XVI., whom he saw and spoke to every day of his life—whereas we doubt whether, on the day the Grey ministry was formed, King William would have personally known Mr. Palmer from Lord Palmerston. We confess, we cannot but wish that our sovereign had made so happy a mistake. Mr. Palmer would probably not have involved us in hostilities with Holland—or if he had, would certainly not have called invasion by sea and land, *non-intervention*—this could only have been done by an *Irish* peer. But this ridiculous story is not even original. We do not allude to Sterne's pleasantry, though very apposite:—'Mr. Shandy may have been led into this error by mistaking *Lithopœdus* for *Trinicavellius*—from the *too great similitude of the names!*'—but to the Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel where (vol. i., p. 548, &c.) this piece of gossip is to be found just as these Mémoires tell it.

One of *Monsieur*'s personal attendants bore the title of *Comte de Modène*. This name, a familiar 'household word' in the mouth of *Monsieur*, could never in *his* mind be confounded with the ducal title of the sovereign of Modena; but the fabricator, happening to have occasion to bring this equerry on the scene, calls him the *Duc de Modène*. This is clearly no error of the *press*, but a slip of the writer's memory and pen; and this slip it is quite as *impossible* that Louis XVIII. could have made, as it would be that our sovereign should call *Lord Holland—King of Holland*.

Digitized by Google

Next comes a laughable blunder, which, ignorant as French *littérateurs* have so generally been of geography, it is wonderful that any writer of this day should have committed. Talking of the articles of the peace of Versailles, the pseudo-king says, 'that the French court insisted, as a primary condition, on the *possession* of the *Bank* of Newfoundland.' The writer had heard something of a discussion about the fisheries on the Banks of Newfoundland, and cleverly imagined that, in order to drag the fish on shore, one must needs have *possession* of the bank,—not knowing that the said *bank* is an extensive tract of the Atlantic Ocean, where there happens to be a few fathoms water, of which there would be some little difficulty in taking and keeping '*possession!*'

Again; could his Majesty have written—

'we princes (*nous autres princes*) have sometimes the folly (*manie*) of believing in the *friendship* of those whom we like, and this confidence leads us into mistakes;—I, however, have learned early to know mankind'? &c.—vol. i., p. 7.

Princes do not usually talk in a *denigrant* tone of the princely character; but, what shall we say to it, when we find Louis XVIII. himself introducing the only undoubted portion of this work (the *Narrative*) as having been 'written for no other purpose than to record the *friendship*' of one of his followers; and that in fact the whole of that *Narrative* is disfigured by the most fulsome, not to say silly, declamations in praise of '*friendship*,' in which, the foregoing extract tells us, Louis XVIII. considered it as a mere mania to believe? But we need not continue to add to this class of proofs—for two or three are as good as a hundred.

Having shown, we think satisfactorily, that these Mémoires could not have been written by the king, we shall now show our readers *how they have been composed.*

It is, as we have already remarked, a decisive proof of fabrication, that these volumes do not produce any new facts, (at least, with our best attention, we have found none,) and yet there is preserved a certain accuracy of dates, and an abundant sprinkling of real occurrences, which, at first sight, give the whole an air, if not of authenticity, at least of plausibility. How is this accomplished?—more easily than at first sight appears,—and by a very simple process. The ingenious artizans have extracted from various contemporaneous memoirs every mention of *Monsieur.* Thus they became possessed at once of a series of authentic dates, facts, and anecdotes, which they have connected together by a tissue of dialogues, conversations, dissertations, and commentaries, till they have given them the air of a continuous narrative, and spread

Digitized by Google

spread them out into six, eight, twelve, or for what we can guess twenty, volumes.

But, again; even this species of accuracy is a proof of fabrication: for, besides the very suspicious circumstance of finding the *same facts told in the same words*, which is often the case, the king could never have thought it worth his while to copy, with such painful assiduity, volumes upon volumes, from books that were already in everybody's hands. No man—not being a bookseller's hack—has so little self-love (and his Majesty was far from deficient in that quality) as to employ the most important portion of his life in *decanting* old stories out of one book into another. Indeed the compilers are quite aware of this, and in twenty places they make the king say, what, no doubt, the king would really have said, 'that he will *not* waste his time in telling what may be found in the gazettes and mémoires,' but 'will confine himself to such *unpublished* circumstances as happened to come to his *own particular* and *personal* knowledge'—*vive l'impudence!*—for this, of all others, is the very point where the work has most notoriously failed, and where the detection (in spite of the mass of verbiage in which the facts are enveloped) is the most complete. For this writer, who repeats, *usque ad nauseam*, his determination *not* to repeat old stories, or to go over ground which had been already trodden, does nothing—absolutely nothing else. As the proofs of this are tangible—mere matters of fact—and may, therefore, have more weight with some readers than critical observations, or logical deductions, we shall enter into some special and, we think, curious details on this point.

There is a certain political and literary journal, which extends from 1762 to 1788, in thirty-six volumes, called the 'Mémoires de Bachaumont;' they are daily notes of the chit-chat of Paris, and are a repertory of all the gossip and news of the times. This work is in everybody's hands, and the pseudo-king, on one or two occasions, mentions it,—which, however, it would have been more grateful and more just to have done one or two hundred times,—for, although other journals and memoirs have been largely pillaged, a great majority of both the facts and the anecdotes contained in these Royal Mémoires are stolen from this compilation which goes by the name of *Bachaumont.**

The third volume sets out by a solemn repetition of his Majesty's resolution not to waste his time in relating what everybody knows: he will only condescend to give what is new, important, and recondite:—

'I now arrive at an epoch in which my Mémoires must take a graver

* Though Bachaumont died early in the course of this Journal, we shall, as is usually done, quote the whole series under his name.

and

Digitized by Google

and more important character. * * I am about to open to my readers the cabinets of sovereigns, and in order *not to repeat idly facts which everybody knows*, I shall glance over them rapidly, and shall employ myself in opening the *secret springs* of this epoch of our history. * * I persuade myself that it is my duty, both as an historian and a prince, to *lift altogether the veil* which has hitherto covered those events in an almost *impenetrable secrecy*.'—pp. 2, 3.

To be sure—that is just what the king could and should do; and he proceeds to keep his promise by beginning with an account of the Assembly of Notables in 1787, and on entering upon this topic he thinks it necessary to again repeat that he is going to give us original information:—

'I shall begin by relating all that preceded the meeting of the assembly, and of *which* I was *particularly informed* (*ce que j'appris particulièrement*).'

Good. But what follows? Fifty or sixty pages, containing lists of the Notables—their ranks and characters—their division into committees—the speeches in the general assembly—the business in the respective committees—little anecdotes and stories concerning the individual members—all, all, all suggested by, or copied (even to their mistakes) from the thirty-third volume of the 'Mémoires de Bachaumont'!

This will seem so incredible to our readers, after the reiterated professions that he would only give us the *secret* information, *peculiarly his own*, and not meddle with what *everybody knows*, that we must give a few examples.

First he gives, in pages 8, 9, 10, and 11, a nominal list of the Notables, ranged under their classes, copied name for name, and class for class, from p. 158, &c., of Bachaumont; but copied by one who did not understand what he was doing: we select an example:—

'Seven bishops—Of *Puy*, Gallard de Terraube; of *Langres*, La Luzerne; of *Rhodez*, Seignelay-Colbert; of *Gast*, Le Tria; of *Blois*, Laussiere Themines; of *Nancy*, Fontanges; of *Alais*, Beausset; of *Nevers*, Seguiran.'

Now, this is a literal copy from vol. 33, p. 160 of Bachaumont, with a remarkable and amusing exception, which, we think, will settle, if it be not already done, the reader's faith in these Mémoires. It will be observed, that he says *seven* bishops,—so does Bachaumont; but, if you count *the king's* list, you will find *eight*: whereas *Bachaumont's* number agrees with the title. On comparison of the two lists, it appears that his pseudo-majesty has added one who is *not* mentioned by Bachaumont, *Monsieur Le Tria, Bishop of Gast!* Will it be credited that there never was such a man as M. *Le Tria*, and there never was such a bishopric as *Gast?*

Digitized by Google

Gast? We beg our readers to observe that the prelate who precedes, on the list, the supposed *Bishop of Gast*, is the Bishop of Rhodez, M. de Seignelay-Colbert. Now this M. Seignelay-Colbert was not of the French family of Colbert, but was, it seems, of Scotch extraction, and his proper designation was *Colbert de Castle-hill.* Everybody knows what sad work the French always make with our names, and we are not therefore surprised that Bachaumont should exhibit *de Castle-hill* as *de Gast Le Hill*; but it is astonishing to find this editor copying, and to such a degree, enhancing the blunder—that he mistook M. Colbert's long name for *three.* The word *Gast* he supposed must be the name of a diocese, and, not knowing what to make of the words *Le Hill*, he or his printer changed them into *Le Tria*, and constituted this phantom *Tria*, bishop of his visionary see of *Gast.* And what proves that it was from no higher source than Bachaumont's gossipping volumes, that this editor obtains the information which he thus disfigures, is, that in the *Procès Verbal* of the Notables, and in other official publications, the Bishop of Rhodez' name is correctly given *Seignelay-Colbert de Castle-hill.**

The pseudo-king had just told us that, in this part of his work, his anecdotes would take 'a graver and more important colour,' and that he would 'open the cabinet of the sovereign.' The following 'grave and important anecdote,' from 'the cabinet' of Louis XVI., is an excellent example. After having copied from Bachaumont (how cleverly we have just seen) the list of the higher classes of the Notables, he proceeds:—

'Amongst the Notables of the middle class, there were many who were incapable of acting from themselves. The Mayor of Cognac had been at first summoned, but was afterwards erased from the list, on account of a letter which he had written to the king, in these terms:—

'SIRE,—I have received the honour of your majesty's letter, enjoining me to be present at the assembly on the 29th January. I am flattered by this command, but cannot obey it, having heavy payments to make on the 30th; but, I send in my place, my first clerk,—a man of good sense, and who has the power of signing for me. I hope all may go well, and that our brandies and flour may not suffer. I am, with profound respect, Sire, Your Majesty's most humble and obedient Servant, THE MAYOR OF COGNAC.

* The great *Colbert* had the vanity of making himself a pedigree, and of wishing to appear to descend from the old Scotch family of *Cuthbert* (vulgarly pronounced *Culbert*) of *Castle-Hill*, in Inverness-shire, and opened a communication for that purpose with that house, which ended as satisfactorily as a similar negotiation between Godoy, Prince of the Peace, and the late Earl of Traquair: Colbert's *Birth-brief*, as it is called, may be seen in Mr. Thomas Thomson's Collection, v. viii. Encouraged by this discovery of cousinship, one or two cadets of the Scotch family transported themselves into France, where they were received by the Colberts, and naturalized by the name, so unlucky to the fabricators of royal memoirs, of *Colbert de Castle-hill.*

'P. S.

Digitized by Google

'P.S. Please to make my compliments to the queen, on her last confinement: she will, no doubt, be glad to hear that my wife has been just brought to bed of a fine boy. Mr. Rocher, the richest merchant in our town, and my own cousin-german, Mrs. Nairé, a woman well to do in the world, have been his godfather and godmother.'—vol. iii. p. 15.

An ordinary reader would see in this letter, and especially in the postscript, nothing but a *mauvaise plaisanterie*:—one who should have given it a serious thought would have seen that, when the mayors of only the twenty-five principal cities of France were summoned, the smallest of which had a population of 12,000, it was improbable that the mayor of Cognac, an obscure little town, with less than 2000 inhabitants, could have had that honour:—one who had looked still deeper would have seen in the *plaisanterie* a sign of the times, and an attempt to throw ridicule on the then novelty of consulting the representatives of the middle classes of the people on political subjects. But the pseudo-king sees nothing of all this; and tells us, that his brother Louis XVI. actually read him this letter, postscript and all, '*en petit comité*,' and that, *in consequence*, the town of Cognac was erased from the list? But whatever else may be said about this story, be it serious or trivial, here, at least, we have one genuine fact, one anecdote which King Louis XVIII. had in the cabinet, and from the lips of King Louis XVI. No doubt! but is it not curious to find the editor of Bachaumont's Mémoires nearly as well informed? The reader will find, in vol. 34, p. 86, of that Collection, the story and the letter of the mayor de Cognac—word for word—with the exception of the postscript. Bachaumont, perhaps, did not like to compromise the character of his Journal by so silly an exaggeration of the original pleasantry, which, however, the royal historian has not hesitated to place amongst his 'more grave and important recollections.'*

But perhaps it is only on public affairs that his majesty condescends to borrow from the journalist—the *minutiæ* of his own private life no doubt must be original, and some details of his wedding day, and of the succeeding morning, *must* be his own—*voyons*—

Mémoires de Bachaumont.

'The morning after the marriage, the Count d'Artois said to his brother, "M. le Comte de Provence, your voice was strong yesterday; how loud you cried

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.

'I pronounced the word *yes* (in the marriage ceremony) so loud, as to surprise all the bystanders. The Count d'Artois said to me afterwards, 'Mercy, brother, how

* We have seen the letter, *with* the *postscript*, in some other *former* publication, but it is not worth while to lose time in looking for it.

you

Digitized by Google

out your *yes!*" "I could have wished," replied the ardent bridegroom, "that my voice could have been heard at Turin." '—vol. v., p. 312.

'The Count de Provence asked the Dauphin how he liked his sister-in-law. "Not very much," he answered; "I should not have cared to have had her for my wife." "I am glad," answered the other, "that they have suited your taste. We are both satisfied; for mine pleases me infinitely." '—vol. v., p. 313.

'The morning after her marriage, when Madame de Valentinois, her lady of the bedchamber, attempted to put on her rouge, the princess made great difficulties, and showed great repugnance at being painted. It became necessary for M. Le Comte de Provence himself to request her to conform herself to the custom of the court, assuring her, that she would oblige him exceedingly, and that she would be infinitely handsomer in his eyes. "Come Madame de Valentinois," said she, "put me on the rouge—and plenty—since I shall please my husband the better." '—vol. v., p. 313.

'I asked the Dauphin how he liked the Countess of Provence. "Not much," he answered, "I should not have much wished to have her for my wife." "I give you joy, then," I replied quickly, "that they have hit your taste in the choice they have made for you; for we are both satisfied." '—vol. i., p. 79.

'I recall to memory, [mark that—he *recalls* to *memory*,] that the morning after our marriage, my wife refused to put on rouge, which was then the custom of the court; and she held out obstinately against the Duchess de Valentinois, whose duty it was to reconcile her to this indispensable etiquette of the toilet. The Duchess, not knowing how else to succeed, called me to her assistance. Having told my wife that I requested her to submit, and that I should think her the handsomer for it, she turned round to the lady of the bedchamber, and said naturally and gracefully, "Put me on the rouge immediately—and plenty of it—since I shall please my husband the better." '—vol. i., p. 80.

We add another specimen of the same stamp, and in the same form, in order to show more distinctly how Bachaumont's anecdotes are dealt with by the book-making fabricator:—

Mémoires de Bachaumont.

'Seguiran, Bishop of Nevers, is a prelate from whom no great energy is to be expected; witness the following anecdote relative to the Cardinal de Rohan. This illustrious Exile, in proceeding to Auvergne passed through Nevers,

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.

'Next came Seguiran, Bishop of Nevers, a personage always in adoration before the powers that be, and even before what was only the shadow of power. The *Mémoires of the day have made him sufficiently known;* I shall add

Digitized by Google

and intended to alight at the bishop's, sup, and sleep there. He sends forward a footman, with his compliments to the bishop, and to ask his hospitality. M. de Seguiran, informed of the object of the mission, directs the footman to be delayed on pretence of being out at the moment; at the same time he orders a hot bath; but a fresh messenger, announcing the speedy arrival of the cardinal, the bishop, at his wit's end, does not even take time to undress, but throws himself, clothes and all, into the bath; and the cardinal's messenger being introduced, he pretends to be suffering under a violent colic, tells him that the cardinal is welcome to come, but that he is very much distressed that he is, from his indisposition, unable to do the honours of his house, or even to see him. This answer is conveyed to the cardinal, who, guessing that this was an excuse made for fear of displeasing the court, did not alight, but passed on.'—vol. xxxiv. p. 161.

add but one trait characteristic of his life.—[Of course the reader would suppose this to be a trait not told in the *Mémoires* of the day.] —Soon after the affair of the diamond necklace, the Cardinal de Rohan was proceeding to the place of his exile, the Abbey of La Chaise Dieu,* and Nevers happening to be on his road, he sent forward one of his people to M. de Seguiran, to apprise him of his coming, and to ask, with his compliments, hospitality for that night. The bishop, as soon as one of his servants had brought him this message, takes fright at the idea of receiving under his roof a person in disgrace at court; and, not knowing how to get out of the scrape, ordered a hot bath to be prepared for himself, and under the pretence of being out when the messenger arrived, avoided seeing him; but a second soon came to announce the cardinal's actual arrival; at this the bishop loses his head, and in his fright throws himself, dressed as he was, into the bath. The first messenger is then introduced. M. de Seguiran complains of a violent colic, and says, he can neither move nor speak; that his palace is at his Eminence's command, and that he is distressed that he cannot do the honours of it. This message reported to the cardinal, makes him go back the way he came, contenting himself with saying, that he should take care to send to Versailles an account of the political colic of the bishop, that it might procure him the good graces of the queen.'—vol. iii. p. 32.

* Even the *name* of this abbey, which is not found in Bachaumont, is taken from the Memoirs of Géorgel.

We

Digitized by Google

We should like to ask the editor of this work in *what* memoirs of the day he can point out any of those traits of the Bishop of Nevers which, he says, he will not repeat? and how he happens to have copied the only one that we at least have been able to discover in the memoirs of the day?

One more example, and we shall have done with this head. *Monsieur* never had a child. Those of Louis XVI. came late. The birth, therefore, of the Count d'Artois' eldest son, the Duke d'Angoulême, was a great event, and the writer represents it, perhaps truly enough, as being one of, to part of the royal family, painful interest. Let us hear his pseudo-majesty's story—

'They (*on*—the Count and Countess d'Artois) kept this event (*la grossesse de la comtesse*) *a long time secret* from us, as if it was likely to be disagreeable to us. For my own part, I cared little whether the Count d'Artois had children, as they could not stand between me and the throne, if the king should not have any. I was, therefore, rather pleased than vexed at the news. But I had a fancy to communicate, *myself*, the intelligence to the Queen, that I might see how she would take it. I went, therefore, to her, and, rubbing my hands, informed her that we were soon to have a new prince of the blood. "And whence?" asked Marie Antoinette.—"From a high quarter, Madam, and I suspect he will make a good deal of noise."—"What," said the Queen, with some emotion, "is the Countess de Provence about to make you a father?"—"So much happiness is not yet my lot; but the Count d'Artois is more fortunate; his wife is with child, though they do not choose to own it."—"How happy she must be," said the Queen, stifling a sigh, "all the hopes of France will be directed towards her; but are you quite sure she is with child?" I replied by a jest, at which, accustomed as she was to my sallies, she could not help smiling.

'She, however, complained of the *mystery* which had been made of the matter. I told her then, that I myself had only learned the event in an indirect manner, and that my brother had not mentioned it to me yet. This seemed to console her, and she left me, probably to carry the *great news* to the King.'—vol. i. p. 255.

Now, here is an *event* so peculiar, and so important to all the parties, that there can be no mistake. It seems, at first sight, very strange that such an event should be kept a *long time* secret—stranger that it should have been a *mystery* to the queen—and strangest of all, that it should first reach *Monsieur* by an indirect channel, and that he should have made himself the direct channel to communicate such a matter to the Queen; but he assures us that so it was; and he recollects every syllable of the conversation, and even the stifled sighs and suppressed emotions of the Queen at the double mortification. No doubt can, therefore, exist of the facts.

Now mark! The Duke of Angoulême was born on the 6th of

Digitized by Google

of August, 1775, and as the most ardent royalist never pretended that *his* 'birth was miraculous,' (as the pseudo-king calls that of the Duke of Bourdeaux,) it follows, if we reckon right, that it was not before the 6th of December, 1774, that the Countess of Artois herself could have guessed at this *great secret*. How long, then, was it kept from the royal family—to what extraordinary length was the *mystery* to the Queen carried? We cannot tell; but we can prove that it was *not three days* a secret or a mystery to anybody else in Paris. In Bachaumont's Diary, under the date of the 11th of December, 1774, we find—

'It is the general rumour of the Court and of the public, that the Countess d'Artois is near a month gone with child. The Queen, having expressed her satisfaction at the news to the Duchess of St. Quentin, one of the principal ladies of the bedchamber, the Duchess replied, Madam, 'tis a harbinger (*un précurseur*).'

And again, under the date of the 18th of December, we find—

'It is every day more certain that the Countess d'Artois is with child. The report of the court and the public is, that the second epoque is already passed; but it is not the custom to announce such events to foreign ambassadors till four months and a half. The Count d'Artois is enchanted, and talks facetiously of this event.'—*Bach.*, vol. xxix. p. 269.

Here, then, is certain, indisputable, and irresistible evidence that the whole of the story in the Memoirs is a downright LIE. The *grossesse* of the Countess of Artois, so far from being a secret or a mystery, wormed out by Monsieur and told by him to the Queen, was made known to her majesty through the proper channel, the lady of the Countess's bed-chamber, and to the Court and the public *as early as it was possible*; nay, it was announced with a precipitation which the event but barely justified.

What now becomes of the authenticity, the veracity of these Memoirs? But the reader will be perhaps curious to know how compilers, who have so servilely followed Bachaumont on all other occasions, should have departed from him on this. We think we can explain that. Bachaumont's Diary, though written daily, was published secretly and in broken parts,—such was at that time the state of the press in France,—and in the published volumes there is consequently some disorder and disarrangement. Now it happens that a few stray pages, which belong to the end of 1774 and beginning of 1775, are bound up with the volume which contains the diary of 1785, ten years later, and by this dislocation they escaped the notice of these impudent compilers.

This detection is the more important, because, as we have already intimated, *conversations* are what an impostor can forge most easily and with the least danger of discovery; for who can contradict the details of a dialogue asserted to have passed between

Digitized by Google

between two persons who are no more? Now, all that is at all original in these volumes, are these eternal 'conversations,' and we consider ourselves fortunate in having, by the discovery of these dislocated passages in Bachaumont, obtained a sample from which we may form a fair judgment of the degree of credit to which the rest of these elaborate dialogues are entitled. In other words, we are glad to have such irresistible evidence of their utter falsehood.

After these specimens of the *originality* and *veracity* of his Majesty's memoirs, in what relates to his own private and family concerns, our readers will readily dispense with our giving in extract the hundreds of passages by which we could illustrate his recollections of public affairs; indeed, to do so effectually, we should have to copy the greater part of the whole six volumes, and of six other volumes of the several works from which they are borrowed. We shall, however, without going into detail, give a few samples. Our readers will observe, that the anecdotes are not always copied verbatim, as in the instances above given; it is enough for us to show, that Bachaumont suggests the topic, in order to prove the falsehood of a writer, who, professing that he does not think it worth his while to mention what may have appeared in antecedent publications, yet makes up the body and substance of his work by such thefts. Compare them:—

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.		Mémoires de Bachaumont.
Vol. i. 88.	The Queen's sketch of Monsieur and Madame .	vol. v. 314
93.	The death of the Comte de Clermont	320
95.	Le Gazettier Cuirassé de Morande	347
96.	Letters of the Chancellor Maupeou and Sorhouette	323
97.	Affair of the Abbess of Bon Secours	345
109.	Fête of the Duchess de Valentinois	vi. 52
112.	Offensive stanza sung at that fête	55
183.	M. de Lauragais returns from London	vii. 128
135.	Duke de Bourbon *Cordon bleu*	vi. 12
153.	Death of *Le Roi Guinon*	125
156.	The Duke de Brissac's compliment to the Queen .	vii. 16
172.	Bon mot of M. de Choiseul	69
176.	Fire-works postponed for two days	84
175.	Device of the fire-works	86.—

We must here enter once again into a little detail—for his Majesty, after a lapse of fifty years, not only '*recalls to memory*,' and thinks it worthy of *history* to record, that the fire-works were postponed for two days on account of the wetness of the weather, but, which is much more natural, he also recollects a bon-mot which *he himself* made on the day when the fire-works were actually exhibited:—

'The fire-works (designed by Torri) represented the loves of Venus and Mars crossed by the jealousy of Vulcan: while every one was in extacies at its magnificence, I leaned over to the Count de Modène and

Digitized by Google

and said—"C'est un bon augure pour mon frère que cette mythologie du cocuage."'—vol. i., p. 175.

Our readers will forgive our not translating the point of the jest; but, unfortunately for the veracity of the *historian* and the originality of the wit, it turns out, that so far from people's being in *extasy* at the brilliancy of these fire-works, they disappointed everybody; the allegory of Vulcan was, indeed, says Bachaumont, *to have been* represented, but it failed, on account of the wetness of the weather, and the impossibility of repairing the machinery damaged on the first attempt.—But the joke—the joke—might still have been made; certainly it might, but we fear that it was *not!* for we find, in our eternal friend Bachaumont, that the fire-works intended for this occasion, having thus failed, the same allegory was subsequently produced at the marriage of Mademoiselle de Soubise, and it was on this latter occasion that *Bachaumont* makes the joke which *the king* attributes to himself:—

'The pantomime in fire-works was imitated from that of Torri, and represented the fable of Vulcan, Mars, and Venus—a whimsical choice to celebrate a wedding, for—c'est l'image du cocuage la plus vive et la plus complète.'—*Bachaumont*, vol. xv., p. 228.

and this observation had been *published* (in a work which *the king* quotes) full forty years before his Majesty thought it worthy of a place in the *history* of his life. But to proceed with our summary comparison—

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.		Mémoires de Bachaumont.
Vol. i. 177.	The death of M. de Chauvelin	Vol. vii. 88
178.	Beaumarchais' procès	91
185.	The story of Madame de Montglas	136

And here we must note, as a specimen of the way in which these Mémoires have been spun out, that Bachaumont tells in twenty-two short lines the story of Madame de Montglas, on which the royal historian expends five great pages.

We cannot, of course, find space to proceed with these comparative references through the whole of each volume; but to prove that the mode of fabrication is the same, we shall take in succession the few first pages of the two next volumes. We begin with the second.

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.		Mémoires de Bachaumont.
Vol. ii. 6.	Epigram on Madame Clotilde	vol. vii. 303
7.	Criticism of the Connétable de Bourbon . . .	viii. 161
8.	Departure of the Princesse de Piémont	165
8.	*Monsieur* and *Madame* visit Savoy	164
17.	Madame de Lamballe, surintendante	188
18.	The Duchess of Bourbon desires that place . .	xxix. 290
19.	Dissatisfaction of Madame de Mouchy	viii. 188
19.	Retirement of Madame de Mouchy	188
20.	Madame *L'Etiquette*	viii. 185
21.	Pension of 60,000f. to Madame de Mouchy . .	xxxi. 328

21. Disinterestedness

Digitized by Google

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.		Mémoires de Bachaumont.
Vol. ii. 21.	Disinterestedness of the Duchess de Cossé . . .	vol. xxxi. 328
21.	Promotion of Madame de Chimay	viii. 189
21.	The king would have named Madame de la Marche	xxxii. 312
23.	The Princes of the blood dispute the Duke of Angoulême's title of *Royal* Highness . .	xxxi. 325
25.	Comte d'Artois intrigues at the Palais Royal .	xxx. 293
26.	Death of the Marshal de Muy	viii. 205
27.	He is buried at the feet of the Dauphin . . .	204

At this period the writer relates the appointment of M. de St. Germain to be minister at war; and after having, during this whole volume, not written three sentences, and not one fact, which had not been before published two or three times over, he has the effrontery to add—

'So much has been written about the Comte de Saint Germain, that I shall say no more about him; it would *only be repeating what others have said.*'—vol. ii., p. 29.

With this we shall close our specimens of the second volume, and proceed to the third. We have already shown, by some remarkable instances, how shamelessly the account of the assembly of the Notables is borrowed from Bachaumont, even while the author reiterates his resolution to tell nothing that is to be found elsewhere. We now, by pursuing the course of comparative references, show the extent of the plagiarism:—

Mémoires de Louis XVIII.		Mémoires de Bachaumont.
Vol. iii. 8, &c.	Classes and names of the Notables . .	xxxiv. 158, &c.
13	Objects of the Assembly	44
14	Letter of the Mayor of Cognac	86
16	Delay by preparation of the Hall . . .	133
16	Further delay by M. de Calonne's illness .	88
17	His speech will take 48 hours to read . .	88
18	Death of M. de Vergennes, 12th Feb. . .	131
18	A joke on M. Goblet's name	179
18	A pun on the *Maires lents*	179
19	Appointment of M. de Montmorin . . .	137
20	The Notables presented to the King . .	107
21	Meeting fixed to take place 22d Feb. . .	155
27	The Prince de Conti goes to the Notables in his own coach	188
28	The mace-bearers of the Lord-Keeper . .	190

Here we must again interrupt our summary by a slight, but striking detail: Louis XVIII. is made to say,

'I wished to have seen the king's speech to the notables which he had drawn up himself, without the assistance of any one; I offered to show him mine, but he refused, on pretence that I would have introduced *flowers of rhetoric*,' &c.—vol. iii. p. 21.

Now, here is a statement which really might have been supposed to be quite new; but our good friend Bachaumont never fails us, and we read there (vol. xxxiv. p. 155),

'It is asserted that the king has composed his own speech to the notables,

Digitized by Google

notables, and that Monsieur requested his august brother to communicate it to him, but that he refused, saying, you would correct and put in something of your own *figures of rhetoric*,' &c.—*Bach.* vol. xxxiv. p. 155.

And it is further very remarkable that the pseudo-Monsieur gives this incident not at the date on which it occurred, but under the very date on which it is quoted by Bachaumont as having reached *his* ears, though it must necessarily have happened some days earlier.

It would be superfluous, we hope, to proceed with these comparisons, and indeed as the story approaches the Revolution, the materials of the author become so multiplied, that it would be a work as laborious and tedious, as futile and unnecessary, to follow him through all the newspapers and pamphlets of the day. Indeed, we fear, that our readers will hardly forgive us for having given up so much space to certainly one of the most worthless in point of matter, and the least amusing in point of manner, of the numerous modern fabrications of the Parisian press; but we have to repeat in apology for the details into which we have entered: first, that the work has hitherto had an uncontradicted vogue, and would soon become an authority; and, secondly, that we see that a translation is announced in this country, and we are anxious to defeat so serious an attack on the pockets of our countrymen.

It may be asked, how can history be said to be falsified, when the chief objection to the work is that it is little more than a transcript of other trustworthy publications? To this we reply—and our reply will more fully explain our object in dwelling so long, and, we fear, so tediously, on this mass of trash—that in the first place, admitting the general respectability of the publications from which so much has been *stolen*, we deny the conclusion, that all that was so taken must be true. It is notorious, that the Bachaumont Journal, compiled as it was from day to day, recorded all the *on dits*, the *gossip* of Paris, whether true or false—a distinction which the memoir-writer never once makes—*e. g.* when he finds the very apocryphal stories of the Mayor de Cognac and the Bishop of Nevers in that amusing compilation, he, without hesitation, transfers them to his grave historic page. It is equally known, that the various other publications to which the compiler has had recourse,—the works of Montjoie—the Memoirs of the Abbé Georgel—of M. de Bezenval—of the Marquis de Ferrières—are all, in particular instances, fallacious, either from the ignorance or the passion or the prejudices, or, occasionally, the malice, of the writers. Even the Letters of Madame du Deffand and the Memoirs of Madame de Campan are not always

Digitized by Google

ways exempt from partialities; and the editors of this work, on the look-out for the *piquant*, have, generally, taken the false or the erroneous, in preference to more sober and less amusing truths. But there is one writer to whom, in particular, the first volumes are very largely indebted, not merely for events, but for the spirit and *animus* in which the events are regarded—we mean Soulavie—this man's 'Mémoires du Règne de Louis XVI.' appear to have been the guide of the pseudo-king as to *motives*, as Bachaumont was as to *facts*;—and a worse guide it was hardly possible to take. 'He was,' says his biographer, a '*hardi faussaire*,' whose testimony on any point was rendered worthless 'par les nombreuses calomnies dont sa plume fut toujours prodigue.' He was, moreover, an apostate priest—a Jacobin—the friend of Collot d'Herbois to whom he boasts that he suggested the proposition for the abolition of royalty—the agent, it is said, of Robespierre, under whose auspices, and those of the ex-capucin Chabot, and the Committee of Public Safety, he collected the materials for his Memoirs of Louis XVI. For this purpose, the papers, plundered from the Tuileries and Versailles, after the 10th August, were confided to his impartial inspection and use. With the spirit of this man, the writer of these Mémoires seems to have impregnated himself; and although by the time that Soulavie came to *publish* his work, under the Consulate, he had moderated much of his revolutionary *fougue* and jacobinical violence, he still preserved enough of his original spleen and prejudices to make him, on most occasions, distort the actions and discolour the motives of the royalist party. It is, therefore, not surprising that our pseudo-king, borrowing so largely from Soulavie, should misrepresent the characters of Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Charles X., and their ministers and friends. It is obvious, that, having assumed the character of the king, the compilers have been obliged to deny, however faintly, the worst of the Jacobin imputations, to soften down others, to throw over all an air of regret, and sometimes to attempt a kind of apology; but the veil is too flimsy to conceal that their real objects (next we suppose to the price the bookseller might give for the work) are to degrade the royal name, and especially to accredit, as far as could be done in a book bearing such a title, such imputations against the elder branches of the Bourbons, as might be most agreeable to the old, and above all to the new, revolutionists of France. After the proofs,—we hope we may anticipate that our readers will add the complete and irresistible proofs,—we have produced that the whole affair is a forgery, we shall be excused from entering into any details on this part of the subject,*—details which, though they are

* Nor have we thought it worth while to take any notice of the numerous '*original*' documents

Digitized by Google

are quite as conclusive as those we have already gone into, would, from the nature of the matters, require wider and more argumentative explanations than we have room to give or than the object is worth;—indeed, we have rather to apologize again for having already thrown away so much supererogatory demonstration on a question, which might, we believe, have been rested on the sole evidence of that respectable prelate, *M. Le Tria*, Bishop of GAST!

ART. VIII.—*Sir Edward Seaward's Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a Detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting Events in his Life; from the years* 1733 *to* 1749. Edited by Miss Jane Porter. 2nd edition. 3 vols. 1832.

IN this eager age of novelty and change, reform and retrenchment, when the new self-constituted *fourth estate* of the realm is displaying such energy and activity in the circulation of its tracts of useful knowledge, and entertaining knowledge, its penny magazines and two-penny encyclopedias, to the dismay and discomfiture of the old aristocracy of the Row, it may fairly be concluded that a work of three closely-printed volumes, such as that before us, must possess some kind of merit to have carried it to a second edition within the twelvemonth. Its antiquity may go for something:—but, even without reference to that point, it is an interesting and amusing performance. It confesses to a hundred years having passed over its head; and yet, so far from betraying any symptoms of the feebleness of age, it displays all the freshness and vigour of youth. The style is suited to the subject; the language is perfectly natural, and, occasionally, extremely affecting.

The late Miss Jane Porter, the editor of the work, gives this account of it:—

'The manuscript books, constituting the Diary from which the following Narrative is taken, were put into my hands by the representative of their much respected writer, merely as a curious specimen of old-fashioned times, the perusal of which might amuse me. On reading the manuscript I found not only amusement, which may be called the least worthy effect of any written production, but a deep and affecting interest;—such as a man might feel while listening, at his own comfortable fireside, to the strange adven-

documents which the editor most impudently produces to authenticate his work: they are all false—and for the most part, such gross fabrications, as to carry their own detection on their very face. We will just instance *one*: Louis XVIII. is made to say in certain pretended 'Instructions' given in 1793 to the Count de Précy, a royalist agent, that 'the *Parliament* of Lyons is to be re-established as soon as possible, and re-invested with its *former jurisdiction*.'—vol. vi. p. 39. There never was a parliament at Lyons, and consequently no *former jurisdiction* to re-establish. Lyons was, as every one who knows the old state of France is aware, in the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Paris. The other *documents* are all in the same style!

tures

Digitized by Google

tures and hair-breadth escapes of some dear and long-absent friend, just returned to his kinsfolk and neighbours, after a widely wandering and chequered travel in distant lands. Thus impressed, I ventured to recommend the publication of Sir Edward Seaward's Diary to its owner. He smiled, and objected, saying, "He should expect the spirit of the worthy knight would haunt him to his dying day, did he make such an exposition of family history, and of the unpretending abilities, as an author, of the journalist himself, who had evidently penned it for no other eyes than those of his kindred." '—*Preface*, pp. v. vi.

Happily the judgment of a person whom this representative of the family held in the highest respect—namely, we presume, Miss Porter—overcame his scruples:—and here is Sir Edward's Narrative. It thus opens:—

'Born of loyal and honest parents, whose means were just sufficient to give a common education to their children, I have neither to boast of pedigree nor of learning; yet they bequeathed to me a better inheritance—a stout constitution, a peaceable disposition, and a proper sense of what is due to my superiors and equals; for such an inheritance I am grateful to God, and to them.'—vol. i. p. 1.

Like many young persons on leaving school, Seaward felt an inclination to see foreign parts, and an earnest desire to go to sea. An offer from an uncle to appoint him supercargo of a vessel trading to Virginia, was at once accepted. 'At parting,' he says, 'my father gave me his blessing, and my mother's Bible, and with these valued gifts I left the village of my education and nativity'—namely, Awbury, near Bristol. On his return from this, his first voyage, his uncle met him at the door of his house.

'A crape on his hat arrested my attention. I cast my subdued eye, heart-struck, on it, then, looking at him earnestly, said, "Have I lost my father?" Without answering, he turned and went into the house, and I followed him. "God's will be done, Ned!" said he to me; "how many hogsheads of tobacco have you brought home?"—"My dear uncle," I replied, "my heart is too full to speak on business at present; let me retire for a few minutes, or go and see my aunt, and after that I will give you every information you desire."

From his aunt he derived every consolation for his melancholy loss, which, he was informed, had happened about a month before.

'Tea was brought in, and my uncle followed it. He took me by the hand, saying, "Poor Ned! thou hast a tender heart; poor boy!—thy father was a good father, Ned, and it is honest and creditable to thee to show decent sorrow for the loss of such a parent: but he hasn't left thee anything, Ned; what little he had, he has bequeathed to thy brother and sisters; they are young, thou knowest: he thought thee might get thy own bread——" —"And he thought right, I hope, dear uncle," I replied; "he did righteously; and I revere his memory the more for taking care of the most helpless."—"But how many hogsheads of tobacco didst thou bring home, Ned?"—"Three hundred, sir,' &c.—p. 5.

Digitized by Google It

It was decided that Ned's next trip should be to Jamaica and Honduras, but previous to his departure he paid a visit to his old schoolmaster, the Rev. W. Goldsmith, the pastor of Awbury, on whose daughter Eliza his early affections had been placed; he thus describes his journey and his feelings on revisiting the place of his nativity:—

'I set out on horseback, with feelings of a very sober kind; and being alone, had much time for meditation as I rode on slowly. I looked back on the happy days of my boyhood; played with my fellows, in memory, on the green before the school-house; and called to mind some of the old people, and, among others, my honoured father, sitting beneath the venerable elm there, in its full maturity of three hundred years. I believed then that the world could not boast such a man, nor such a tree. I thought also, with pleasure, on my revered pastor and schoolmaster, who was meek and kind-hearted to all, and who managed to make his boys scholars without using either the birch or the ferula. He was, indeed, more anxious to teach us our duty than our Latin; but he contrived to teach us both. The kindness of his nature seemed to kindle a kindred feeling throughout the school, so that we felt disposed to help each other, and did so, and lost nothing, but gained much, in the brotherly task: he loved my father; and his family and ours were like one. The nearer I approached the village, the more impatient I became to arrive; I thought on my sisters, and their friends his daughters, every moment with increasing emotion; I gave Dobbin the spur, and gradually quickening my pace, came up to our gate at a brisk canter. My sisters received me most affectionately, and quickly sent for my brother, who happened to be out. He came, and the meeting was affecting; we saw ourselves all together, but the parents were no more with their children; we looked on the place where they were wont to sit, and wept.'—pp. 8, 9.

The sweet smiles of Eliza Goldsmith brought back the pleasing recollections of former days. They soon understood each other—but Edward felt some qualms at the idea of taking her away from her peaceful home—and to such a place as Honduras! This noble girl, however, immediately released him from any embarrassment on that score. Nothing can be more natural and pathetic than the following:—

'She was silent for a moment or two; but her eyes spoke the while most eloquently; she turned them alternately from her father to me, and resting them at last on me, said in a very low yet still firm voice, "I have long believed in your love for me, Edward Seaward; now you assure me of it: to-morrow you leave Awbury; I cannot conceal what I feel at the possibility of another separation. My father! my sisters! —you know his worth, you will not think hardly of your poor Eliza's delicacy, if now, before you all, I confess my deep affection. Edward, dear Edward, I should pine and die, were you to go alone to the dreadful country you are destined for: may it now be our fate to live or die together." Before she finished I drew near her, and snatching her

Digitized by Google

her hand, pressed it to my lips; a hallowed tear, seen only by the eye of Him who looks into the heart, dropt on the hand: it was the seal of faith—it was not unperceived. I kissed that dear hand again and again, with difficulty articulating a few words of devoted affection, and sat down by her, with a delightful consciousness that she was mine.'—p. 14.

When the ceremony was over, the young couple took an affectionate leave of their friends. Just as they were driving off, Eliza's favourite dog, 'a beautiful little spaniel of King Charles's breed,' sprang into the carriage, and looked on his mistress and whined so piteously, that even the old uncle was touched, and called out, 'Let the little fellow go with her; he has a warm heart towards her, and a good one too. Dogs never change though men sometimes do:—no allusion to you, Ned—take him, Eliza.'

They sailed from Bristol on the 30th October, 1733, called at Kingston, in Jamaica, laid in a large supply of stock and all kinds of implements, for St. George's Key, and proceeded on their voyage. On the 24th December the sky looked black, the weather became unsettled, the sea much agitated, and in short there was every appearance of an approaching hurricane. The terrific scene that ensued is finely described.

'The windows were scarcely secured by their wooden outside shutters, when it began to thunder and rain in torrents; it was one cascade of waters from the heavens. My poor dear wife had gone below into the cabin, a little before the storm came on; she had been induced to descend by the awful blackness that totally overspread the sky, which until then had been cheeringly bright in some one quarter or other; and although I did not remain five minutes after her, I was thoroughly wetted to the skin, before I could get off deck and run down the ladder. I had scarcely entered the cabin, when the wind arose suddenly, and with such violence, that the brig in an instant seemed on her beam ends. At this moment I thought I heard some one fall down the companion ladder. The hurricane had blown the sails to ribands, but the crew had succeeded in getting her before the wind. The vessel being a little steady, I went to see who or what it was that made the unlucky tumble, and found my two goats, which, in the bustle and confusion, had probably attempted to take refuge in the companion, or some one had thrown them there purposely out of the way, as the door was immediately closed down after them, to keep the sea from rolling from the deck into the steerage-passage and cabin. This circumstance, which at the time did not appear worthy of much notice, was nevertheless important, the hand of Providence having directed it.

'I now endeavoured to console my wife, whose strength of mind and kindness of heart bestowed reciprocal consolations on myself. "God will preserve us, my honoured love!" said she; "I feel that we are safe, notwithstanding this dreadful hurricane: but," added she, pressing my hand and moving it to her lips, "if we should be drowned, we shall die together and we shall not be separated: we shall meet, where

Digitized by Google

where we can part no more." Her feelings now overpowered her, and she fell on my neck and wept. I kissed away the tears from her eyes, saying, "We will trust in the Almighty."'—pp. 28-30.

The wind howled horribly and the sea was all in a foam; the waves broke over the brig, and two of the hands and the yawl were washed overboard. At two or three in the morning, a cry was heard of 'breakers! land! breakers!'

'I was below with my wife in the cabin. Being no seaman, I could do no good on deck; but, hearing this, I got up the ladder to the companion door. All was again fast down, and they could not open it; in fact, all hands were too much absorbed by the awfulness of their situation. In a few minutes the vessel struck, and we, who were below, were thrown violently on the cabin floor. The poor dog, our faithful Fidele, howled mournfully as he was driven to the farther end of the cabin: this, at such a moment, had a powerful effect on us. "We are indeed lost!" said my wife, as she recovered a little from the fall she had just received. I did not now wait to console her by my words: I renewed my efforts to force the companion door, and get upon deck; but it was perfect darkness where we were, and I could not find anything to add to my own ineffectual strength, nor could I make any one on deck attend to me; they could not hear me for the noise made by the howling of the wind and the breaking of the sea: yet I sometimes heard them, and could discover that they were cutting away the wreck of the main-mast, which lay over the side—making ready to get the long boat over the gunwale, to escape, if possible, from the perishing vessel.'—pp. 30, 31.

The captain said the brig would go to pieces in a few minutes, and that if Mr. and Mrs. Seaward chose to go in the boat, they must be up in a second. Seaward went down to the cabin and urged his dear wife instantly to accompany him on deck, briefly describing to her their perilous situation: 'No,' said she, 'I will not stir, and you will not stir; they must all perish; a boat cannot endure this storm. Let us trust in God, Edward, and if we die, we die together.' 'It is done,' he replied, 'we will not stir.' Seaward, after a little, succeeded with difficulty in getting again upon deck—but no boat was to be seen; now and then he thought he heard the voices of the miserable crew at some distance, and sometimes fancied he saw them in the strong glare of the lightning.

'The brig soon took the ground again, on a reef within, and heeled over as before, which threw me down the ladder; the companion doors fortunately slamming to after me, as the sea instantly broke over the vessel fore and aft. My ever kind wife hastened to my assistance, but was herself thrown to the other side of the cabin. I was not hurt, so that in a little time I reached the place where she lay, and we crawled up together to windward, where we endeavoured to secure ourselves. More than an hour passed away with us thus in dismal darkness below: but we enjoyed the light of God's presence; offering up prayer to

Digitized by Google

to him, in short but emphatical ejaculations; and he heard us: we felt the influence of his peace, and were resigned to his will. Our situation was awful; in all human probability, within one short hour we should be engulfed by an overwhelming sea. With arms folded round each other, we sat, endeavouring to keep our position, and so remained till the heaving motion of the vessel gradually subsided, and at length became scarcely perceptible; but she continued to lie over, nearly on her beam ends.'—pp. 32, 33.

This pious man now once more crawled upon deck, when a gleam of joy rushed upon him, on perceiving that the day had dawned, and that the water to leeward was quite smooth.

'I hastened below to my dear wife, into the dark cabin, exclaiming, "Come to me, my love; come on deck; it is daylight!" Without a word, she made her way to me, and ascended the ladder. On emerging from darkness into light, her feelings overcame her, and she poured forth her heart to God. After a few moments of abstraction, she crept down to the lee gunwale of the quarter-deck: "Where is the boat, and our poor companions?" she exclaimed; "I do not see them!"—"Perhaps," I replied, "they are safely landed on yon beach, and will soon return to take us out of the vessel." I now looked earnestly around me: the mainmast was gone, but the stump was standing; the wreck of it had been cleared away: the foremast remained, but the fore-topmast had gone, and was hanging by its rigging forward: the booms were gone, the boats were gone, the gabbose for cooking gone, the binnacle gone: the hen-coops alone remained in their places; but all the fowls in the coop to leeward were drowned. All was desolation on deck and aloft; but the day had dawned, and the morning smiled serenely on us, while a gentle calm spread itself over the ocean all around.'—pp. 33, 34.

The land astern of the brig seemed high and well-wooded: towards this the sea breeze set the vessel, and she drove close to a beach immediately under a mountainous promontory, and was forced into a little cove.

'Here the brig struck, and stuck fast with her bow: the shock threw myself and my wife forward with great violence; and we were both more bruised by this happy event, than by all the tossings and tumblings we had experienced during the hurricane. "Blessed be God!" cried I, getting up, and shaking myself: but my dear Eliza was stunned, and it was some time before she recovered her senses. Eventful as our situation was, I thought of nothing but her: I sat down by her, and rubbed her hands between mine: she looked up and smiled; then raising her arm over my neck, and kissing my forehead, as she was often wont to do, said, "I thank God you are safe, my Edward!"'

Being now delivered from the perils of the ocean, 'we raised our hearts,' says Seaward, 'to the fountain of mercy, and blessed God in thankfulness.' The first thing to be done was to secure the ship to the rocks, which, after some labour, was effected, and being fast aground they considered themselves safe in

Digitized by Google

in remaining in her. They found themselves much exhausted, but at length, amidst the general desolation of the cabin, stumbled upon an unbroken bottle of wine, of which each took a small quantity, and reclining on the after-lockers both fell asleep. On awaking, Seaward set about rummaging the ship; a bag of biscuit was found hanging behind the ladder. Fortunately they had taken on board, at Jamaica, two goats with kid, both of which had escaped, though one of them with a broken leg; a cock, three hens, and some ducks had also survived. They had also taken on board a great quantity of yams and plantains, shaddocks, oranges and limes, a few pumpkins, water and musk melons, pine-apples, capsicums, and some sugar-canes, which were of inestimable value for present use, and for raising future supplies.

Mr. Seaward proposed that one of the drowned fowls should be cooked for dinner. 'But how,' asked Eliza, 'can we make a fire?' 'Here,' says Seaward, 'I was at a stand;' but he soon bethought himself of the ship's spy-glass, with the lens of which he readily kindled a fire of dry leaves and branches which they had gathered on shore. Next, they had no water, and it was thought dangerous to proceed among the rocks in search of a spring, lest they might be surprised by savages; but they hastened on board and rummaged out a tea-kettle in which was some water. They now set about arranging the cabin and exploring the several parts of the ship, and found all their stock of fruit, vegetables, and provisions safe in the hampers; they also found another bag of biscuit, and what was of great importance, some muskets, powder, and ball cartridges. Having taken their humble meal—

'We lay down in peace and thankfulness; but notwithstanding this happy frame of mind, our slumbers were disturbed by the noises of the preceding night yet ringing in our ears. We arose with the dawn, the cool freshness of which was truly delightful: a couple of oranges, with biscuit, was our breakfast; and, still finding water in the tea-kettle, we drank some of it, mixed with a little wine. "Now, my Eliza," said I, "will you venture on shore, and let us explore the other side of the isthmus?" "Yes," she replied, "I will go cheerfully now." I took two of the muskets, and gave to her a boarding-pike to carry as a staff, and to have recourse to for defence, if necessary; and, with our faithful little dog, we descended at one step from the brig's side to the rock. I shouldered both the muskets, and keeping up as yet the good old fashion of England, she took my right arm with her left, but holding in the other her spear-pointed staff.'—pp. 46, 47.

As they were rambling about at no great distance from the ship, they had the inexpressible delight to see a spring of water gushing forth in an ample stream, clear as crystal. This was a discovery that promised them lasting comfort; with the palms of their hands they

Digitized by Google

they partook of the cool and refreshing beverage, and their little companion Fidele lapped up the water with great eagerness. As they sat with their eyes fixed on the rushing torrent, the dog barked; they listened, but could hear nothing besides; but they fully expected a surprise from some of the natives: at last a rustling noise was heard just above them; Seaward cocked his gun—the dog scrambled towards the place amidst the brushwood; Seaward clambered after him, and there beheld a large iguana, which Fidele had killed; an animal whose flesh is equal to that of a chicken. This was preserved for a future day, and some roasted plantains served them for their second day's dinner—'the most comfortable repast they had ever enjoyed.'

A further search in the ship produced a supply of salt beef and pork, tea and sugar. They now began to turn their minds towards futurity, regarding the probability of a long continuance on the island with great composure and submission to the divine will. With this view, one of their first operations, was, to prepare a small bed of soil for the reception of the seeds of fruit and vegetables, which they had brought from Jamaica. When Sunday arrived they determined to show their respect by dressing themselves in better attire. His beloved wife, Seaward says, dressed herself as she would have done at Awbury; they then sat down quietly, he going through the morning service, she reading the lessons for the day.

'We talked,' says he, 'to each other about those dear friends we had left behind in England, and often with grateful tenderness reverted to the father of Eliza, to whom both of us were much indebted for the peace we now enjoyed; being separated from all the gaieties of life, but having for our portion God and ourselves!'

They had now provided themselves from the ship with carpenters' tools, spades, hatchets, and hoes; and having landed a sufficient number of planks and shingles, Mr. Seaward set about building a shed in the manner of a log-house, under the shade of a large silk-cotton tree, and close to the spot where the piece of ground had been laid out for the reception of the various seeds. Mrs. Seaward employed her time in making gaiters, in repairing other articles of clothing, and in reading, while her husband was labouring at the shed. He also undertook to build a small punt, which was of infinite use in enabling them to take fish, particularly a species of mullet. Eliza constructed of basket-work a kind of fish-pot, and from this time they were amply supplied with different kinds of fish. What with these and other employments, and strolling about the skirts of the wooded promontory, and gathering beautiful shells on the beach, their time passed away agreeably and almost imperceptibly. Happy in each other's society,

Digitized by Google

society, not a murmur at their singular lot, nor any expression of a wish for a change, ever escaped their lips.

One day the little Fidele, having barked long and loud in the thicket, and by his noise considerably alarmed them, at last made his appearance, dragging out an immense iguana. There was nothing particular in this, but Mr. Seaward took it into his head that, by clearing away the thicket in this part, an opening might be effected across the promontory, which would greatly extend their view; he immediately set about it, and soon found himself close to the mouth of a cavern, in which he perceived a light was shining as if from above. It proved an extensive natural excavation; the floor of it was covered with the dung of birds, and whole flocks of a species of blue pigeon were flying about, and others sitting on the pendulous stalactites, and the nodules projecting from the sides of the cavern.

One morning at daylight, a large turtle was observed from the deck, apparently asleep on the beach. Mr. Seaward landed, and with the assistance of a rope, succeeded, after a hard struggle, in turning the creature upon its back. Incidents trifling in themselves not unfrequently develope individual character.

'I thought it would be best now to kill it; but I no sooner decided so than it drew in its head (the neck of which is the only vulnerable part), and I could not venture a stroke. The idea of wounding or maiming the creature, without killing it, was revolting to my feelings. I knew it was now safe, and I therefore had time to go systematically to work. I got a double-block purchase from the ship, and making a rope fast round all the timber on shore, I fixed one end of the purchase on the bight of that rope, and the other to the rope fixed to the fin; and although the turtle seemed to be quite two hundred weight, I boused it up high and dry some yards upon the beach, in less than half an hour. I had now secured my prize; but what was to be done with it? We surveyed it some time silently: "I do not like that you should kill the poor animal," said my kind-hearted Eliza; "we have provision enough, and we can subsist very well without taking its life."—"We will discuss that, dearest," said I, "by and by; now, let us go on board and get some breakfast, for I am heartily fatigued." At breakfast we talked the matter over. She pleaded sweetly for the poor thing, and I could not but respect the sentiment; yet, although we had indeed plenty of food, it was not of the kind most wholesome to subsist entirely upon; our health required fresh provisions; and we could not expect Fidele would bring us an iguana every day; nor durst we think of deriving any help from the live stock for some time to come—they must breed, and the young ones grow. I urged all these practical arguments against her tender persuasions; and, at last, after a few moments' silence, she said, "Well, then, I suppose it ought to be killed; but, Edward, I have my doubts about your doing it."

Digitized by Google

it."—"O, yes," answered I, "I will see to that presently." I went to find a large dinner knife; and, having sharpened it well, for the purpose of cutting off its head, left my wife on board, and proceeded resolutely to the place where the turtle lay.

'When I tucked up my shirt sleeves, to prevent the blood from staining them, and brandished the knife, as the creature's head lay stretched forth from its shell, I felt so like an assassin about to commit his first crime, that nature recoiled within me: my hand trembled, my blood crept, and a cold dampness came out on my forehead, and in the palms of my hands. I could not have cut off the head of the poor animal, at that moment, for the universe; a guilty shame seemed to hang over me; and, after a little contention with it, I retraced my steps to the vessel. Eliza never saw me look as I then did—no doubt like a thief taken in the fact; or perhaps not unlike a condemned criminal. "You repent then, Edward, I see," said she, "having killed the poor beast?"—"No, my blessed angel," I replied, putting down the knife, "I could not do it! I never took the life of anything in such a way: the best feelings of my nature interposed, and thy kind spirit! We will let the creature go." She took me at my word; and, with Fidele, we hastened to the beach, unbound the noose, and gladly watched the poor turtle make its way, though with fear and precipitation, into the sea. "Now, my honoured husband," said she, "you are doubly dear to me! God will bless you for this act of forbearance."—"Indeed, indeed," I replied, "I feel equally guilty as if I had killed it; I had every inclination to do so."'

Two days after this, in proceeding along the rocks, they observed a fish of the size of a large cod, which Seaward pierced with a boarding-pike, and turned out on the sand. While they were examining it—

'I could not help observing to my wife, "How is it, dear Eliza, that we have killed this fish without any compunction? nay, on the contrary, rejoice in the achievement? and yet we could not find in our hearts to take the life of the turtle!"—"I do not know," replied she; "but surely there are nice points of feeling, which regulate our conduct in a way we cannot always detect or explain. I think the one looked so like a deliberate murder, that our hearts recoiled at the contemplation of the act."—"I believe," rejoined I, "you have solved the difficulty; for really, as far as the fish and turtle are concerned, the last had as much right to his life, and liberty, as the first."'

The discovery of a grove of cocoa-nut trees, and also of the cacao or chocolate-nut tree, with ripe seeds, afforded a most desirable and abundant addition to their culinary stock. Their garden was fast approaching to yield its produce, the melons and pumpkins being in full flower. They now added to their garden a bed, to be planted with the seed of the maize or Indian corn, as the best food for their poultry, which had begun to breed. To improve

Digitized by Google

improve the soil Seaward dug out the pigeon's dung in the cave for manure, and one day, while so busied, he turned up part of a soldier's belt, with a brass-plate on it, which, on scouring, appeared, as he thought, to be Spanish; nothing further, however, was found at that time that could give any clue how the belt had been deposited there.

One day Fidele had been barking in the thicket for a long time, and the happy pair were expecting him to make his appearance with an iguana, when, to their surprise, his bark changed into a fearful yelp, and they perceived him brushing out of the wood, followed by an animal resembling a pig; presently a herd of some twenty rushed out of the brake, among whom our hero discharged his musket: one of them fell; another drove its tusk into Fidele while standing close to his mistress, who, being armed with a pike, struck it into the assailant's side:—in short, a dreadful combat ensued, in which the peccaries (for such they turned out to be) attacked valiantly, but fire-arms and pikes proved too much for them, and the survivors retreated. Mr. Seaward carried off one of the slain, scraped him clean, as they do hogs, and carrying it into the cavern, suspended it on a peg that he drove into a crevice of the rock. He afterwards had it corned, and it proved excellent meat.

This peccary adventure produced a very important discovery—indeed one more like a romance than a reality. On a second visit to the cavern,

'it occurred to me,' says Seaward,' 'to look at the place where I had driven in the peg to hang the peccary on, as it appeared to me, at the time of my hammering at it, to sound hollow. We repaired together to the cave, and I knocked my hammer about in various directions wherever I saw a crevice; but we returned as we went.'

Two days after this, however, the conversation turned upon the sounding crevices, and the idea still possessing the mind of Mr. Seaward, that there perhaps might be some inner cavern, a more deliberate investigation took place.

'I took my strongest hatchet, and struck the sides of the place as before, in various parts, with the hammer end; and was quickly satisfied that the sound from the spot near the crevice where I had hung the peccary, and for several yards beyond it, was very different from that produced by striking on the other parts of the cavern. We now brought in a light; for this place was the darkest, and therefore the coolest in the cave; it was for this reason I had selected it for our larder. When we had the advantage of a candle, to our amazement an artificial appearance of inserted stones was evident. We now reflected on the circumstances of the military belt, and the chocolate trees at the cavern's mouth; and thought this built-up partition must be connected with those things.

'I lost

Digitized by Google

'I lost no time in going on board for a crow bar, which I had seen in the fore-cuddy; and, bringing it, commenced the work of dislodging the stones. Crowds of pigeons, which the first noise of my hatchet had alarmed, now, at this greater disturbance, fled precipitately out of the hole at the further end: we were at first vexed at this, but soon reconciled ourselves to their temporary fright, by knowing that the return of stillness in their ancient abode, would unquestionably attract them back again. After very short work, I had extracted sufficient of the stones (which had formed a wall, very like the natural rock interior of the cave,) to lay open a hole large enough to admit my body; and, on thrusting in my head and shoulders, I did indeed perceive a kind of chamber, dimly lit by a glimmering light from a narrow fissure above, but which had not power to shew me anything within. By this aperture, I knew that the air now admitted from the opening made below, would instantly clear the place of all foul vapour that might exist within; and, after resting a moment to explain this to my attentive Eliza, I wormed myself into the recess, and received the candle from her hand. The floor of the place was covered deep with sand, which was quite dry; and for some time I could not discover anything worthy of notice; but, on moving forward about three yards, I saw a collection of small canvass bags, ranged side by side, and behind them a long wooden box. Without stopping to examine their contents, I stepped back to the hole, and desired my wife to come in, telling her what I had seen. She quickly got through, following the candle and me; and opening one of the bags, I discerned at a glance some sparkling metal. "This is treasure!" cried I. She instantly exclaimed, "May it please God to preserve us!"—"From what, dearest?" I replied, tumbling out several pieces of coin. "They are full of dollars," she rejoined, "and of what use are they to us?" "Well, sweet Eliza," I replied, "they can do us no harm; we can leave them where we find them, if we please."—"Just so," she answered. "However," said I, "we will examine the box." The lid was nailed down, so it could not be opened without a chisel; we therefore quitted the recess, till I should bring the necessary implement from the carpenter's chest, and returned to the plank-house. I held some pieces of the money in my hand, which had fallen out of the bag, and by the candle-light had appeared white: we then concluded they were dollars, but we now discovered, by day-light, that they were gold doubloons. I remarked this vast difference in their value to my dear wife. "Well," said she, "Edward, it is all the same to us, dollars or doubloons, or our own English farthings: we cannot send to market with money here. Your health, my honoured husband, is our wealth, and God's blessing is our exhaustless mine! So I care nothing about these; only this, that I fear the discovery will be a source of great uneasiness, if not of misery, to us." "Very well, dearest," I replied, "if there be any more of it in the other bags, with you and God for my guide, I hope I shall not make a bad use of it, should I ever happen to have the opportunity."—"I hope—I believe

Digitized by Google

lieve you would not, my dear Edward," she rejoined; "but riches are a snare."—"My own Eliza," I answered gravely, "bags of gold can be no riches to me where we are; they may as well be full of the sand that covers the floor."—p. 215-218.

Here the dialogue ended; and they set about preparing their dinner; still, however, Seaward's mind was fixed upon the treasure, and being impatient to see and be acquainted with the extent of their riches—

"Now, my own!" said I, "let us go and inspect the box." She re-lit our candle; and taking a chisel and mallet with me, we proceeded to the cave, and again entered the recess. I opened the box: it was full of all sorts of gold and silver articles—representations of the Crucifixion; the Virgin and Child, in highly-wrought silver shrines; gold hilts for swords; large ear-rings of gold; some ingots of gold; and a considerable quantity of gold and silver tissue; and some silver lavers, and other costly things. My dear wife admired all these beautiful pieces of workmanship very much, making many appropriate remarks on the different articles; and when we had examined all, she gently said, "Dear Edward, let us now shut the box up, and the place in which it is also: these things do not belong to us."—"Oh, very well!" I hastily replied: "as you please, I don't care a rush about them!" In mutual silence we stepped out of the recess, and I thrust in the loose stones again.'—pp. 218, 219.

Mr. Seaward, however, was very far from being at his ease. 'My dear Eliza, I said, we will let this matter rest for the present and discuss it at our leisure, for I trust, that whatever we may conclude to do will have a blessing and not a curse.' 'Don't let it perplex you, my honoured husband,' she replied, 'we will pray God to direct you.' Still he felt dissatisfied with himself, and much he doubted the propriety of appropriating the treasure. At length, one day, while turning the doubloons over and over in his hand, he observed the head of Carolus II., and a date of 1670. This made him conclude that the whole must have been there at least fifty or sixty years—that no persons could be living to whom it had belonged—and that those who placed it there were probably buccaneers and pirates: therefore, says he, 'possession is the only right which, under such circumstances, can be set up; and it is a duty I owe to myself, and to you, and to all connected with us, to endeavour to preserve this treasure, and to convey it to England if ever an opportunity should offer.' Eliza was silent for some time; at last she said, 'If those to whom it rightfully belongs cannot have it, I certainly see no just reason why you should not do as you propose.' This seemed for a short time to remove a weight from his mind.

He found, however, that he could not settle to his work as before; and 'on Sunday,' he says, 'I confess we did not feel so seriously

Digitized by Google

seriously devout as had been usual to us.' Again, on the following Sunday, their devotions were interrupted, and the reflection came across Mr. Seaward, that 'there is surely something even in the touch of gold, that demoralizes the man.'

The doubts of these amiable people as to their title to the money were quite unnecessary; by the law of *treasure-trove*, it was their own so long as not claimed; but the truth is, the charm which had made this lonely and solitary islet a little paradise was dissolved; the idea of enjoying what they had got had now taken possession of their minds,—at a moment too, when the signs of prosperity were everywhere smiling around them. All their vegetable products were in a most thriving state; one of the goats had produced two kids; numerous broods of ducklings and chickens were growing up; they had as much fish as they desired; the cocoa-nuts were inexhaustible; but they had no longer any enjoyment in the beauties of the place—these were no longer the subjects of their remark in their excursions—'Nothing was said of its eligibility for our permanent residence.' Their walks were now only to the summit of the promontory, that they might not 'neglect the possibility of discerning vessels in the offing!'

The diary of the 15th April says, 'While my dear wife and I were enjoying our breakfast under the wide shadow of our arbour tree, we were struck dumb by the sudden appearance of a large canoe, between us and the opposite island.' They hastened to hoist a white napkin to the end of a pike-staff, which had the effect of turning the head of the canoe towards the shore. On nearing them the people in her called out *amigos*; they were two men, two women, and a girl, all negroes. By broken Spanish and by signs, pointing to the stranded vessel, they made the Sewards understand that themselves also had been shipwrecked. One of the men was a gardener and the other a carpenter, and both they and the women soon proved of great use in the settlement. Eliza set about teaching them English, and also the elements of Christianity. But they had been more than a year on the island, when an English schooner from Norfolk in Virginia, was chased on shore by a Spanish Guarda-costa. Seaward asked the master if he would give up the cabin for his wife and himself, and convey them to Jamaica, with certain chests. The bargain was immediately struck, the boxes embarked, and having taken an affectionate leave of the people left on the island, and made a promise of a speedy return, the Seawards embarked, and in due time arrived safe at Jamaica.

Mr. Seaward lost no time in finding a conveyance for his treasure to England; and it happened, fortunately enough, that the Solebay frigate, commanded by Captain James, was just about to

Digitized by Google

to sail. On board this frigate he shipped part of his treasure, amounting to 40,000*l.*, taking the captain's receipt for the same, and his signature to an agreement for the freight at the rate of one per cent. On the invitation of Captain James, Mr. Seaward and his lady visited the Solebay. They admired the uniform of the officers, who were all dressed in dark blue coats with white linings,—those of the lieutenants having white facings. Captain James observed they were indebted to the reigning sovereign for the white lapells and double rose upon the button. By this occasion Mr. Seaward sends 500*l.* to his sisters, and his lady the like sum to her father. A schooner was now purchased—it was called the Porghee, after the name of a Bermuda fish, and Seaward appointed a young midshipman of the name of Drake—Francis Drake—to command her, for whose good conduct and activity, he got him an acting order as lieutenant, which was finally confirmed, and the Porghee entered on the list of the navy.

His next step was to apply to the secretary of the governor to obtain a commission as Captain Commandant of an island or two among rocks and shoals off the Mosquito shore. 'The secretary asked me what the island was called; I said it was not laid down in any chart that I had seen, I therefore had called the group *Seaward Islands*, after my own name. 'And what is your Christian name?" I told him Edward. "Well, Captain Edward Seaward," said he, "you shall have the commission; but you must pay twenty doubloons for it;" and thus this matter was concluded.

His next object was to purchase some young negroes, not to continue them as slaves, but to bind them as apprentices for seven years. He loaded his uncle's brig Avon, which happened to be here, with a cargo consisting of every kind of necessaries, implements, fruit trees, seeds, and live stock, amounting altogether to the sum of 10,000*l.*; and having finally arranged his affairs, embarked, on the 8th of April, 1735, on board his schooner Porghee, and on the 11th landed in safety on one of the Seaward Islands, where, he says, 'We felt as our first parents would have felt, had they been permitted to return to Paradise after their expulsion.' It would seem, indeed, that the amiable Eliza considered the money so strangely acquired to have been put into their possession for some special purpose, and imposed on them an obligation which it was their bounden duty to fulfil. On preparing to leave Jamaica, she says—

'"Edward, I feel that we are chosen vessels for the mercy of God to others, which also we ourselves have so largely shared: I do not repent that we are taking all this trouble, and putting our lives to risk, when so much good may be accomplished by the means placed in our

Digitized by Google

our hands. I own my natural inclination was to go to England; pay your uncle for the brig altogether, if required, and so be done with it; and then enjoy our fortune. But to enjoy," continued she, after pausing a little, "is the gift only of God; to possess, may be his gift also; or it may be the gift of him who said, 'I will give thee all the kingdoms of the earth, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'" "True, my own best gift!" I replied, "I should be the most ungrateful of men, to the good God who has bestowed all this on me, if I did not feel that this money, so wonderfully delivered into my hands, was for some especial purpose of stewardship. The providential arrival of the poor castaway negroes, and then of the schooner,—all—all working together to give us the means of providing every comfort, towards planting a colony of refuge in that blessed haven of our own preservation—seems to me, in solemn truth, as so many signs from the Divine Will, that it is our duty to fulfil a task allotted to us, in that long unknown island." Tears stood in my Eliza's eyes when I said this; and, oh! how like an angel she did look! for they were tears of overflowing happiness, "His spirit then bearing witness with her spirit," that we were indeed disposed to obey his most holy will.'—vol. ii pp. 46, 47.

Their happiness on their return to the islands appears to have been complete.

'Sometimes, in a leisure hour, we strolled out together along the beach, or through the trees, with one of our favourite numbers of the Spectator in my hand (and how often did we thank, over and over again, in our minds, my Eliza's kind father, for having given to her the few loose numbers he had preserved of that invaluable weekly paper!) We dwelt particularly on the parts where Mr. Addison points out so movingly to the reader, the poet John Milton's description of the sweet innocence, and therefore perfect felicity, of our first parents in the garden of Eden, with no other human society than themselves. We read over and over again these passages, comparing them with our own extraordinary lot; and feeling happy, most happy, in this our almost solitude, having God and ourselves! yet, with a few round us, who shared our peace, and all the good his providence had so bountifully bestowed.'—p. 94.

The settlement presently received an accession of population by the arrival of several members of both the Seaward and Goldsmith families; and in a short time wonderfully increased in prosperity by a constant trade with Jamaica and the Honduras. Buildings went on rapidly; all kinds of vegetables grew with luxuriance; and the numerous negroes had become so civilized, and discharged their respective duties with so much ability and fidelity, and there were now so many Europeans, their own relations among others, on the island, that this happy pair, after an absence of three years, consulted together on the propriety of making a visit to England. This they speedily afterwards accomplished; and

Digitized by Google

through the interest of Mr. Perry, and Mr. and Mrs. Child, to whom the doubloons had been remitted, Mr. Seaward got access to Sir Robert Walpole, with the view of prevailing on that minister to allow him to make a purchase of his dear islands. Perry being a man of business, and knowing well how matters were transacted at court, (perhaps he was of the same family with the late proprietor of the Morning Chronicle,) instructed his friend how to proceed in that affair :—

' " Now, Mr. Seaward," said he, " I hate bribery and corruption in all shapes ; and I have reason to believe you are of the same mind ;—but when you take this card, you must give a crown to the porter at the gate, another to the warder in the great hall, and half-a-guinea to the servant in waiting, who will show you into the secretary's room. And when you give him, I mean the secretary, the card, put a couple of guineas into his hand, wrapped up in a piece of clean paper, saying, ' Sir, I will thank you to give this to those to whom I have given so much trouble.' I soon got my lesson, and thanked Mr. Perry for the trouble he had taken in the business.'—p. 206.

His two interviews with Sir Robert, and the mode of procuring them, are curious enough ; he, however, succeeded in obtaining the grant at the expense of about 2000*l*. Mrs. Seaward had a visit from another great person, no less than Lady Sundon, Keeper of the Robes to the Queen, who wished to obtain from her, for her majesty, at any price, some remarkably rich gold tissue, of the beauty of which she had heard from Mrs. Child. The result was, an intimate friendship between the two ladies, and an introduction to Queen Caroline ; but there was a point on which her ladyship had received instructions to be informed :

' " What is Mr. Seaward ?—is he a merchant ?" " He *was* a merchant," replied my wife ; " he is no longer one. He gave up his business entirely to his brother, and is now in the possession of an ample fortune." " I wish he had rank of any kind," replied Lady Sundon. " The only rank he has that I can mention," returned my wife, " is that of Captain Commandant of Seaward Islands ; and I think I can show your Ladyship his commission, signed by the Governor of Jamaica." My Eliza soon laid her hands on the document, and showed it to her noble guest. " That will do," said she : " I am glad to know this ; it may be of some importance to you, at least in your introduction to her Majesty, if nothing more.'—p. 221.

An interesting account is then given of her introduction, and of the delight of Mr. Seaward at hearing from his dearest wife the narrative of her reception. The result of this introduction and of a private interview with the queen, was a notification to Captain Seaward, that there would be a levee at St. James's on the following Friday, and that Lord Harrington would present him. He of course attended, and when his turn came, the queen held out her

Digitized by Google

her hand—the captain, as previously instructed, dropped on his knee,—and 'in an instant,' says he, 'I saw a sword in the hand of my august mistress; from whom she had taken it I had not seen; but she laid the blade upon my shoulder with the gentlest grace imaginable, and said, "Rise up Sir Edward Seaward."'

Lady Sundon had been directed to take Mrs. Seaward into the queen's closet after the levee.

'As they entered the room where the queen was, her majesty advanced towards them, and taking my Eliza by the hand, said, with a beneficent smile—"Lady Seaward, I am happy to see you." My beloved looked up earnestly, with an inquiring eye, but did not speak. "I have added one more brave knight to our list, a few minutes ago, in the person of your husband; and I have reserved to myself the pleasure of communicating the intelligence to you." My tender-hearted Eliza was overcome;—being ever alive to the most grateful feelings, even for the smallest kindnesses, she was now overpowered, and sunk at the feet of her majesty; but collecting herself in a moment, exclaimed—"My honoured husband! Your majesty has indeed made me happy, by exalting him." The queen raised her as she wept; but they were tears of gratitude rather than of joy. Her majesty's kind nature was conspicuous throughout: she made her sit down beside her, desiring Lady Sundon, at the same time, to give her a little water, which she offered to my Eliza with her own hand; and would not suffer her to depart until her composure was quite restored. At length the queen pressed her hand with great kindness, and gave her permission to withdraw.

'My Eliza, on some occasions, would not be restrained by force. The moment she came into the room where I was, she flew into my arms; and giving full vent to her feelings, wept unrestrained. The two ladies present understood human nature too well to interfere. In a short time she smiled and kissed me, saying—"Now I am better.—My dear and kind friends, pardon this weakness, and my rudeness."—"Thou child of nature!" replied Lady Sundon; "would to Heaven that all women were like thee!"'—pp. 248, 249.

Sir Edward, after his *exaltation*, was regularly appointed Governor of Seaward's Islands, and obtained an order to the master-general of the ordnance to supply him with such guns, musketoons, powder, and ammunition as he might require. They were both in high favour at court, particularly with the queen; and on Lady Seaward's taking leave of the queen, on her return to the islands, her majesty said:—

'"Before I part with with you, my dear Lady Seaward," continued her majesty, "I wish to give you something, which I think you will value more than gold or jewels. When I passed through the Hague, many years ago, I met Saurin;—I was then on my way to England. He gave me this excellent sermon, which is written in French by his own hand: I desire you to accept it, and sometimes to read it, in re-

Digitized by Google

membrance of me, and of the pious minister of Huguenot descent who wrote it;—he was an excellent man! At my request, he wrote a book for the use of one who has not profited by it as he ought; but in God I trust." The queen paused a second, then resumed—"I believe, Lady Seaward, that you are one of the few who give glory and honour to God, for whatever good awaits you in life; and for this reason I lay aside the queen when alone with you; and I confess to you, that when I met M. Saurin at the Hague, I told him I was grateful to the Disposer of crowns for that which I was about to wear; and I feel happy, my dear young friend, in this opportunity of laying open my heart to one I believe worthy of knowing, that Caroline of England's proudest title would be that of a true Christian woman." My Eliza thanked her majesty with a silent tear of gratitude; and, kissing the hand that was held out to her with the book, courtesied and retired.'—p. 267.

Before quitting England, Sir Edward paid a visit to Awbury, and on the Sunday 'we had,' says he, 'the supreme felicity of worshipping our God in the temple of our fathers; where every tender recollection was awakened, softening the heart, and exalting our devotional spirit.' An estate in the neighbourhood, called *Hartland*, was put up for sale by auction, and Sir Edward bought it for 24,000*l.* Having made all his connexions comfortable, settled all his concerns, engaged a medical gentleman and a clergyman to go with him to his islands, and made arrangements for sending out and settling twelve German families, at the request of the queen, the happy pair took leave of their friends at Awbury and Bristol, and embarking on the Hero on the 2d May, 1737, arrived the 13th June at Jamaica, and towards the end of that month approached the shore of their favourite island, when the whole population hastened down to the beach,—men, women, and children,—to give them a hearty hurrah!

Some time after his arrival, Sir Edward was desired by the governor of Jamaica to go to Porto Bello, to remonstrate against the depredations committed by the Spaniards on our trade, and to demand the restitution of two mahogany ships. He was accompanied by the Seagull cutter, commanded by Lieutenant Thomson. They failed in obtaining any satisfaction; but, hearing of five masters of merchant ships, a supercargo, and a Dutch merchant and his wife being confined in a small tower at a short distance from the shore, Drake of the Porghee, and Thomson, with a party of seamen, surprised the place, and rescued the prisoners. The result of this was a grievous complaint from the court of Spain, and the king was advised by Sir Robert Walpole, to appoint Colonel Hervey to supersede Sir Edward in his government, and to give directions that Thomson and Drake should be tried by court-martial. The king's reply was (as Sir Edward

Digitized by Google

Edward was told by Lord Harrington), 'If I should do this, sir, Philip may very soon spit in the face of my ambassador for his pastime! But no one shall hurt Seaward; no one shall hurt Drake; no one shall hurt Thomson; all men! Sir Robert Walpole, all brave men! and I speak for *them*.' However,—even kings cannot always have their own way!—a brig of war from England arrived in June, commanded by Captain Knight, bringing orders to Sir Edward Seaward to proceed forthwith to Porto Bello, to offer a proper apology, and any reasonable reparation for his conduct, regarding the rescue of the prisoners. Sir Edward, accompanied by Lady Seaward, proceeded with Captain Knight, to Porto Bello, and having obtained an audience, said, 'Is your excellency disposed to receive my mission in the spirit of friendship?' The reply was as follows:—

'"You are sent to me by the English government as a culprit, to make apologies and restitutions for the insults and injuries committed by people under your orders two years ago.—What have you to say for yourself?" On hearing this, Captain Knight stood forward, "with fire in his eye and defiance in his front." "Do you know, Governor," said he, "that you are speaking to Sir Edward Seaward, a person equal in rank to yourself, and holding most honourable commissions from his Majesty the King of England?" The interpreter was embarrassed; but did, I believe, explain faithfully. "Equal in rank to me!" was the Spaniard's reply; "I do not consider the King of England himself equal in rank to me!—what is he?—he is little better than a Dutchman!" At the moment the reply was made known by the interpreter, the honest and gallant sailor broke out,—"You d—d blackguard! do you dare thus to speak of my king, in my presence?" The interpreter, on hearing this, ran out of the room: Knight followed him, and brought him back, saying—"Tell him, d—n him, tell him what I said."—vol. iii. p. 141.

After such language, it may readily be conjectured what followed. They were both arrested and lodged in separate cells, in a horrible prison, where some tender scenes took place between Sir Edward and Lady Seaward, who had forced herself into his dungeon, but was speedily torn away, and shut up in a convent. After a few weeks, however, Admiral Vernon appeared before Porto Bello, and the English colours were soon seen flying on Gloria castle; the prisoners were released, and a singular scene occurred, in their presence, between the admiral and the governor Don Francisco Martinez de Rotez, which will be noticed hereafter.

On the return of the party to Seaward's Islands, they found that every thing had gone on during their absence to their entire satisfaction. The buildings were all finished, and the plantations in the most flourishing condition. Some idea may be drawn of the prosperity of the settlement from the following passage respecting a supply

Digitized by Google

a supply of fresh provisions, which Captain Limeburner, who commanded the Seahorse frigate, was anxious to obtain for his ship's company; the order for which, there and then given by Seaward, made the captain stare, as well it might; though, says the Diary, being an ugly fellow, with a cast in his eye, it was difficult to guess whom he looked at. 'Diego,' says Sir Edward, 'let a supply of turtle, yams, plantains, pumpkins, and melons for one hundred and twenty men be sent on board the frigate immediately; to-morrow morning at sunrise, let them have a full supply of fish; and every day, while his majesty's ship remains here, let them have the same.'

We cannot follow the narrative farther: it, in fact, has now become very lengthy, minute, and tedious. Suffice it to say, that every thing goes on as prosperously as could possibly be wished; —they take pirates, attack and beat a squadron of Spanish men-of-war; and when afterwards surrounded by a whole *Armada*, and thrown into the utmost consternation,—

'He,' we are told, 'in whose hands are life and death, cut the matter short. Before I could reach the mansion, the sky was darkened, the lightning glared, and the thunder pealed. Instead of cannons, the hurricane blew all round the compass; and I blessed God in the storm. Full of joy, buffeted and wet, we entered my dwelling. Here my beloved wife, and our revered pastor, and all our friends, met us in awful expectation. As I entered the hall amidst the rain and the whirlwind, I lifted up my hands, saying—"Our God has delivered us!" The storm raged for three days, when wrecks were discovered in all directions, but not a sail appeared on the face of the waters. "We may now, indeed," exclaimed the worthy pastor, "say with Queen Elizabeth, on a like memorable occasion, *Afflavit Deus, et dissipantur.*"'

They now prepared finally to quit the island; Lady Seaward observing, 'the child is grown up; we now may leave it to itself; let us go home to Hartland, Edward.' They embark, and here the editor laments an hiatus (*non* valdè deflendus, for the Diary has long before this become wearisome). We find Sir Edward, however, in London, very indignant with the Duke of Newcastle for surrendering, at the peace, his valuable islands to Spain. After bringing to a close their business in London:—'Now, my own Edward,' said Eliza, 'let us return to Hartland, and finish our days in peace,'—and thus ends the narrative.

It would appear, however, from the following solemn and affecting memorandum, annexed to the Diary, that this most amiable of womankind did not long survive in their happy retreat:—

'I feel her loss so deeply, that nothing less than the power of God could support me under my bereavement. But I live in the certain hope of meeting her again, and for ever, in the mansions of the blessed. And I thank her Heavenly Father and mine, that he has put it into my

Digitized by Google

my mind to set in order the narrative of my life, to amuse me the while. For, in so doing, I seem to live my days over again with her who was every thing to me on earth. And in this I not only find consolation, but sometimes feel a bright sunshine, like one of her own smiles, warm the sepulchral chamber of my heart. Should my nephews and nieces read it, when I am again with her, they will the better know her worth, whose tender regard fostered their infancy, in those dear islands where with her I found an earthly paradise, and lived in a sacred happiness, without alloy.'—*Preface*, p. vii.

Having now concluded our very imperfect sketch of some of the principal transactions recorded in this extraordinary Narrative, we are compelled to state, that, notwithstanding its solemn and almost sacred character, it is neither more nor less than pure, unmingled fiction from first to last. We were unwilling to denounce it as such, until we had laid before our readers such specimens of the Diary, as might enable them to judge of the composition for themselves. We were told, moreover, that nine-tenths of those who had perused the book, and among others a great many naval officers, (a naval man, we suspect, has been concerned in the manufacture,) believed it to be a true and genuine story, and we were unwilling to shock the nerves of those who had sympathised with the good and evil fortunes of Sir Edward and Lady Seaward, by pronouncing it at once a romance. We were besides desirous of having our conviction corroborated by making a few inquiries in the proper quarters: the result of which we shall now proceed to state.

The hero, as we have seen, is stated to have been born and educated at Awbury, near Bristol, of which parish the good Mr. Goldsmith was then the incumbent. Now as there is no such village near Bristol, we should look in vain for the family of Mr. Goldsmith, or of Sir Edward and Lady Seaward. By adding to Awbury the words, 'as it was then called,' (in a parenthesis,) it was obviously meant to insinuate that the name had since been changed—which, however, English villages are not so apt to do as English spinsters. But we are authorized to assert that there never was a place bearing that name within twenty miles round Bristol, and we believe there is no such name in all England,—but let that pass.

Sir Edward Seaward says, that Sir Robert Walpole, taking up a chart of the West Indies that lay on his table, said to him, 'Show me where the rocks and islets are situated for which you desire to have a grant.'—'They are not laid down here, Sir Robert, unless the *Seranhas* are intended to represent them;' and drawing lines through the lat. 14° 30′ N., and lon. 81° W., 'this,' says he, 'is as near the spot as I can tell you.' By this we may perceive that the scene of the shipwreck has, cunningly enough, been laid where reefs and islets are to be found on all charts, but which are uninhabited

Digitized by Google

habited and inaccessible, and little or nothing known about them. One Juan Serrano, and another Spaniard, are said to have suffered shipwreck on this cluster of rocks, and been taken off one of the islets by a passing vessel, after remaining there for some time; but these are the only inhabitants they are ever supposed to have had; and even *their* story wants authentication. The cluster consists of very low reefs, surrounding two or three islets, of coral formation, such as are usually known by the name of *Keys*. Instead of Seaward's promontory covered with cocoa-nut groves, acacias, and other fine trees, and rising to the height of six hundred feet, these *Keys* are only a few feet above water, are entirely destitute of trees, and scarcely show a spot of verdure.

Having got his treasure to Jamaica, as we have seen, the diarist's first step was to apply to the captain of the Solebay, to secure its safe conveyance to England, who readily agreed to take charge of it at one per cent. freight, which gave him 400*l*., the sum to be conveyed being 40,000*l*. Mr. and Mrs. Seaward were invited on board *the Solebay*, which its Captain, by name *James*, called his royal little frigate, because it had brought King William over from Holland. They are delighted with their reception, and with everything they see on board, and are particularly struck with the uniform of the officers, which is described as being blue with white lapelles and facings.

We have, in this short paragraph, no less than three statements, not one of which *can* be true. *Primo*, the Solebay was not at Jamaica at all at the period here mentioned, namely, in 1735 and 1736. She was then on the home station: and, *secundo*, she was commanded, in the said years, not by Captain James, but Commanders Cooper and Barker;—indeed, there was no such name as *James* on the list of naval officers at that time, nor for many years before and after it. There could be no mistake either in the name of the ship or that of her commander, for the latter *signed* a receipt for 40,000*l*., and gave Seaward a *bill of lading*. *Tertio*, the *blue uniform with white lapelles and facings* did not exist at all for thirteen years after the period alluded to. Mr. Seaward, however, has a special fancy for this non-existing uniform, which he again admires on the person of Captain Limeburner, of the Seahorse.

'After dinner the conversation turned on the uniform worn by the navy. "I have heard," said I, "that his present Majesty, having determined on giving a uniform to the navy, was led to make choice of that you wear, from seeing a blue riding dress, with white lapelles, on an elegant and beautiful lady of high rank, at a hunting party."—"*That's Betty Martin!*" replied Captain Limeburner.—"Who?" I rejoined.—"Oh, *it's all my eye*, that," he exclaimed: "nothing but a cram for land lubbers." After pausing a moment, and looking a good deal

Digitized by Google

deal vexed, one eye resting on me, the other directed to the harbour, he resumed:—"Why, our uniform was worn by *Admiral Noah;* ay, and before his time: *Old Ocean* himself wore it time out of mind. You have noticed *his blue jacket*, I suppose, and have seen *his white lapelles*, when he puts on *his full dress uniform;* and he always wears that, d'ye see, in a gale of wind." "Thank you, noble Captain," I replied; "I shall not forget to note that down, as a brave attempt to reflect honour on the coat you wear."'

From whatever causes, the records of the Admiralty are very imperfect in the reign of George II. Even the correspondence of the admirals on foreign stations was held with the Duke of Newcastle, and is lodged in the State-paper office. It is not even known, from any document in the admiralty, when the first naval uniform was established by George II.; nor does it appear by the Gazette. The first notice of the establishment of a naval uniform, that we have met with, occurs in the *Jacobites Journal* of March 5, 1748, under the head of domestic news, in these terms,—'An order is said to be issued, requiring all his Majesty's sea officers, from the admiral down to the midshipman, to wear an uniformity of clothing; for which purpose pattern coats, for dress suits and frocks, for each rank of officers, are lodged at the navy office, and at the several dock-yards, for their inspection.' This is corroborated by the *Gazette* of July 13, 1757, when the first *alteration* in the uniform took place, and in which a reference is made to the order of 1748, alluded to in the journal abovementioned, and which, in fact, is the year when a naval uniform was first established. James I. had, indeed, granted, by warrant of 6th April, 1609, to six of his principal *masters* of his navy, '*liverie coates of fine red cloth.*' The warrant is stated to have been drawn verbatim from one signed by Queen Elizabeth, but which had not been acted upon, by reason of her death. This curious document is in the British Museum; but King James's limited red *livery* is supposed to have been soon discontinued.

Our naval readers will not be displeased to see the following memorandum on this subject, by Mr. Locker, one of the Commissioners of Greenwich Hospital, than whom few are better versed in all matters concerning the navy:—

'In the naval gallery of this institution* I can show you every variety

* The Hall at Greenwich is now filled with portraits of great sea officers and pictures of great sea battles, than which that magnificent room could have received no nobler decoration. All may visit it at all times without a fee; and it is very interesting to watch the groups of old tars that may generally be seen congregated about the representation of some chief under whom they have fought, or gallant achievement in which they were in younger days concerned. The idea of such a collection was, much to his credit, started by Mr. Locker; but we owe the realization of the scheme

Digitized by Google

variety of cut and complexion of dress. Nottingham, Raleigh, and Torrington expand their dignities in courtly costume;—Lawson, Harman, and Monk frown in buff belts and jerkins;—Sandwich, Munden, and Benbow shine forth in armour, while Rooke, and Russell, and Shovell, the heroes of a softer age, are clothed in crimson and Lincoln green, surmounted with the flowing wig, which then distinguished alike the men of the robe and of the sword.

'A portrait of one of my naval ancestors (Commodore Brown, who with Vernon took Porto Bello, in 1739) exhibits him, sword in hand, in a full suit of russet *brown* (perhaps a play upon his name). Every man then dressed as seemed good in his own eyes. Some of the *crack Captains* even carried it so far as to have a special uniform for their own ships. My late gallant father, who went to sea in 1746, used to tell us that Captain Windham, and all the officers of the Kent, of seventy guns, in which he embarked, wore grey and silver, faced with scarlet! Such foppery, however, at that period, was not unfrequently combined with checked shirts, and petticoat trowsers.

'In that same year, a club of sea-officers, who met every *Sunday* evening at Will's coffee-house, in Scotland-Yard, for the purpose "of watching over their rights and privileges," determined, among other matters, "that a uniform dress is useful and necessary for the commissioned officers, agreeable to the practice of other nations;" and "resolved that a committee be appointed to wait upon the Duke of Bedford and the admiralty, and ask, if their lordships approve, that they will be pleased to introduce it to his majesty."

'The original minute, dated 15th February, 1745-6, now lies open before me. This curious old volume, amidst a strange jumble of professional politics, charitable grants, and club accounts, with autographs of most of our ablest officers, still *smacks of Will's Coffee-Room*, but nothing more does it tell of the success of the aforesaid memorial there concocted. But of this transaction my boyish memory has preserved an anecdote which, some thirty-five years ago, I heard from the lips of Mr. Forbes, then admiral of the fleet, whom I was allowed occasionally to visit with my father, who delighted to listen to the stories which his venerable friend, though confined by age and infirmities to his chair, still recounted with uncommon accuracy.

'Adverting to the establishment of the naval uniform, the admiral said he was summoned on that occasion to attend the Duke of Bedford, and being introduced into an apartment surrounded with various dresses, his opinion was asked as to the most appropriate. The admiral said, red and blue, or blue and red, as these are our national colours. [We have come to them at last.] "No," replied his grace; "the king has determined otherwise. For having seen *my* duchess riding in the park a few days ago, in a habit of blue faced with white, the dress

scheme chiefly to the patriotic munificence of the present King, who has not hesitated to strip the walls of his palaces of whatever seemed to claim a place among these memorials of the service in which His Majesty's own early years were so honourably spent.

took

Digitized by Google

took the fancy of his majesty, who has appointed it for the uniform of the royal navy." It is remarkable that for this regulation we cannot trace any order in council or board's warrant at the admiralty, though the year of its institution is proved by the Gazette of 1757, where an order of council appears, superseding the embroidered uniform clothing established in 1748, evidently that just mentioned, and appointing in its stead a laced uniform (fully particularized) for the flag-officers, and others under their command.'

To proceed with our *facts*.—

There was no Lieutenant Drake — there was no Porghee schooner, on the list of the navy, *tempore Georgii II.*

Again, on Mr. Seaward's arrival in London, he finds that the house of Perry, Child and Co. had invested the sum of 67,424*l.* in his name in the South Sea stocks. On our making inquiry at the South Sea House, one of the governors kindly undertook to investigate the books, and it was found that neither that nor any other sum stood in the name of Seaward, either before or since the period in question.

Again, it is stated in the Narrative, that the Queen Regent gave directions to the Ordnance that Seaward, now exalted into Sir Edward, should be provided with great guns, powder, ball, &c., and also that he should have the choice of certain pieces of ordnance at the Tower, which are said to have been sent down the river by the Woolwich tender. We have ascertained that no such order is to be found in the records of the Ordnance department in the Tower of London. And, in like manner, notwithstanding the minute account given of Seaward's receiving the honour of knighthood from the hands of the Regent, Queen Caroline, there is no record in the Herald's office of any person of the name of Seaward, having received the honour of knighthood during the regency, nor in twenty years on either side of that period.

If the imprisonment of a British *governor* and one of Vernon's captains had taken place, and continued to the capture of Porto Bello, as asserted, their squalid appearance before Vernon, and the account given to him of the inhuman conduct of their Spanish jailor, and his insolent and opprobrious expressions concerning the King of England, would undoubtedly have roused the admiral's indignation, and let loose all his fury on the devoted head of the haughty Don, now his prisoner—and such, we are told very circumstantially, was the case. After hearing Captain Knight's story, says Seaward—

'Old Vernon instantly turned round upon his Excellency Don Francisco Martinez de Retez, with a voice of thunder,—"You d—d poltroon! with all your long yarn of hard names, what shall I call you? Down on your marrow-bones, you scoundrel, and beg pardon of

Digitized by Google

of these gentlemen, and of the king our master, or I'll kick you from hell to Hackney! . . . . . The astonished governor said, in a muffled voice,—"*Yo ho ofendido.*" This was considered as sufficient.' —vol. iii. pp. 153-155.

We had the curiosity to look over the admiral's despatches, in the State-paper office, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, and it is scarcely necessary to say, that they contain no trace of any such conversation or circumstance—or of anything like them—or of any such names as either Seaward or Knight. So far from the governor, Don Francisco Martinez de Retez, being insolent, all his letters to Admiral Vernon breathe a spirit of humility, and are expressed in the courteous language of a Castillian gentleman. The last of them contains his humble request to be allowed to take a canoe lying on the beach, to convey himself, his wife and children, to Chagres. The writer of the Narrative, with all his religious and moral sentiments, so lavishly, and sometimes irreverently, scattered over its pages, is, in our opinion, highly blameable in giving so abominable a character to poor Don Francisco.

We could produce a hundred more mis-statements; and from many passages, were it worth the while, show this Narrative, which has taken in so many wise people, to be a fabrication of very modern date. It would appear, by a note in the second edition, (vol. ii. p. 190,) that several persons had pointed out the anachronism of the 'Hotel in the Adelphi,'—the *Adelphi* not having existed for many years subsequent to Seaward's *supposed* visit to London in 1736; Miss Porter's 'friend' undertakes to explain this, by saying that Sir Edward *may not* have finished writing and revising his Diary till the building had assumed the name of Adelphi—and that as to the coffee-house, 'it has a good pedigree for its pretensions;' but what is this pedigree?—a bill of charges *appended to the Diary*, with the following note upon it:—'Good Mother Osborne's good house of entertainment has two other good

* Between Vernon and *the President of Panama*, a fierce correspondence was indeed carried on, with a good deal of bullying on both sides, after the capture of Porto Bello. The admiral, in fact, was not at all deficient in the use of hard words and calling names, and a vulgarity of expression runs through the whole of his correspondence. In one of his dispatches to the duke of Newcastle, he says, of some Spanish officer,—'I will make him fret his guts into fiddle-strings.' Horace Walpole calls him a 'silly, noisy admiral, whose courage was much greater than his sense, and his reputation much greater than his courage.' On leaving parliament, he was chosen one of the directors of the New Herring Fisheries, on which occasion, Walpole says, the following epigram appeared:—

"Long in the senate had brave Vernon rail'd,
And all mankind with bitter tongue assail'd;
Sick of his noise, we wearied heaven with prayer,
In his own element to place the tar:
The gods at length have yielded to our wish,
And bade him rule o'er Billingsgate and fish.'

points;

Digitized by Google

points; it looks pleasantly backwards towards the river, and opens conveniently forward towards the Salisbury Burse—a noble structure, which some vain folk talk of pulling down.'—Good Mrs. Osborne might have kept her hotel on Durham's wharf for aught we know to the contrary; but the *note* on the dinner bill, 'appended to the Diary,' is just as much worth, on the score of *authority*, as the Diary itself. Perhaps this 'friend' may now feel it incumbent to try his hand in *explaining* a little more fully: if not, we must, however reluctantly, set down the late Miss Jane Porter as having been herself both the *founder* and the *representative* of the family of the *Seawards*.

There is, by the bye, one little slip that we ought to have noticed earlier. Sir Edward *Seaward* (whose very name must have been suggested by that of *Crusoe*) was, as we have seen, much edified with certain pious reflections of 'that invaluable *weekly* paper, Mr. Addison's Spectator.' There is, at the present day, a clever radical weekly newspaper, modestly called 'The Spectator,' but THE Spectator happened to be published *daily*; and this Miss Porter, or her 'friend,' ought to have known.

To conclude—this is an amusing romance in the school of Defoe—a far better school than most of those now in fashion. It, at all events, is well worth a score of such productions as 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' or 'The Three Hungarian Brothers,' or 'The Scottish Chiefs,'—in which, if we recollect rightly, that most sentimental personage Sir William Wallace rides within twelve hours from Dumbarton to John o'Groats-house, and is ultimately decapitated *by proxy!*

ART. IX.—1. *Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c.* By William Gore Ouseley, Esq., Attaché to His Majesty's Legation at Washington. 8vo. London. 1832.

2. *The Refugee in America; a Novel.* By Mrs. Trollope, 3 vols. 12mo. London. 1832.

WHY these works are taken up together, the title-pages will explain;—but we must at once premise, that beyond one obvious link of affinity, they have nothing of any kind in common. Mr. Ouseley's is among the most recent of a class, of which the lengthening catalogue gives sufficient evidence of the increased attention lately bestowed upon the United States, by intelligent and enterprising British travellers; but it aspires to a graver character than its fellows in general,—to that of a kind of *Humboldt*

Digitized by Google

boldt essay on the 'Union.' It is mainly occupied, however, with the controversy respecting the comparative cost of government in America and England; wherein it engages, on the Yankee side, with a whole armoury of details and calculations, well calculated further to perplex a *vexata quæstio*, which cannot after all be considered as of primary importance by any man capable of drawing a statesmanlike comparison between two great nations so oppositely circumstanced.

The other work is the second born of an authoress, whose first had excited no small attention, and is of course constructed according to all fashionable precedent. It is the established faith of these days, that any one who has written anything, can write a novel. If a traveller has acquired a little notoriety by some lively sketches of a distant country, his next step is infallibly to publish a novel. If a *squib* has been well laughed at, its author is sure to try a novel. With the young gentleman who has had the felicity to fill a page in the Keepsake or Bijou —the fair lady whose fond friends have sighed over some pathetic ballad in a Court Magazine—in every feeble and fretful stage of the vain *cacoëthes*, the easy prescription, and universal relief, is the same—three-volumes-worth of novel. It seems to be imagined that nothing more is required for this purpose, than to couple together a pair or two of out-of-the-way sirnames, or a well-sounding title or so, for the heroes and heroines—to throw in among them a little random love—to conjure up in their way two or three good set villains for the sake of difficulties and escapes—then to scrape together a lot of things called mottoes, like the following:—'Is it not better then to be alone?'—Byron. 'Signs of Love.'—Shakspeare. 'She mocks all her wooers.'—Shakspeare*—and at length, after a reasonable quantity of description, sentiment, and small-talk, to punish the bad and 'happify' the good, by the most unscrupulous and arbitrary contrivances. It may well seem strange that the age in which this department of literature has been raised by the will of loftiest genius to a rank in which it never stood before—should be that also which witnesses and bears with such a deluge of mere story-telling *twaddle*.

It is a very different operation to cut out, and dress up, and string together, a number of passages from a clever journal, and to weave a well-connected, original, and vivid work of fiction. Mrs. Trollope may, perhaps, have been over-*persuaded* to make the experiment; but as she has chosen, in her own phrase, to 'go the whole hog,' she must not be surprised if the hazard turns against her.

* Vide 'Refugee in America,' vol. i. p. 139; vol. ii. p. 292; vol. iii. p. 31.

The

Digitized by Google

The story is absurd nonsense from beginning to end—indeed nothing but the reputation of the authoress could induce us to throw away a line upon it. We are started at the commencement with four phenomena of beauty and sentiment—male and female—dark and fair:—a Mr. Gordon, and *his* only daughter; a Countess of Darcy, a widow, (with whom Mr. Gordon had been desperately in love at an early period of life,) and *her* only son. The young Lord Darcy is sent to a private tutor's in Dorsetshire; and there, having of course amid all his perfections a temper somewhat fiery, stabs a young smuggler in a quarrel about a dog, on the sea-shore, in the sight of various witnesses. At the same moment, Mr. Gordon, who had known nothing of Lord Darcy before, but whose place happens to be in the neighbourhood, arrives by accident at the spot in a pleasure-boat, and finding who the homicide is, forthwith, for old love's sake, hurries him on board a ship bound for America, which happens to be in the offing, and whose captain happens to be his friend, and—accompanies him thither! *with his daughter!!* A coroner's jury then, without seeing the body, and upon a story of its having been thrown into the sea, which no child would have believed, return a verdict of wilful murder against the absent Earl, who thus becomes our hero and 'Refugee.'

The tale then leaps at once across the Atlantic, and we find our party upset in a stage between the towns of Utica and Rochester, in the western part of the State of New York. They reach, with some difficulty, a log-house and 'clearing' in the woods; and we shall extract the scene there described, as about the best to be found in the novel; although we really cannot say we think it at all remarkably striking in point of graphic merit, and we cannot but recollect, at the same time, that it is scarcely to be called imagination, since Mrs. Trollope, we apprehend, must necessarily have been eye-witness of many such, almost, if not actually, identical.

'The room was large and lofty, having no other ceiling than the pointed roof. The chimney was immensely large; the planks of the floor were loose, and moved under every step. In one corner was a large bed, furnished with coarse mosquito bars; in another a press, which seemed capable of containing the wardrobe of the whole family; a third corner was occupied by an ample cupboard, from whence issued most of the preparations for the meal; and the fourth appeared to be the depository of all the arms of the family, for not less than half a dozen rifles were placed there. Having taken a sufficiently accurate survey of the still life, she began a closer examination of the living groups than the light had hitherto permitted, for two home-made candles now flared, smoked, and flickered away on the supper-table.

'The father of the family was a tall stout man, about forty, and would

Digitized by Google

would have been handsome, had not his mouth been rendered unseemly by the hue of tobacco, and his eyes sunk, as if out of health. His brother, younger in appearance, had a countenance much less agreeable; his dress differed from that of the other members of the family, which was coarse, home-made, and almost picturesque in its rudeness; his being of that cut and fabric which placed him decidedly among the shabby genteel of a city. The mistress of the house looked ill, and overworked, and, had not the children called her mother, might have been taken for their grandmother. The eldest boy appeared rugged and heavy; the two elder girls were exceedingly pretty, and the youngest boy and girl lively and well-featured, and by far the healthiest-looking part of the family.

'When the smoking venison cutlets, hominy, eggs and fried ham, were placed on the board, the whole party assembled round it. The two servants took their places behind Mr. Gordon and his daughter; and though the whole of the Burns' family looked on this arrangement with as much surprise as if it had been some mystical pagan rite, they did not interfere with it. The supper was excellent, and the entertainers soberly kind. The 'squire's lady could hardly be said to place herself at table, so constantly was she occupied in seeking and bringing whatever the party required. Whisky was in great abundance, being poured from a huge bottle cased in wicker-work, which was brought from the comprehensive cupboard, when the master of the mansion called for the "Demi John." The forest family and Mr. Hicks all eat (*ate*) with such amazing rapidity that their substantial meal was finished before "the English folks" had well began. However, as the 'squire showed more inclination to converse than before he had refreshed himself, they continued to sit at table without scruple.'—vol. i., p. 59-62.

After passing the night here, the travellers proceed to Rochester, where they decide to take up their abode, and we are of course introduced with them into the society of the place; among the curiosities of which, we meet with one fair phœnix of sixteen, named Emily Williams, (living there in retirement with her mother, the widow of a secretary of state,) whom Miss Gordon immediately adopts into her closest intimacy, and with whom, at first sight, Lord Darcy falls in irretrievable love.

Meantime great affairs are going on in England. Lady Darcy, in her anxiety to disprove the murder story, consults a certain villainous cousin of hers, by name Nixon Oglander, who happens to be a brother of the coif, and to be, moreover, the heir to her estates, failing Lord Darcy; and because, in the course of the inquiry, she becomes by *accident* acquainted with the existence and retreat of the supposed murdered smuggler, Dally, she is pronounced by this great lawyer, and believed by all her other friends, to be mad. The wily serjeant, however, makes use of the discovery to dispatch Dally also to America, after striking a bargain with

Digitized by Google

with his revenge, for the murder of the young Refugee; and he writes at the same time a letter, to announce him to a certain person, living under the name of Wilson, and in the character of a holy preacher, at Rochester, but really a Colonel Brown, and an accomplice of the serjeant's in some old atrocities, who had long since left England and married the aunt of Emily Williams. This man also accepts a bribe to assist in the serjeant's schemes. By this time, however, the travellers, in consequence of certain intolerable suspicions which have been set about at Rochester, move to Niagara. *Wilson* follows, and is detected in an attempt to throw Darcy down the falls. After this escape the party make their way across to Washington, where, at the president's levee, *Dally* is recognised by Lord Darcy; but they fail to catch *him*. Our travellers, however, after some time spent here, determine upon an excursion; and, *again* falling in with Dally, Lord Darcy has one more most unaccountable escape from murder in the forest,—whereupon the wanderers at length resolve, the existence of the smuggler being ascertained beyond a doubt, to take their chance at home, and return to England. Emily Williams, who had accompanied them to Washington, is now called back to her mother's death-bed, at Rochester, and on her journey makes acquaintance with Dally's wife, through whom she finally prevails on the smuggler also to return to England. Miss Williams herself arrives with Mr. Dally—straight from the Atlantic—in Westminster Hall, just as the young peer's evidence is about to fail him. This remarkable state trial occurs A. D. 1826. Lord Darcy marries Miss Emily, as in duty bound; Mr. Gordon does as much for his old love, Lady Darcy; and we can have no doubt that Caroline Gordon obtains also in due time a fitting spouse. Whether the worthy Serjeant has since been promoted, we are not informed.

To say that this tale is singularly unskilful, would be almost flattery;—we have seldom met with more of childish improbability, combined with less of surprise and interest. It was intended, we suppose, as a peg whereon to hang the drapery of the satire; but it is a peg wretchedly ill-fashioned and ill-covered. The fable is exactly of the old Minerva-Press brood: the characters are wire-drawn common-place from beginning to end; and the only one of them that excites anything like sympathy, could not have existed amidst the brutally gross state of society which is described around her.

With respect to the writing itself, without being hypercritical, we must allow that the Americans would have a right to dispute the grammatical dogmatism of an authoress, who talks of 'watching

Digitized by Google

ing a large bear *fed*;' of the 'meal being finished before the English had well *began*;' and of the 'bell being violently *rung*.' We must own that we are not ourselves quite at ease with the standard of taste in composition, which can admit of expressions such as Caroline Gordon's 'delicate breeding,'—'her elegant young friend,' (Emily Williams)—'the elegant young man,' (Lord Darcy)—'it was probable *Madam* would not stay long,'—'the kindest man that ever walked on shoe leather,'—'the little *chit* of a republican,'—'the *unpleasantness* which would attach to the situation of Emily;'—and a world of the like phrases which occur, not in the American, but in the serious English parts of the book. And Mrs. Trollope will, we think, be lucky, if some Yankee scholar does not catch hold of her for such spelling as 'coquetish,' 'Bas *blue*,' Lord Darcy travelling 'incognita'—and the 'emersion which they (the clothes) had been submitted to.'

We are really sometimes almost puzzled to know whether Mrs. Trollope intends, in the long string of gross vulgarities which she has prepared for us, to furnish a serious delineation of the society of America, or only a laughable lampoon. If the latter, she may have succeeded well enough; if the former, we must take leave to hesitate for a moment before we deliberately stretch our faith to the full extent of her demands. We have seen Americans in this country; we have read the language of their fictitious characters of all degrees, and from various hands; and whatever room we may have found for criticism, is there any one who, having done the like, gravely believes that in any decent society at least, if indeed in any at all, such a dialogue as the following could have taken place? The occasion is simply Mr. Gordon's walking across a drawing-room, with his daughter on his arm:—

'This action seemed to dissolve the spell which had fallen upon the female tongues; but among the few phrases that reached her, still fewer were intelligible, which considering the spirit that appeared to pervade them, was not much to be regretted. "Lock and lock, I declare! thank the praise, I was born in America; now shou'dn't you be right down consternated, if you saw Benjamina do that?" "I cannot realize how any girl can get upon such a lay, and yet keep her standing." "If I live from July to eternity, I shall never obliviate that go." "How she swiggles her way through the gentlemen! Did you ever?" "My! It's musical enough to be sure, just to watch her ways."'—vol. ii. pp. 73, 74.

Credat Judæus. Mrs. Trollope is a very shrewd and clever woman, but she attempts to prove too much; and although we will not say with the French proverb, that she therefore proves nothing, she certainly

Digitized by Google

certainly makes it very difficult to tell what she does prove. She gives us, no doubt, some fair satire upon the ridiculous self-praise which is now established against them, as a nation, beyond all question;—some merited ridicule of habits which may be met with among certain classes;—and some wholesome exposures of that contemptible swagger in the name of liberty, which, whenever and wherever it is found, can excite but one sentiment of disgust. But we must say that nothing we have ever heard leads us to believe, that a foreigner, who conducts himself like a gentleman and a man of sense,—and, *mutatis mutandis*, we believe we may appeal to Mrs. Hall for the other sex,—may not visit all districts and all classes, not merely without encountering the offensive and insolent brutality here depicted, but with the assurance generally of a welcome in every form of intended kindness and hospitality.

After having said thus much we are forced to add, with disappointment, that we can recommend neither of the works before us as essentially or usefully extending our acquaintance with the great western republic. We say sincerely with disappointment, because we are far from being disposed, whatever may be thought of us, to underrate any additional information respecting a country to whose progress, as we long since acknowledged, we look 'with complacency,' 'with self-gratulation,' and 'with emotions of honest pride;' where 'we behold ten millions of human beings sprung from ourselves,—speaking our language,—disposed, like ourselves, to cultivate freedom in speculation and in action,—initiated in the habits of order, integrity, industry, and enterprise, which Britain has diffused through all the ramifications of society,—drawing from the fountain-head of knowledge—the land of their ancestors—whatever of the arts, the sciences, and the decorations of life, can be accommodated to the advancement they have hitherto made in social life.'* It is, indeed, as natural that two great nations thus related, and by a ceaseless intercourse almost dividing between them half the commerce of the globe, should seek, as it is important to both that they should obtain, authentic and ample knowledge of each other. Nor have *we* any fear that in consequence of closer study of America, the intelligent part of our own countrymen would be rendered more liable to contract the infection of political restlessness,—the miasma of democracy,—which blights and withers everything most enlightened in the society over which it sweeps, and is already, even in the opinion of many of their own most discerning citizens, the curse,—the plague-mark—of the United States, in spite of all their boundless

* Quarterly Rev., No. LXXVII. p. 215.

Digitized by Google

space and unfathomed resources. It is our belief that in this case, as in most others, it is the 'little learning' which involves the danger; that every step to a closer and more intimate knowledge of America must be fatal to some unsound and deceitful analogy or contrast now dwelt upon by the superficial journalists of our radical faction; that the further we advance the more reasons we shall find for adherence to our own maturer institutions. And we are at the same time satisfied, that the firmest attachment to the ancient principles of British government is in no respect incompatible with the spirit of candid and manly justice towards a kindred, although republican, community.

That, however, the two nations should have so long flung aloof from each other, appears to us anything but wonderful. The observation is perhaps somewhat trite, but not therefore assuredly the less true, that in the divisions of mankind, their enmity has been bitter, in proportion as their differences were small. If the history of religious schism displays this truth more manifestly, because the points of contest are more easily defined, it is not less certainly confirmed by that of political dissension.

It would be idle to commence so far *ab ovo*, as to dispute which party had the most of right or wrong in the original quarrel. No matter—the offence was given. The colonists resented and resisted it, with that sturdy spirit of which England could the less complain, because they had borne it from her atmosphere;—a spirit, be it never forgotten, inspired and fostered in the bosoms of themselves and of their forefathers, in times when old Sarum and Gatton were untouched,—when Cornwall had its full complement of 'nomination,'—and under institutions, which the insolent presumption of our present innovators dares to tell us, were marks of slavery and oppression. On the other hand, the parent received, with astonishment and indignation, this unwonted style of remonstrance from her infant and seemingly feeble offspring. In the old country the war that ensued was, in its outset, popular, even to acclamation. As it proceeded, however, the face of affairs was changed; the French monarchy blindly interfered in the cause of popular insurrection; and mainly through that interference it triumphed. That folly and crime entailed ruin on the house of Bourbon—but it emancipated the Americans. Yet it was not unnatural,—or rather it was inevitable,—that the colonists should try to persuade themselves that their own swords had been the effective instruments of their own deliverance, and indulge in self-gratulations which could not abide the test of facts and dates; while we were left to turn to other quarters, with nothing gained, but the rankling wounds of humbled

Digitized by Google

bled pride, wasted wealth, and curtailed dominion. This balance was bitterly against us, and we found our readiest consolation in treating them with derision and contempt. Yet such wounds would have healed, and their sensations must have died away in course of time, if they had been left to a quiet recovery. Meanwhile, however, we were approaching other conflicts. Ten years afterwards we were forced into a new war; the most awful in its origin and consequences which the world has ever seen;—a war, on our part, for hearth and altar;—a war in defence of all religion, of all government, and even of the very elements of social order. We found in America, indeed, no direct enemy; but that hostile alliance, which had been bred before, by *supposed* identity of interests, was now fostered into a closer intimacy, and into all the senseless abominations of republican fraternity. Her successes had inflamed the ardour, and her example heated the imagination, of the mad destroyers among those who were our ancient and constant (we will not, for we hate the phrase, say our *natural*) enemies; and it was to her name that appeals were everywhere made by all the restless and the turbulent of Europe. It was impossible that a name so thrust upon our senses should not have become odious, in sound and sight, to all who loved their own country,—their institutions,—and civil order itself;—and these were then happily the majority. Ere long, we became so deeply and so fearfully engaged in that deadly struggle, that its monopoly of every energy left us without the disposition or the leisure for any kindlier interest towards a distant and a neutral party; while it was by the singular advantages which these epithets imply, that America was enabled, in the mean time, to pursue, in peace and silence, her rapid course of wealth and power. But it was not in the indifference and neglect to which this nation had now long left all other concerns, that much conciliation was likely to be found; and as the causes had never wholly ceased, so the feelings which we have above described were little softened, when, after years of such oblivion, (we might almost term it,) we were first reminded of her existence and her progress, by the fresh collision, of which Captain Hall has so well described the circumstances, but of which we shall not stop here to determine the right and wrong. It is enough that it was a quarrel growing out of our mighty efforts towards the close of an unparalleled contest, and falling, as a clear addition, upon our already straining powers. That England could meet it as she did is almost a sufficient wonder; but it was not as at other times—perhaps even at that—she might have met it, and the result was an unwonted portion of disaster. She had been latterly, however, but little used to checks

of

Digitized by Google

of any sort, and least of all, at sea; while her enemies had been as little used to look for triumphs. When, therefore, her losses and her failures came,—though, to all but her own glory, insignificant,—and though, as we have always thought, more easily and satisfactorily explained, than any other reverses in any war,—she could brook but ill such blows, and still less the insulting taunts which on that side would occasionally grate upon her ears, amid the intoxicating acclamations of joy and victory which echoed to her name in Europe. An attempt has before been made * to show that there was at this time in the governments, at least on our part, a disposition to conciliate; but not so was it on that of either nation; and we were left at the dawn of peace, with feelings, on the one hand, soured and embittered by the angry sense of insulted honour—on the other, by an offensive exultation, swelled and elated even to the ridiculous.

The latter of these feelings we fear we must believe to be still in flourishing existence across the Atlantic. The former we may safely affirm to have almost entirely died away here—and as safely add that it would have utterly disappeared long ere now among all the moderate and rational classes in this country, but for the unceasing efforts of those pests of civilized mankind, of whom we have before spoken, and who still persist in wearying the ears of Englishmen with the name of the American republic, because their confused and purblind optics cannot, or will not, see, that the government and institutions of one people, and one form of society, may not be equally well adapted to every other; and that there is some difference between the simple and original adoption of any system whatever, and the uprooting and avulsion of long-established habits and opinions for its admission.

There is, however, a certain mere *weakness* in the character of the Americans, that has had some effect in prolonging our prejudices against them—their overweening, absolute, thoroughgoing intolerance of such criticism, as the natives of any comparatively uncivilized country must expect to meet with now and then from the observant travellers of an older and more refined one. Is it not high time, let us ask, to discard that uneasy sensibility which cannot bear the freedom of a rough remark, and converts even every little passing gibe into an offence? Jonathan has been told, not now for the first time, but once and again, and by almost every visiter of his country, how absurd and unworthy of his station is this childish irritability of temper upon the subject of his own matchless merits. So far from its putting any check to such misdemeanors, he must be 'full sharp enough' to know that it gives a keener point,

* Quarterly Rev., No. LXXVII.

and

Digitized by Google

and adds a double zest to the joke, at each display of its absurdity. That this should be so is, to be sure, no peculiar fault in him; it is human nature in all such like cases—and indeed there are considerations which make him therein somewhat more excusable than others would be. But let him look for one moment at others. We for instance, do not revile all Germany because a Puckler Muskau told some foolish and calumnious anecdotes of us; we never ridiculed or abused the French one jot the more because a Pillet published a pack of impudent inventions, or because the 'Anglaises pour rire' filled the 'Varietés' with a grinning audience. Neither are our Dutch neighbours fools enough to vilify and hate *us* because we have been laughing for centuries at their tobacco-fed phlegm and breadth of breech. But, among the Americans, let a traveller throw out but one single observation that does not square with their self-estimate, soothe their self-complacency, and confirm their self-admiration—he is forthwith denounced and execrated, from Maine to Louisiana, as a prejudiced scribbler and an ungrateful slanderer.

Whether the Americans will take such hints in good part *now* we know not; but we are quite sure that, advancing in the scale of societies, hereafter they will act in the spirit of them. They will become sensible that, even should they admit the existence of a fair proportion of absurdities among them, they would only lower themselves to the level of human imperfection,—and condescend, perhaps, to profit, by the example of the Scotch, who flamed out in such fury, when Dr. Johnson accused them of having few trees and dirty towns, but in a few years after the publication of his 'Tour,' betook themselves seriously to planting their hills, and underlaying their streets with water-pipes.

On the other hand, we are very ready to confess, that our travellers in America have not as yet produced any book worthy of a place on the same shelf with the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' on the score of elegant language and philosophical reflection; nay, we must add, that they have produced very few in the mere truthfulness of which we are disposed to put entire confidence. The temptations to draw up travels in America in a style tending, however undesignedly, to produce false impressions, are no doubt great and many. First and foremost—the United States are 'a large place,' and what is true of one part, is not necessarily therefore true of others. We are too much accustomed to consider all things identical which bear a common name; we fancy all the natives of India to be Hindoos; and in like manner all the people of the United States we determine to be Yankees; we read of what passes a thousand miles from New England, as if it were going on within a few miles of Boston; and so with all the rest—just as Englishmen, when

Digitized by Google

when the first Tours in Scotland came out, considered themselves as in possession of evidence that the sister nation consisted mainly of kilted clans. Mrs. Trollope herself tells us, that the population of the west (where she passed two thirds of her time, and composed the greater portion of her narrative) is no more like that of the eastern coast than Amsterdam is to St. Petersburgh; it is behindhand in civilization, in comfort, in wealth, and in everything, we suspect—save democracy and propagation. Nevertheless, although the fact is thus admitted, a very little skill will make the local picture stamp the impression of the whole; or rather, we should say, with more justice towards travellers, it requires no small care and repetition on their part to make a reader keep the real bearing and extent of their several portraitures in mind.

The real solid disadvantages, however, under which the Americans do lie, as subjects of English observation and remark, are many, grievous, and *peculiar*. If, as we have before observed, mutual similarities do not tend in any case much to soften counteracting differences, in this case they have, on the contrary, a separate and positive operation, by making us, with the same language, and with the same original structure and habits of society, minute and intolerant critics, to a degree for which we are not qualified in the instance of any other foreign nation. Hence we are enabled to detect and to appreciate at once every deviation, however slight, whether in manners or in form of speech, from that which is our own, and which, in such case, naturally establishes itself with us as the one admissible standard. When our countrymen mix with the people of Germany or Italy, the latter deviations must wholly escape, or rather have no existence; since the standard of their own language must be their own beyond dispute; and the former, although we may find in them much to stare, and much to laugh at, are still dealt with as national peculiarities to which they have an independent and incontestable right. The instance of foreign colonies exhibits the case more strongly. Who can doubt that the societies of Peru and Chili open a rich field of remark and ridicule to the fastidious discrimination of a Castilian eye? or that the elect of Lisbon, in spite of a separate court, amuse themselves in a corresponding style with the natives of Brazil? We believe, indeed, that long-standing hatred and insult leave no room for any such doubt. But *we* wander through them, and dwell among them, insensible to all but the more prominent differences from what we have been accustomed to behold, and treat and talk of these simply as some of the strange anomalies which mark the various races of mankind; while discrepancies and

Digitized by Google

and peculiarities of perhaps precisely the same order, among the North Americans, assume, in our eyes, the meaner and more degrading aspect of provincialism and vulgarity.

Of all the ground which we have thus appropriated to our wicked amusement, there is none more obvious, none more inviting, and none more repeatedly trodden, than that of the common language which even they are compelled to call English; and yet when we come gravely and calmly to consider it, there may certainly be found even here some room for debate. Before the separation we had only one common literature; and so long as England stood to North America in the relation of mother-country to its dependency, she had a right to fix the standard in this matter, as in all others, which no native of the colonies ever dreamt of for a moment disputing. But, with regard to the time that has passed since the recognition of American independence, it appears doubtful whether we have any title to assert in this affair more than in others an absolute supremacy of authority. We ought to recollect that our own language has not been standing still—that the unions with Scotland first, and then with Ireland, introduced elements of change in the speech of old England, which we may regret, but which have continued and will continue to operate. We are, in truth, one of the last nations that can, as to language, pretend to have guided, or to be now guiding ourselves, by either a fixed or an adequately comprehensive standard; and many of those most choice terms and phrases, which so often entertain us as Yankeeisms, are, no doubt, of good old English stock—there preserved by accident, as many others, unknown to dictionaries, linger here also, among those classes which are removed from the influence of mixed and various intercourse. In quarrelling with such as these, we have no adequate authority of our own to appeal to;—but the Americans have aspired to form—and still more they have begun to form—a literature of their own; and the nation at large has reached an extension and importance which must be allowed to give them some right over the language which they speak. What then was to happen? It could not remain precisely as it was, for that the common progress of the world renders impossible; and besides, they would even then have been, with us, not at all less obnoxious to remark for singularity and strangeness of speech. On the other hand, they could not be expected to watch and to follow alone each caprice of innovation, in word or idiom, which was adopted here. The only remaining alternative is, that they should be allowed to innovate themselves; and although they have sometimes exercised this right most whimsically and absurdly to our ears, still we do not very well see by

Digitized by Google

by what arguments or precedents we can hope to maintain that supremacy of diction, which has passed at all times, and in all like cases, with the other privileges of national independence; and which, in point of fact, may be said to have alone raised some other languages,—such, for instance, as the Portuguese and the Low Dutch,—above the rank of dialects. To be sure, when some of them tell us that we ourselves cannot talk English, it is ludicrous enough; though only worthy of notice that we may pity, while we laugh at, the clownish arrogance of the assertion. But we do not believe it was ever heard among any but the half-civilized boors of the west, or the most stupid and ignorant classes elsewhere; and at the worst may content ourselves with the reflection, that it is more than probable the rest of the world will continue somewhat longer to look to England for authorities in English.

All these matters of dispute, however, give us some key, as we conceive, to that extreme and irritable soreness on which we have before remarked. It is natural that Great Britain, so eminent and so powerful in the old world, which is the stage for almost all the great transactions of mankind, should fill a larger space in their view than they, so far removed from it, can occupy in ours. This would be the case even if England were not also the fountain-head of their existence. But, actuated ourselves by this last consciousness, we ever and anon, perchance, talk a little too much as if we admitted but a kind of imperfect recognition of their rights of independence, a tone which seems to involve that sentiment which is, from a fellow creature, the most galling and intolerable to flesh and blood—and which is, in this case, the more exasperating, because, from the respective circumstances which we have mentioned, it is one that they *cannot* return. On the other hand, the circumstances resulting from common origin operate against what is elsewhere an important spring of conciliation, by detracting from the allurements which usually invite the unshackled traveller to a foreign country. To compensate for three thousand miles of ocean,—for a dearth of romantic scenery in proportion to the space,—for defects of climate,—and for the absence of almost all memorials and associations of antiquity, there are no picturesque singularities of manners or costume,—no turbans, caftans, or papooshes,—no gorgeous ritual or fantastic idolatry,—little, in short, that can amuse the senses or excite the imagination. The *redmen*, to be sure, might be thought of;—but we are contented with a stray chief, now and then, at a London conversazione. The consequence is, that there is little left to tempt the steps of any, save the matter-of-fact and dry inquirer in politics or science.

We

Digitized by Google

We have no doubt that American society has much of the disagreeable in it—but we doubt, after all, whether the far greater part of this be exactly peculiar to that republican state. It is Captain Hall, we think, who says, he wonders how any man should ever choose to live in a new country who can live in an old one; and we own it always strikes us as a mere absurdity that people should talk and act as if they expected, by any possibility, to find in any new country that measure of refinement which we all *know* to have been *here* the slow product of the ceaseless operation of centuries upon the successive generations of a long-established society. Captain Hall applies the remark—and we can see no good reason for omitting to apply it—*indiscriminately*; yet there is room to doubt whether many of us do not give the sentiment an unfair degree of force, as to the case of the United States. If we hear of the peculiarities of our fellow-subjects, for instance, in the Indies, east or west, it is with laughter often, and perhaps occasionally with some surprise, but we hope never with repugnance or contempt. Nay, in the Canadas, we have a thriving and noble population, in numberless social points not, by all accounts, unlike their neighbours; yet that which in them seems no more than amusing, we permit, in Jonathan, to provoke our aversion and disgust.

For our own parts, after a good deal of reading on the subject, and some observation, we have little hesitation in pronouncing our belief that, on the whole, Captain Basil Hall is that British traveller whose view of society and public feeling in the United States merits most confidence. We are, however, inclined to believe that what has been denominated by Mrs. Trollope as the 'patrician' class in the Republic, is more numerous, in point of fact, than even the Captain's statements might seem to show; and that in the eastern half of the 'Union' there may be found, if not quite that finished luxury of society, if we may so call it, which marks the first circles in this country and in France, at least much information, and well-mannered intercourse, among many amiable and agreeable companions, together with in general somewhat less of absurdity and brutality than has animated the pictures of Mathews and Mrs. Trollope. That there exists much real good-will towards this country,—more, some have said, than they are at all times willing to allow,—has been proved by the welcome and hospitality accorded of late years to every respectable Englishman; and we have no doubt that the reason why in books of travels we hear comparatively little of the real ladies and gentlemen of America, is the very simple fact—that the upper classes there have almost entirely withdrawn themselves from the prominent scenes of public life. They have been shouldered aside by the mob, and await in uneasy retirement the time when, population

Digitized by Google

tion, thickening, and pauperism spreading, property will be invaded at the mandate of the democracy which already engrosses power. This non-appearance of the refinement that does exist is, in short, and so we believe is everything really offensive and disgusting about America—the legitimate offspring of the principles of their government, and, above all, of the 'lying axiom' that all men are born equal.*

To return for a moment to Mr. Quseley—there are things in his work itself which would, we think, cast some suspicion upon his political authority. When, for instance, he would palm upon us the belief that there is in America no subserviency to constituents, we are only amazed at the boldness of such an attempt in the face of all evidence and notoriety; for every reader, who knows anything of the matter, must know that the Americans may be convicted on this count, with small trouble, out of their own mouths and writings. To constituents and to party we have abundant proof that the thraldom is complete and constant, and it betrays itself, not obscurely, in their six weeks series of speeches of six hours each, called debates, and often ending in the most inconsistent and seemingly unaccountable decisions. Then again we are assured there is no bribery! Excellent. There is indeed little or no bribery in the shape of money-giving, but place-giving there is in plenty, unobstructed even by the ballot. Place is the never-failing object and reward, and when we actually see a successful candidate, like Jackson, openly and manfully re-

* Let us listen for a moment to the calm testimony of a wise and good man, who has had far better means of judging on this head than any of the writers we have yet alluded to:—

'In that people of our descendants,' says a late British minister in America, 'as the heirs of our blood, our language, our laws and institutions, we are bound to honour ourselves. The power of these things cannot have been extinguished in a possession of fifty years, by a free people. I have always deplored the tone of disparagement of manners, and modes of living and thinking in the United States, with which so many of our modern writers of travels abound, and which tend to disunite two nations, whose union would confer incalculable advantages on the civilized world. They are an enlightened and energetic people, to whom mighty destinies appear to be confided. For these reasons, and because I am grateful for the kindness I experienced there, even in a period of great excitement, I can affirm that I speak as dispassionately of their institutions as I should of our own. But I am compelled to express the astonishment with which I ascertained, notwithstanding some unequivocal exceptions, that *the tone of the House of Representatives, as members of society, was decidedly below that of the casually congregated society which we found at and near Washington*—one which itself laboured under so many disadvantages, that, though very respectable in many points, it can nowise compete with such as will be found in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia. I found that all the books of travels had underrated the character of the society of the United States, on the one hand, and, on the other hand, overrated that of the component parts of its House of Representatives.'

We quote from Hatchard's Edition of the 'Speech of the Right Hon. Sir George Rose in the House of Commons, March 22, 1832'—one of the most valuable on the records of last session. p. 10.

move,

Digitized by Google

move, at the first moment of his power, every agent of the executive to the lowest throughout the land—even the customs' officers and post-masters—to repay his partizans—it is rather too much for this *élève* of Downing Street, to tell us there is no bribery. As for the general character and condition of the government, he knows as well as we do, that it is a paralyzing and creeping democracy, with an executive daily defied by each member of the confederation, and which must be almost powerless under the pressure of high popular excitement on any given question.

Mr. Ouseley may have been swayed by the personal connexion he has formed in America on the one hand, and by the ambition of pleasing the now dominant *doctrinaires* here on the other; but we have no desire to be severely critical on the *coup d'essai* of a young author—one, we believe, of a family in which ability may be called an hereditary possession.

ART. X.—1. *La Fayette et la Révolution de* 1830. *Histoire des Choses et des Hommes de Juillet, par B. Sarrans le Jeune, Ancien rédacteur en chef du Courrier des Electeurs, Aide-de-camp de La Fayette jusqu'au 26 Décembre,* 1830, *jour de la Démission de ce Général.* 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

2. *England and France; or, a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania;* post 8vo. London. 1832.

THE first of these works is somewhat like its hero, of pompous promise, and paltry performance—below mediocrity in point of ability, but possessing from accidental circumstances a momentary importance. If any too-gentle reader was startled at the contemptuous mention* of M. de La Fayette in our Review of Lady Morgan's 'France,' we presume that by this time he must be convinced of the justice of our portrait.—If he be not, he has only to read M. Sarrans' panegyric, which, like Lady Morgan's, is really by its verbose absurdity and blind exaggeration almost as fatal to La Fayette's reputation as the truest history could have been! We will not call M. La Fayette an *impostor*, because he has imposed on no one, except himself; but we will venture to say that he is a most notorious *pretender* to qualities and merits which he never possessed, and which were, indeed, inaccessible to so weak a mind and so vast a vanity as his. No man of our day, not even Buonaparte himself, has been placed, so fortuitously and so fortunately, in circumstances where a vigorous intellect might have influenced the destinies of the world; and no man has shown himself more incapable of maintaining his temporary influence, or

* Quarterly Review, vol. xvii., p. 276. See also vol. xxviii., p. 286.

of

Digitized by Google

of turning it to any useful or even plausible account. It is his own confession and complaint, that he has, in the whole course of his revolutionary life, been disappointed and duped—that the constitutional monarchy of 1790 and the republican throne of 1830 have alike deceived his expectations and hopes, though, on both occasions, he was invested with the most extensive popularity and civil influence, as well as with the most extensive military authority, that any man (except Buonaparte) ever possessed. How was this?—in two words, because he has too little judgment to select a prudent course, and too much vanity to follow an honest one. Of him it may much more truly be said, than of the emigrants, that, from the first days of the Revolution, *il n'a rien oublié ni rien appris*. Experience is no lesson to him—he has lived, he has suffered—in vain. He brought to the Hôtel de Ville, the other day, the same visions and jargon, that had made him successively—popular—ridiculous—and odious, on the self-same scene forty years before. He imagined that mankind were to be guided by some fine phrases uttered by him, *ex cathedrâ*, from the *balcon* of the Place de Grêve, and that when he had pronounced the epigram of '*un trône environné d'institutions républicaines*,' he had solved the greatest political problem, and established a form of government in which liberty and authority were placed in an equiponderant balance and indissoluble union. The chief object of the work now under our consideration is, to convey to the world the bitter regrets of La Fayette, that his *meilleure de républiques* of 1830, has, as he now admits, failed as entirely as his *monarchie constitutionnelle* of 1790.

M. Sarrans' book is, as we have intimated, a very paltry one in point of abilities, and though it records one or two curious facts, and has half-a-dozen interesting passages, it falls infinitely short of what his preface promises. Indeed, we must confess that the conduct of M. Sarrans in the compilation and publication of these volumes, does not seem to be quite so reputable—so honest,—as we might expect from the '*secrétaire intime*,' and bosom friend of the high-minded La Fayette. In the first place, he begins by *puffing* off his work by praise which assuredly it does not deserve.

'In fact,' he says, 'unpublished letters,* confidential thoughts, con-

* There is one before unpublished letter which delights us for its extraordinary meanness and extravagant absurdity; it is a letter from Joseph Buonaparte—*alias* king of Naples, *alias* king of Spain, *alias* the Count de Survilliers (he has as many *aliases* as Blueskin) to La Fayette when he, the Count-king Joseph, heard in America the news of the Three Great Days, in which, with equal portions of flattery, flummery, and falsehood, he suggests himself to La Fayette's notice for the vacant throne.—The blockhead has followed up his letter by coming to England to be nearer the scene of his modest pretensions. We always knew that this poor creature was a fool—we thought him a tool—but we find him a mule—an animal with an obstinate disposition to move *backwards* in spite of such an experience of blows, curses, and ridicule as would have driven a more sensible animal to the world's end.

ferences

Digitized by Google

ferences with closed doors, predominate in this work, and there are the letters, thoughts, and conferences, of the two men (La Fayette and Louis Philippe), to whom the revolution of July had confided the destinies of France. But how, it may be asked, would such information (for most accurate and most important information it assuredly is) have reached me—a simple journalist?'—*Avant-propos*, p. iv.

He answers this question by stating, that he had long enjoyed the cordial intimacy of La Fayette, during which time he had been accumulating notes and documents for writing his Mémoires, and that when the events of July called the General into power and command, he, the simple journalist, became his aide-de-camp and secretary, in which character he was personally present at many most confidential communications, and had access to the most secret and important documents. Now, we must say, that this announcement is calculated to give a very false impression of the value of M. Sarrans' volumes, which contain, certainly, less novelty—less secret history—fewer unedited documents, than half-a-dozen other works of the year which make no such pompous pretension. Indeed the most—we were about to say, the only—curious and important parts of his work, and particularly its details of the intrigues and dissensions amongst the *Liberal* deputies during the Three Great Days, are copied, *without acknowledgement*, from an able and interesting little book which appeared some months ago in London, and which is named also at the head of this paper. The 'simple journalist' plunders 'The Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania' most unblushingly; and it is most laughable to compare such book-making industry with the shifts to which M. Sarrans has recourse to support the high pretensions of his preface. He is so bent on persuading us that his book contains most important '*revelations*,' that he does not hesitate to confess, that he has descended to what he admits to be *indiscreet*—but which we should call dishonourable—practices to obtain the materials of his work.

'The fact is, and I confess it at once, that I am guilty of an indiscretion, perhaps it may be called an *abuse of confidence*; and yet I feel that my conscience takes pride in it as the action of a good citizen.' —*Avant-propos*, p. xi.

Nay, he confesses with *naïve* effrontery, that he has purloined and taken surreptitious copies of letters and papers, which he found in a room where he had been incautiously admitted. We believe that no man alive, but a Frenchman of the new school, would be guilty not merely of such turpitude, but of the impudence of avowing it as an action that 'his *conscience* is proud of!' *Noscitur a socio* is a maxim of such general and so just application, that we do not think the reputation of La Fayette will

Digitized by Google

will gain much from the self-drawn character of his friend, favourite, and panegyrist.

And yet, as we have before said, M. Sarrans has been 'guilty,' to use his own strong term, of this incredible meanness with no great profit—for he has little or nothing that he might not have had without any such disgraceful shifts; and bad as the fact itself would be, we are afraid that we must attribute the avowal of it to a still more despicable motive, that of endeavouring to make a pecuniary profit by pretences equally false and dishonourable. But enough upon this point—which is only important as it tends to explain the character of this political sect, which affects such pure and disinterested liberality, and which is so virulently indignant against the baseness and venality which it impudently attributes to all the men of the old school.

The author divides his life of La Fayette into three periods—*before*, *during*, and *after* the revolution of July. The first seventy years of the hero's existence are hurried over in a few pages. The rest of the work consists in reprints of La Fayette's speeches in the Chamber on various topics, and of a laboured and laudatory exposition of the proceedings, principles, and views of that party in the late Revolution, of which La Fayette is the ostensible chief.

'When rogues fall out, honest men have a chance of coming by their own'—the proverb is rather, not musty, but coarse: and yet we really know not how better to express the advantage which the cause of truth and impartial history has obtained by the dissensions which have arisen among the heroes of the *Three Great Days*. For some months the July revolution was presented to France and to Europe, as the sudden explosion of a national indignation, against a violent and wanton attempt of a rash and despotic ministry, to overthrow the chartered constitution of the realm. This was ingeniously managed. It gave Revolution, for the first time, a defensive aspect, and it called down on the heads of Charles X. and his ministers, the whole responsibility of being, by their bad faith and temerity, the cause of their own fall—of the ruin of France—and of the eventual danger of Europe. But when the revolutionists began to quarrel about the sharing of the plunder, the world was gradually 'let into the secret.' The real heroes of July found that, to use Gibbon's expression, they 'were counted in the day of battle, but overlooked in the division of the spoil.' Men who had taken no part in the revolt, who had never pulled a trigger, nor seen a blow struck, engrossed the whole reward; and when this was complained of, it became *their* natural object to show that they had deserved it. Then came the truth—'The revolution of July was,' said they, 'not

Digitized by Google

'not a sudden ebullition—but the natural, calculated, well-planned result of a conspiracy formed against the royal government, from the first hour of the Restoration, and pursued by us, the conspirators, with inflexible resolution and unwearied zeal.' 'We had been,' as they candidly confessed by an allegory, peculiarly intelligible to the French, 'We had been for fifteen years playing a *farce* of loyalty,—*une comédie de quinze ans*,—of which this revolution was the pre-arranged *denouement*. You, the heroes of the barricades, were subordinate actors, brought on the stage at the last moment, to fill the scene,—but the plot and composition of this long drama were ours, and we of course have every right to the profits of the piece.'

Our readers well know that such turns are not new in revolutions. On the 10*th of August*, every party in the Convention, and most emphatically the Gironde, disclaimed all share in that transaction—even the Mountain hid its bold summit that day and part of the next, in prudential obscurity. The assault of the Tuileries was, as long as success was doubtful, the work of the Marsellais alone; but no sooner did it appear that the event had sealed the fate of the monarchy, and that a new career was open, than all parties vied and lied with and against each other, to prove that *they*, distinctively, were the real authors of *that* glorious day. Robespierre emerged from his hiding hole to claim the honour for the Jacobins, and Vergniaud mounted the tribune, and exerted all his eloquence to arrogate it to the Gironde.—We shall here record a curious historical fact, which has, we believe, not before transpired, but the evidence of which exists—we have no doubt—in the foreign offices of both countries. M. Chauvelin, at that period the French *Chargé des Affaires* in London, on the first news of the *Tenth of August*, addressed a note to Lord Granville, the British secretary for foreign affairs, announcing in terms of high indignation this atrocious *attentat*; but within twenty-four hours, better informed of the turn things had taken in Paris, he requested, not merely, as a public minister, but as a great and to him most important and vital personal favour, that Lord Granville would allow him to withdraw that hasty and premature note, and to substitute for it one more complimentary to the glorious victory which had been obtained over a perjured king!—The Doctrinaires are the Girondists of our day; and like the old Girondists, they attribute to themselves the merit of a revolt—to which they had contributed indeed indirectly—many of them, perhaps unintentionally—by their inflammatory speeches and writings,—but which was really prepared and executed by bolder, braver, and more desperate enthusiasts.

Even after the battle had been more than half won, some of these gentlemen had still qualms—not of conscience, but of

Digitized by Google

fear; and the following anecdote, told by the well-informed author of *Gallomania*, and corroborated by Sarrans, puts in a strong light that mixture of audacious mendacity and base pusillanimity, which characterises equally the two sections into which these patriots have so soon split. The revolutionary proclamation of the deputies was finally agreed to at a meeting composed of only eight or ten members,—the rest having, by degrees, slunk away; it then became a question whether, to give it more weight, this select party should not affix to it the names of all who had shown themselves at any of the meetings, although they had retired, avowedly, because they disapproved of the proceeding. This, of course, was objected to.

'But M. Lafitte decided the question in the affirmative, with that cool *abnegation*—and *civic courage* which characterise him. "Let us add their names:" he said,—"If we are beaten, they will give us the lie, and prove that we were but *eight*. If we are the conquerors—be quiet—there will be a general emulation to have signed it, &c."—*Gallomania*, p. 161. *Sar.* vol. i., p. 225.

Against the pretensions of the Doctrinaires to the great merit of the Revolution, is M. Sarrans' work chiefly, if not solely directed: but upon one fact all sides are now agreed—that there had existed, *for fifteen years*, a conspiracy against the throne; and, in their squabbles for the merit of having carried on that conspiracy, they forget or disregard the conclusion which every man of common sense must draw from their avowals; namely, the justification of Charles X. and his ministers from the charge on which they at first founded their Revolution, and indeed from every charge that any man of common sense or honesty can make against them—except that of not having prepared sufficient means to crush a conspiracy which had been so long at work, and from which, therefore, so serious a resistance might have been anticipated. This is the real charge which Charles and his ministry will have to answer at the bar of posterity: for of that of a rash, wanton, unjustifiable attempt on the constitution of the country, the confessions of Lafitte and Lafayette, of Dupin and Barrot, of Thiers and Sarrans, equally acquit them.

All this is now so well known, and so universally not merely admitted, but boasted of, by all parties in France, that it may seem unnecessary to advance any additional evidence on such a fact, and we shall certainly not waste much time or space in doing so, but we think our readers will be glad to see the form in which the party to which M. Sarrans belongs make their confession.

From the moment of the appointment of the Polignac ministry, which took place on the 8th of August, 1829, it was, he says, evident that such ministers must be incapable of directing a representative government; and

'that,

Digitized by Google

'that; in such a crisis, inaction would have been death. Then a generous emulation seized all good citizens. On all sides, *preparations* were made to wage war, to the last extremities, against that contempt for all civilization, that horror for all freedom, for all national advancement, which were the *soul* of such a cabinet.'—vol. i., p. 197.

To be sure, this *actual* conspiracy against *designs*, which, at worst, were only *suspected*, seems rather a strong measure; but Sarrans tells us, that it was even worse than it at first sight appears, for the ministers had not only committed no positive violence against the laws, but even—as far as their actions went—showed, or affected to show, every deference to the spirit and forms of the constitution. All this, however, was in vain—Sarrans and his friends looked into their *souls*, and satisfied themselves, by this theoretic and prophetic examination, that they must, of necessity, turn out to be traitors to their country.

'In vain,' he says, 'did the new ministry, terrified at the crisis of indignation which saluted their accession as a public calamity—in vain did they hesitate to take openly any arbitrary steps. In vain did they affect an air of security and confidence—in vain did they protest that the nation had nothing to fear for its liberties. The nation disbelieved them, and, knowing that its alarms were never better founded, *prepared on all sides* for the defence of its menaced rights. The members of an association for refusing to pay taxes, enlarged itself with prodigious rapidity. The press rising at once to the height of its mission'—(*la hauteur de sa mission*, for, with the designs of the Jacobins of 1792, they have adopted their language)—'declared an unceasing war (*guerre de tous les instans*) against the *known* projects of the government; it *augmented the fears* of an approaching *coup d'état*, and imbued every mind with the presentiment of a coming danger. In short, all who had a heart for their country prepared themselves for resistance; and thus nine months were spent in recriminations, and in the preparations of attack and defence.'—vol. i. p. 198.

By attack, he means *attack by the ministers*. We think the exhibition of force, or rather of *no force*, made by the ministers at the end of *their* nine months' supposed preparation, sufficiently disproves this assertion; but in the warmth of his eloquence, M. Sarrans forgets that he had just said, that the ministers, so far from making any preparation, affected *perfect security and confidence*, and assured the nation that it had nothing to fear. As to the preparations on the other side, however, he was certainly better informed,—as he well might be, for he was himself, as he boasts, one of those who had been, during *nine months*, busily engaged in those preparations. But, in this passage M. Sarrans does not do himself full justice—he here limits (because it suited this portion of his invective) the preparation to *nine months*, but, that

Digitized by Google

turn having been served, he becomes more candid and communicative, and opens some scenes of 'the comedy of *fifteen years*.'

'*Immediately* on the issue of the ordonnances,' (and of course before the insurrection,) 'some persons (Messrs. Lafitte and his *clique*) who had been for *many years past* devoted to the House of Orleans, conceived the project of overthrowing the elder branch for the benefit of the younger; and all their proceedings during the Three Days were directed exclusively to that object.'—vol. i. p. 244.

Here, then, we have a confession that, before any popular sentiment was expressed, on the very first appearance of the ordonnances, they were eagerly seized upon as the engine by the aid of which the Duke of Orleans might usurp the crown. But M. Sarrans' '*revelations*' become still more particular; for he adds, '*This design was dated from many years back*;' and then proceeds to show that M. Lafitte had entertained that idea *as early as* 1817,—only twelve whole years before the formation of the ministry by whose *suspected* designs M. Sarrans justifies the revolt which placed the Duke of Orleans on the throne. Nay—he goes still farther, and glorifies La Fayette himself, with having taken a part in the fifteen years conspiracy:—

'When Louis Philippe was placed on the throne, all the patriots who had been convicted of political offences *under Louis XVIII.* as well as Charles X., were presented at court, and the aide-de-camp, in waiting on his majesty, announced them in a loud voice, by their honourable distinction, as "*Gentlemen Convicts for political offences.*" La Fayette appeared at their head, and advancing towards the king, said—"These are the political Convicts, and they are presented to you *by an accomplice!*" The king received them with the *most touching affability*, and recalling to the minds of the *generous citizens* the persecutions they had to his great regret undergone, promised them his liveliest interest, and an early compensation for all they had *suffered*.'—vol. i. p. 310.

But alas! the promises of usurpers are, it seems, as fragile as those of legitimates have ever been said to be; for M. Sarrans goes on to exclaim pathetically, that nothing has been done for those victims who

'are starving under the eyes of a throne of which *they were the pedestal*. History will tell that these men who, *during fifteen years*, had sacrificed all'—(even their allegiance and their oaths)—'find nothing but a little earth and water since the *glorious* (*sic*) Revolution of July! What a monument of the gratitude of kings!'—vol. i. p. 311.

Of *citizen-kings*, M. Sarrans, if you please; for your whole book is full of complaints of the *ultra-gratitude* which Louis XVIII. and Charles X. lavished, say you, on the faithful partners of *their* adversity. Nay, you are very indignant that the gratitude of these monarchs to Messrs. Guizot, Bertin, and half a dozen *Doctrinaires* who

Digitized by Google

who followed them to Ghent, gave that *clique* the rank and station in political society which have enabled them to overturn your idol La Fayette, after they had, with his assistance, dethroned their own benefactor, the legitimate sovereign! But this by the way.

The important conclusion is, that an organized system—whether it be called a comedy or a conspiracy—had been in preparation and operation for fifteen years, and that Charles and his ministers, instead of having any design against the constitution, only attempted to anticipate and defeat an attack upon it, which was, as is now admitted, nearly matured and about to explode. Even if the constitution had not expressly reserved such a power in the executive, it would have been a duty imposed by a still higher authority—that supreme law—the safety of the state. If conspirators and rebels be allowed to free themselves from all restraints and to set all laws at defiance, while the defenders of an existing constitution are to be held closely within the ordinary routine which never was intended to meet such a crisis, it is clear that no government can maintain itself. But the French ministers did not rest their defence on these *general* grounds; they alleged that the *fourteenth article of the Charter* foresaw and sanctioned violent remedies for violent diseases. And that it did so, even in the opinion of the victorious party, is obvious, from the fact that in the *new charter*, the article which the ministers thus relied on was expressly *repealed*. Why *repeal* it, unless it did bear the interpretation that they had given it?

But whether M. de Polignac's interference be justifiable on general principles, or by the special enactment of the charter, it is still, we must always think, not easy to excuse, on any consideration of sound and prudent policy, the precise course which he adopted. The conspiracy, inveterate and formidable as it was, had not yet committed such overt acts of rebellion as could justify the ministers in public opinion for taking the initiative in extreme and ultra-constitutional measures. If they had taken a *defensive* attitude, and awaited the advance of the conspiracy, they would have put the latter *dans son tort*, and rallied round the throne the support and sympathy of all moderate men at home and abroad. To this M. de Polignac and his friends reply, 'that it would have been then too late—that they knew that when two such armies were in presence there was no chance for success but in striking the first blow.' We doubt this, though we will not stop to debate what is now an idle theory—but we insist on one indisputable practical truth, namely, that whether they had resolved to stand on the defensive, or, *à fortiori*, if they had determined on being the assailants, they should have prepared a force in some degree commensurate with the danger—a force adequate either to defend their own position, or to

Digitized by Google

to take that of the enemy. They did no such thing—and it is at once a proof of the honesty of their intentions and the weakness of their intellects, that they began their operations without ever having once thought of increasing the force by which it might become necessary to support them; and with, in fact, a smaller *disposable power* than Paris and its neighbourhood usually presented in ordinary times. Nay, so great were the simplicity of their hearts and the blindness of their understanding, that they had not even a minister at war to direct, nor a commander-in-chief to execute, military operations,—the possibility of which seems never to have entered their imaginations; and the fatal appointment of Marshal Marmont only took place by the mere accident of his turn of three months' duty at court—as what we should call *goldstick*—happening to have begun on the 1st July. On such trifles, when the scales are heavily weighted and nearly balanced, do the fates of empires depend!

We shall now make a few extracts, to show what La Fayette and his party acknowledge by their mouth-piece, M. Sarrans, that France has gained by 'this *glorious* revolution,' as he ironically and bitterly calls it.

Of the regenerated and reformed French legislature M. Sarrans gives the following character:—

'Since now near fifty years, that the torrent of revolutions has devastated France, there never has been any legislative session so *fatal* to all national interests,—no chamber has so covered our country with wounds,'—(not even the *Convention*, as he afterwards expressly says.) 'The wants—wishes—interests—civilization—greatness, glory, and genius of France, have been all *stained and blasted*,' &c.—vol. ii. p. 339. Again,

'The purity of election has been everywhere stifled and corrupted—the private residences of citizens violated and rummaged—family papers, family secrets, private character, at the mercy of the police—Paris placed in a state of siege—martial law, and the knell of sentences of death tolling in its streets—the gaols overflowing with victims—public writers in the fetters of convicts—spies and informers peopling the dungeons! Such are the signs and tokens of the respect of the new government for the liberty of the press—for liberty of conscience—for all liberty! Compare these facts with those of the most disastrous epochs of the last fifty years!'—vol. ii. p. 405.

Need we go farther?—and this is the evidence of the historian and panegyrist, and himself one of the heroes, of the Three Great Days. We are well aware that M. Sarrans writes with the exaggeration of a disappointed partizan—he and his general have been turned out, and some of the matters which so much exasperate him, afford moderate men some gleams of consolation and hope; but through his exaggerations one truth is visible and certain, and is,

Digitized by Google

is, indeed, confessed by all men of all sides, namely—to use M. Sarrans' more measured expressions—

'Civil and political liberty—individual freedom—liberty of the press—the impartiality of justice—agriculture, commerce, industry—science—art—public rights—national glory, &c. have all been *tarnished*, have all *degenerated*.'—vol. ii. p. 240.

That is, *tarnished—degenerated* from the days of those elder Bourbons, whom this grateful, consistent, and well-rewarded people had so lately and so—for that people, at least—so ignominiously expelled!

How, then, is such a government endured? How does Louis Philippe maintain his usurpation? By the sword, and by firmness to make use of that *ultima ratio regum*, the want of which had cost the three brothers, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., successively, their thrones. It was their benevolence, their humanity, their love, in short, of their subjects,—honourable in its principle, but disastrous in their application of it,—which led the first to the scaffold, and drove the second to Ghent, and the third to Holyrood; and it is owing simply and entirely to a less amiable, but more business-like way of looking at popular tumults, that their successor has outlived two or three storms,—one, at least, of which was more violent than that which overthrew Charles X. The misfortune for France and the world is, that, though *one* such exercise of force might save a legitimate throne founded in right, law, and the love of the majority of the people—when assailed by the temporary madness of a moment—it is a different case with a revolutionary power. The bitter medicine, of which a single dose might suffice to rescue and confirm a legitimate monarchy, becomes the *daily bread* of an usurper;—and two, or three, or four, or a dozen such bloody successes, instead of rendering his throne more stable, only render its steps more slippery, and its final overthrow more certain. That with which M. Sarrans reproaches the government of Louis Philippe as a peculiar crime is, we fear, incidental to all such power,—

'It has deprived liberty of the power of expressing itself by any other mode than tumult and insurrection.'—vol. ii. p. 372.

And another French writer describes the new regime as

'surrounded by murmurs, menaces, and seditions, and trembling at the prospect of their reviving still more formidable from the very means which have been employed to suppress them.'

Let us trace shortly some of the marks of permanence and stability which this throne exhibits. We confine our view, be it observed, to *Paris alone*—and we shall occasionally quote M. Sarrans' observations on the events:—

Digitized by Google

1830.

July 27, 28, 29. *Popular tumults;* at the end of which Lafitte and La Fayette place Louis Philippe on the throne.

Aug. 5. The people crowd the Palais Royal to salute and congratulate Louis Philippe and his family—'Joy of the Palais Royal.'

—— 6. The new charter proclaimed and placed under the protection of the National Guard.

——— The Polytechnic students thanked, promoted, and *decorés* for their share in the late *popular tumults.*

—— 7. A ministry formed—half radical *, half doctrinaire.

Oct. 17. Another *popular tumult.* Force necessary to expel the people from the Palais Royal, where they had been so lately welcomed with *joy.*

Nov. 3. A radical ministry.

Dec. 18, 19, 20. More *popular tumults.* 'Paris in consternation—general panic—*agonies of the Palais Royal.*'

Dec. 27. La Fayette, one of the *king-makers,* dismissed from the command of the National Guard.

1831.

Jan. 1. Proclamation to the Polytechnic School against *popular tumults.*

—— 2. Another *popular tumult* occasioned by said proclamation—The radical ministers assaulted and in personal danger.

Feb. 14. Another *popular tumult*—number of lives lost, property plundered, houses destroyed, the *Cross* torn down from the churches; the king obliged to deface his arms from his palace and carriages.

March 13. A *doctrinaire* ministry.

—— 16. More popular tumults. The streets cleared by charges of dragoons.

April 1. A law proposed 'full of menaces and blood,' *against popular tumults.*

—— 15. Trial for their lives, for *popular tumults,* of patriots 'who had put the crown on the head of Louis Philippe—a proceeding impudent, *mad,* and *scandalous* beyond any thing the *Restoration* had ever imagined.'

—— 16. *Popular tumults* against the law against *popular tumults.*

——— The accused republicans acquitted by the jury. An *ovation* takes place in consequence.

—— 17. The artillery of the National Guard (under whose protection the new charter is *by law* placed) *cashiered* for taking part in *popular tumults.*

——— The Polytechnic School—so lately thanked and *decorée*—abolished.

* We use the word *radical,* as it is now generally understood both in France and England, for the *ultra-liberal* party.

May 10.

Digitized by Google

May 10. More *popular tumults*—cries of *Vive la République*—at a public banquet a toast, *Death to Louis Philippe!*

—— 14. Trials of more of the Men of July for *popular tumults*—all acquitted.

June 1. Dissolution of the Chamber which had dissolved the monarchy and decimated the House of Peers.

—— 14, 15, 16, 17, 18. *Popular tumults—graves désordres* (Moniteur) all over Paris.

July 14. More *popular tumults*, the Tree of Liberty planted.

—— 18. Thirty thousand additional troops marched into Paris to prevent *popular tumults* on the anniversary of the three great days.

Sept. 18. Another *popular tumult*, 'barricades thrown up and more blood spilled.'

1832.

Feb. 1. Conspiracy to attack the royal family at a ball—two hundred persons arrested.

April 5. More *popular tumults*—'more blood spilled.'

June 5 and 6. More *popular tumults*—'much more blood spilled—*eighty thousand* bayonets restore quiet in Paris.'

—— The night between—Louis Philippe and his ministers discuss the propriety of arresting La Fayette, late commander-in-chief of the National Guard, and Lafitte, late prime minister—the two persons who had placed him on the throne.

—— 7. Paris placed in a state of siege, and put under martial law. *

In addition to this catalogue of quiet and prosperity let us add the following curious comparison. Charles X. was expelled for four chief heads of offence, and of *each* of those four heads of offence his successor has, by a strange coincidence, been guilty, with certainly less excuse and much more severity.

Charles was expelled for attempting to control the press—There have been more state prosecutions of the press, more printing-houses ruined, more publications arbitrarily suppressed in the two years of Louis Philippe than in the whole reign of Charles X.

Charles X. was expelled for attempting to remodel, by the sole authority of one branch of the legislature, the composition and num-

* We have mentioned only the most important events and commotions in the Citizen-King's capital itself; but we have before us a curious calendar, lately published in Paris, under the title of 'Calendrier de la *liberté de la presse* et de *l'ordre public* en France depuis la Révolution de Juillet, 1830,' which, in the same way that the ordinary Roman Catholic calendars have a *saint's* name for every day in the year, records, for every day since the 'glorious Revolution,' a popular riot or an arbitrary stretch of power by the government; of which the summary is, that *eighty-six newspapers* have been either arbitrarily seized or judicially prosecuted; that there have been *four hundred and seventy-eight* days of tumult or insurrection; and that *two hundred and one* cities or districts have been in a state of disturbance. Vive la liberté de la presse! Vive l'ordre public!

bers

Digitized by Google

bers of another.—Under Louis Philippe, one branch of the legislature, of its own single authority, took upon itself to remodel the composition and numbers of another.

Charles X. was expelled for having *mitraillé* his subjects in the streets of Paris in July, 1830—Louis Philippe *mitraille*'d a greater number of his fellow-citizens in June, 1832.

Charles X. was expelled for having, on the 27th July, while a rebellion was flagrant, proclaimed martial law in the capital.—Louis Philippe on the 7th June, after the tumult had been suppressed, proclaimed martial law in the capital, and maintained it till the indignant tribunals pronounced its illegality.

Thus, to use a homely but appropriate proverb, one man may steal a horse while another dares not look over the hedge. And why? because in those times of anarchy—which call themselves days of civilization and intelligence—*might makes right;* and physical force, under the fraudulent name of 'public opinion,' sets law, and justice, and reason at utter defiance. Truly has it been said that democracy is the high road to despotism.

Charles X. had, on the morning of the 28th July, 1830, the critical day of the revolt—disposable fighting men—about 4500 infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Let us see the account given by M. Sarrans of Louis Philippe's force in June, 1832.

'In this unhappy struggle the government thought it necessary to produce a greater military force than won the fields of Wagram and Marengo.'—vol. ii. p. 357.

Again,

'The court and the ministry, not satisfied with the protection of 40,000 soldiers already assembled in Paris, got in by forced marches all the regiments within reach, and called out the national guards of the adjoining country, so that the sun of the 6th June rose on more bayonets collected within the walls of Paris than had fought at Austerlitz and Jena.'—vol. ii. p. 367.

And again,

'The struggle continued during the night' (of the 6th June), 'but between such unequal forces the event could not be doubtful; 30,000 troops of the *line*, 50,000 national guards, and a formidable artillery under the command of a marshal of France.'—vol. ii. p. 379.

Had Charles X., instead of 80,000 bayonets, had 10,000 men—or even his 4500, under the command of any other marshal of France than Marmont—who can doubt that the result of the days of July would have been the same as that of the days of June? The insurgents of July fought with, as the phrase is, halters round their necks—they were rebels making a *political experiment*, and damped by the doubts and difficulties which so questionable an attempt must have produced in all minds. And, in fact, we know from

Digitized by Google

from the author of the *Gallomania* and M. Sarrans, that the leaders were over and over again on the point of giving up the contest and endeavouring to make their peace with Charles X. The insurgents of June, on the contrary, were exercising a right, nay a duty, which they had been told was *sacred;* they were doing what they had been crowned with national recompenses for having done before—and strong in the justice of their cause—for as against the government which they had by such means created, they might well think their cause just—they fought with an obstinacy and even desperation of which no example had been shown in the days of July. This brings on another curious comparison.

On both those occasions the youth of Paris, and particularly the Polytechnic School, distinguished themselves. On the 7th August, 1830, the very day that Louis Philippe was placed on the throne, one of his very first acts was to confer the rank of lieutenant on every youth of the Polytechnics who had taken a part in the insurrection and wished to follow the military line, and to declare that all those who chose rather the civil walks of life, should be provided for by appointments to civil offices; and crosses of the legion of honour were to be distributed amongst them all. In June, 1832, the same king exterminated by ball and bayonet hundreds of these self-same youths; and, not content with crushing the scholars, a decree was issued to suppress the Polytechnic School itself—the very nest in which his own royalty had been fledged! —and Charles is at Gratz, and Louis Philippe is in the Tuileries; and there are yet some people who talk of the moderation—the consistency—the justice—the glory of—the *late*, we were about to say, but we correct ourselves—the *existing* Revolution!

It was expected that M. Sarrans would have thrown some light on the personal share which Louis Philippe might have had in the *comedie de quinze ans*, and the result which terminated it. But he does not; and though no doubt can exist that some of the actors, aye, and principal actors too, in that long farce, had his elevation in view,* we do not think that M. Sarrans makes out that he had any direct or clear understanding with them. Indeed, from all the evidence, we incline to think that he had not; and that he was more humbly, if not more innocently, employed in intriguing with Madame de Dawes-Feuchères for a good place in the Duc de Bourbon's will, rather than in bolder plots on the inheritance of the elder branch of the family. Nor are we disposed to blame peremptorily his acceptance of the crown. A prince of high feeling and romantic honour would no more have accepted

* It is, by the way, a fact which may hereafter lead to curious inquiries, that long before the death of Louis XVIII., the propriety of calling the Duke of Orleans to the throne was suggested in the *Edinburgh Review*. By *whom?*

that

Digitized by Google

that legacy than he would have hunted—and with such a pack!—for the other: but a man of plain common sense, undisturbed by such nice feelings, might very well believe that his consent to accept the crown was, under all the circumstances, the only means of arresting the progress of anarchy, and the only chance of preserving, in any shape or degree, the rights and prospects of the family of Bourbon. It is to be observed in his favour, that he first accepted the Lieutenant-generalship or Regency of the kingdom, and that it was by subsequent circumstances that he was induced—probably not very reluctantly, but certainly with no apparent eagerness—to ascend the throne as King. To his personal conduct, therefore, as far as relates to his accession, the evidence does not justify any very stern reproach; and the manner—with two exceptions which we shall mention presently—in which he has subsequently exercised his authority, or, we should rather say, filled his office, though most justly arraigned by M. Sarrans, and the heroes of July, seems entitled to the approbation of all lovers of good order, whether in France or in other countries. His vigour and success in suppressing popular tumults have done much to weaken the dangerous principle which placed him on the throne. A man of wisdom as well as wit, said pleasantly to one of his adherents, 'Je n'aimais pas beaucoup votre *Roi de Juillet*, mais je suis assez content de votre *Roi de Juin*.' We, however, must make two very serious exceptions to this general approbation of the personal conduct of Louis Philippe. The first and of most public importance is the encouragement, both moral and pecuniary, which the author of the *Gallomania* states—and which M. Sarrans proves—that he gave in the first months of his reign to the Jacobin propagandists of revolt throughout Europe. The other is an eulogy which he has ventured to pronounce on the monster *Egalité*, whose foul history filial piety, or even common decency, ought to have made him anxious, as far as possible, to bury in oblivion.

His majesty's merits and his faults were strikingly exhibited in a conference which took place during the very conflict of June, between him and three popular deputies, Messrs. Lafitte, Arago, and Odillon Barrot, who, having played a great part in placing him on the throne, thought that they had still an equal right to volunteer their advice as to his conduct, and to remonstrate with a king, *created by a tumult*, on the injustice and absurdity of his now turning his arms against a *similar insurrection*.—We shall compress, as much as we can, M. Sarrans' too diffuse, but, as we are assured, very authentic account of this remarkable conference.

At a meeting of a dozen or two opposition members, who, because they had usurped the executive authority in July, thought they had the same right in June, the three above-named patriots were deputed to the king. But they found a different man,

and

Digitized by Google

and in a different temper, from what they expected. It was four o'clock on the 6th of June; the king had just returned from having visited, on horseback, some of the scenes of the action which was still going on.—(What if the Dauphin had done the same on the 28th July?)—'The French,' says Sarrans, 'can never see with indifference their king advancing on horseback into fire. His courage excited an enthusiasm, and his firmness created a confidence—very unfavourable'—as M. Sarrans with great *naïveté* adds—'to the mission' of his three friends, the self-elected privy councillors. Odillon Barrot began the conversation by deploring the disorders that had taken place, but he excused them by the conduct of the government which seemed to have forgotten the principles of July, and whose measures (he said) led not merely to those riots, but eventually to anarchy and civil war. He, therefore, implored the king to stop the effusion of blood, to silence the cannon which were still roaring, and to prevent further calamities, by an immediate and complete *return to the principles which had placed him and his branch on the throne.* This, however strong as an argument *ad hominem*, was a mere childish declamation, when addressed to a statesman responsible for the immediate safety of a great capital, —and the king answered it as boldly as if he had held the sceptre of Henry IV. in his own proper right.—'Audaciously attacked,' he said, 'by his enemies, he exercised his *legitimate*'—(yes, '*legitimate*,' that was his word—) 'right of defence! The time was at length come when The Principle of Revolt *must* be put down; and he employed cannon only to *have done with it the sooner;*—he had however rejected the proposition of putting Paris in a state of siege'—(*that* was done, nevertheless, next day). 'As to the pretended engagements and republican pledges into which it was said he had entered at the Hôtel de Ville, on the day of his accession, he did not know what they meant;—he had over-fulfilled all the promises he had made, and revived *more than enough* of republicanism in his institutions—the pledge of the Hôtel de Ville existed only in the *fancy of M. La Fayette, who was certainly labouring under some delusion.*' He added that 'it was unfair to give the ministers the praise or blame of the system he had followed—it was *his own**—the result of *his own* experience and reflection; that it was founded on the only principles on which he would have consented to TAKE the crown'—(Sarrans thus marks the word *take*)—'and that they *should hash him in a mortar*, before he would abandon it;'—and then, 'as to this system with which you reproach M. Perier, who certainly is very innocent of it, what do you mean? What is it? Let us have done with loose, vague accusations—state your facts—of what do you complain—*Voyons!*'

* What then becomes of the article of the Charter about ministerial responsibility, and kingly irresponsibility?

To

Digitized by Google

To all this, which our readers will, we think, agree was spoken like a king and a man of sense and courage, M. Arago replied.—This M. Arago is what we, in common language, called a philosopher—a *savant*, who on the strength of a mathematical reputation sets up for a politician—which, to use La Fayette's own illustration—*le va comme une bague à un chat.* Our *savant* made a long, learned speech, in which he very appropriately talked of the League, and of one D'Ailly, who, in the reign of Henry IV., killed his own son in the streets of Paris, 'as my own brother,' said Arago, 'may be doing at this moment, for he and his son are on opposite sides.'—We cannot help stopping here for a moment to remark, that anybody but a philosopher would, under such circumstances, instead of palavering the king,—have tried to persuade his brother and his nephew to stay at home. But Arago soon grew less historic and philosophical—he expressed surprise and dissatisfaction at the impunity of the Duchess of Berri's avowed residence in France; he complained that '*offices and employments were not given to the friends* of the Revolution'—(*eheu!*) nay, that the press and the men of July were subject to '*persecutions unknown even during the restoration.*' Here again there was a pretty hard thrust *ad hominem;* on which Louis Philippe waxed rather warm, and exclaimed, 'That he had no enemies but the Carlists and Republicans.'—(We just pause to observe, that this was almost equivalent to saying that he had no enemies in France but *men and women.*) He added, 'That the imputations against him were all the work of the factious—that he was accused of avarice—*he* for whom money was never of any value'—(Do you hear that, Sophy Dawes?)—'that his best intentions were perverted to such a degree that he could not read the newspapers—that his father'—(his majesty must by this time have lost not only the temper with which he began, but almost his senses)—'his FATHER, *who was the best citizen in France,* had been *calumniated* like him, and driven to give to the Revolution a BLOODY PLEDGE of his sincerity, which he ought to have refused—that the unreasonable claims of *both the Revolutions* were equally untenable—that he (Louis Philippe) was not obstinate—that he had shown it when, after a long resistance, he had so improperly yielded to a popular tumult and'—you think he is going to say—accepted the crown—but, no;—when yielding to a popular tumult, 'he had effaced from his palace, and his plate, and his carriage, the *fleur-de-lis* which had been from all time the arms of his family.' 'As to the Duchess of Berri,' he said, 'that if she was arrested, justice should have its course, but come what would, his reign should not witness a *bloody tragedy.*'*

* The conversation lasted longer, but nothing worth repeating occurred, except Lafitte's parting speech, in which he contrasted his majesty's *former* popularity with his present

Digitized by Google

In the foregoing tirade, every word of which is extraordinary, it is impossible not to pause particularly on that part which mentions his *father*. A man may naturally enough think with some partiality of a parent's errors, and with some exaggeration of his own importance, but we did not suppose that blindness and vanity could have gone so far as to rank in the *same class of concessions* 'to the unreasonable claims of the *two* revolutions,'—*Citizen Egalité's* regicide vote—and the *Citizen-king's* erasure of the *fleur-de-lis* from his coach!

Nor was this strange and impudent paneygyric on 'the best citizen of France' the result of the passion of the moment; for at the *Hotel de Ville*, in August 1830, when some young men crowded about him, screaming their joy in at last having for a king a real patriot, he squeezed their hands, and exclaimed, 'Yes, my friends, a real patriot, *like my father!*' This is certainly carrying filial piety to the verge of insanity. M. Sarrans, who was present at this scene, tells us that the venerable La Fayette himself made a wry face at this extraordinary declaration. No wonder! Weak as his intellect and strong as his vanity may be, the poor old coxcomb could not but feel that his own conduct in the first years of the first Revolution had mainly—though very unintentionally on his part, we admit—contributed to the atrocities thus unseasonably alluded to; and that the connecting, by that bloody link, the *two* Revolutions, was a fatal augury for the ultimate success and stability of a system, which is, in truth, only a revival of *that* which had led to, and been extinguished by, the *Tenth of August*. How just such an anticipation was, events have shown. The *Sixth of June* was very near being the *Tenth of August* of the Republican Crown: and although that attempt was fortunately suppressed by 80,000 bayonets, it is but too evident that M. Sarrans has good reason to propheey the, not distant, overthrow of a throne, which carries in the first principles of its existence the germs of dissolution, and which has no other base than the shifting sands of popular volition.

We have now done with M. Sarrans, whose work, though in itself a mere party pamphlet bloated out into two large volumes, must furnish grounds for serious apprehension to those who may have placed any faith in the justice, consistency, or permanency of a revolutionary system of government. No doubt, all such considerations have before struck every sober-minded and well-informed person, but not perhaps with the same force that they will produce from the reluctant avowals of the chief artisans and advocates of the Revolution of July.

present contrary state, and adjured his majesty to ask his own heart, whether a king of France, who requires 80,000 men to protect him, is really king of France after all?

ART.

Digitized by Google

ART. XI.—1. *How will it work?* By J. G. Lemaistre, A.M., pp. 68. Cheltenham. 1832.
2. *How it must work.* By Henry Francis Lord Teynham. pp. 46. Second Edition. London. 1832.
3. *A Plan of Church Reform, &c.* By Lord Henley. Seventh Edition. London. 1832.
4. *Safe and Easy Steps towards an Efficient Church Reform: one more efficient than that of Lord Henley.* By a Clergyman of the Church of England. London. 1832.
5. *Remarks upon Church Reform, and Sequel to Remarks upon Church Reform. With Observations upon the Plan proposed by Lord Henley.* By the Rev. Edward Burton, D.D., Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, &c. London and Oxford. 1832.
6. *Church Reform.* By a Churchman. London. 1830.
7. *Substance of a Speech delivered at a Meeting of Evangelical Dissenters of different Denominations held in Edinburgh on 13th September*, 1832. *Published at the Request of the Meeting, by the Committee of the Voluntary Church Association.* Edinburgh and Glasgow. 1832.

HOW will it work? Such is the question which the ministers and their adherents are now beginning to ask, concerning their Parliamentary Reform. It would have been rather more rational to have satisfied themselves on that point eighteen months ago. Lord Grey, we have been assured, has called it—*a perilous experiment!* and this portentous hint his adherents now improve, by asking, with an audacious air of simplicity, *how will it work?* We and those who have from the beginning maturely weighed the *practical* effects of the bill, are not surprised that, as the trial approaches, the tone of its friends should be thus lowered; nor does this change of language add anything to *our* alarm; but to those *dupes*, we must call them, who regarded the bill as a *final* and conciliatory settlement of the constitution, these ministerial misgivings have already become a source of great anxiety: while, on the other hand, with the larger body of reformers, who supported the bill only because it unsettled everything and settled nothing, the growing doubts of the government and their more immediate adherents, operate as a confirmation of illegal hopes, and an incentive to revolutionary efforts.

While France—always more forward in noxious vegetation than we are—is, as we have seen in the preceding article, reaping her disastrous harvest, we have been busy in breaking up our soil for the same seed, and are now about to sow it *broadcast* through the land.

Even while we write, the suicidal parliament—the *felo-de-se* House of Commons is no more, and if there be faith in experience

Digitized by Google

rience—if there be evidence in facts, we are entering on that calamitous career which our ancestors ran between 1640 and 1660, and which the French have been running from 1789 up to the present hour. The circumstances and season of this dissolution are marked with that disregard, and even aversion, for all precedents and established forms which characterises a revolutionary government. We have had three dissolutions within thirty months—a frequency, of which there has been nothing like an example since parliaments have been constituted in their present form, and which is, of itself, an injurious excitement of the public mind and a serious shock to the order and stability of a monarchical system. The time too is chosen in the same spirit—for one hundred and thirty years there has not been a dissolution in the three winter months. These are trifles indeed compared with the greater innovations which are in progress; but they are worth noticing as characteristic of the mingled temerity and weakness of the ministry. The dissolution in 1831 of the friendly parliament, which not only had called them to power, but had pledged itself to pass their Reform Bill with a slight amendment (which they afterwards adopted), was a *coup d'état* by which they hoped to obtain a despotic and permanent tenure of office. The present unseasonable dissolution—at a moment when the public interests and the public safety would require the assembling rather than the dissolving parliament—is the result of their inability either to manage the old House of Commons or to resist the clamours of those who are eager for the new one,—but, above all, of their conviction that their base-born popularity is vanishing so fast, that to have delayed the elections even two months would have been to endanger the return of every ministerial candidate throughout the empire.

For our own parts, anxious as we are for the maintenance of anything that looks like a government, we shall not regret this early appeal to the new constituency, if it shall turn out to have, in any degree, deranged the schemes and diminished the force of the Radicals. We have heard it maintained, indeed, that the new parliament will be a better one than the last. In general principles it can hardly be worse; and, in detailed injustice and partiality, no assembly, elect it how you will, can be more shameless than the majorities that disfranchised Appleby, preserved Midhurst, and enfranchised Gateshead and Whitby,—that, on the same night, voted the same thing *white* in the case of Aldborough and *black* in the case of Downton. Notwithstanding the ample time and means that the ministers have had to concert their operations, the new parliament can hardly be so entirely *their* tool as the last—but we are much mistaken if it will not ultimately be, even in a greater degree, the slave of the ministers'

Digitized by Google

masters,—the mob, and the press, and the political unions. There are, it is true, many circumstances which will give this first reformed House of Commons an appearance, if not the reality, of more respectability than can be hoped for its successors: 1. Rank, property, and education are not *yet* wholly stripped of their influence, and the immense majority of rank, property, and education will no doubt contribute to the return of the least objectionable candidates; and, in many counties and some few boroughs, in which the constituency has not been essentially changed, members absolutely conservative will be returned. 2. Hated and despised as the ministers and their adherents are by the two great parties that divide the state, many of them will find their way back to parliament through the determination of the *Conservatives*, where the contest is between a Whig and a Radical, to support the ministerialist as the less evil of the two, and through some lingering feeling of gratitude on the part of the Radicals towards the authors of the Reform Bill; and the class of members thus elected, by the concurrence of their enemies, however ill we think of their principles, or however little dependence we may place on their future conduct, are at least, by their station in public and private life, what may be called respectable. 3. The class of demagogues and political adventurers whom the Bill will eventually bring into play have not yet had time to organize their forces; and, in many cases, electors, by no means well disposed to conservative or even to whig principles, are content to adopt men whose *names are known to them*, and whose rank and talents give them, even in the eyes of the 10*l.* householders, a consideration which obscure demagogues and nameless adventurers have not yet been able to attain.

For all these reasons, we expect to see, in the new House of Commons, many conservative names, and many ministerialists who, having sat in former parliaments, will bring with them, at least, the *traditions* of the constitution. But from this prospect we should derive but little consolation, even if we expected the numbers to be greater than we fear they will be; for, though the same *individual persons* will be, in a great number of instances, returned, they will not be the same *political men*; some of them—but a few, we hope,—will, to secure their seats, have *pledged* themselves to this, that, or t'other fancy of their respective constituents; but others, while refusing to give *pledges, eo nomine*, will, by principles and opinions stated *ad captandum*, in addresses, letters, and speeches, come to parliament almost as shackled on many great questions as those whose less qualmish stomachs have 'bolted,' to use Sir Francis Burdett's metaphor, the most nauseous *pledges*; and, finally, it will, we fear, be found practically, that even those who come in without the visible shackles of either pledges or professions,

Digitized by Google

sions, will discover, that if they wish to keep their seats and be again returned, they must act with as little independence, and be as little free to exercise their own deliberate judgments, as either of the former classes. Such, we fear, will be the predicament of many of those whom, at first sight, the public will consider as conservatives. How then can it be hoped that their fettered and divided and vacillating force will be able to afford any permanent resistance, nay, almost any dilatory check on the gigantic spirit of innovation which the Reform Bill has excited, sanctioned, and consolidated! If such be our apprehensions of the *first* reformed parliament, what must it be for the *next* and the *next*, when all the conservative influences will have been gradually diminished, and the innovating powers progressively strengthened, and when such numbers of the *new school* will have had the opportunity by their talents, or, as is still more likely, by their violence, to bring themselves into public notice, and to acquire such a mischievous popularity as will not only secure their own return, but that of those whom they may recommend to the electors as men of their own destructive principles? We have a painful but clear conviction, that—a little earlier or a little later, according to temporary and accidental circumstances—this process—unless counteracted by some yet undeveloped appliances—*must* lead us to a House of Commons entirely democratic—to the consequent absorption of the power and existence of the House of Lords, and the eventual overthrow of the monarchical constitution.

Nor is this the view of the Tories alone. The adherents and advocates of the minister avow fears of the same kind, and almost to the same extent. Mr. Byng, the Whig candidate for Middlesex, and Sir Francis Burdett, the *quondam-radical* representative of Westminster, have been, by the hostile pressure of their former friends and supporters, obliged to talk language more conservative than any real Conservative has dared to use;—the 'Edinburgh Review' expresses distinctly enough the altered views and feelings of certain 'fanners of the sacred flame;'—and even 'The Times' newspaper, hitherto the most effective and unhesitating advocate of the bill, has been obliged to designate those whom it formerly glorified as *Radicals*, by the more appropriate and emphatic title of the *Destructives*. Nor is this all. Many of the ministers themselves have been trembling for their own seats; some of them have been reduced to the strange necessity of abandoning the places with which they have had an ancient and natural connexion, to try their chance on new ground where they have no personal connexion and no local or other legitimate interest; and in spite of the gratitude which they reasonably enough claim from the new constituency which they have created, it has been, to the last moment, extremely doubtful, whether some of the most important

Digitized by Google

functionaries of the government would be able to find their way into the House of Commons; and in many cases they will have accomplished that object only by having had radical opponents, which insured for them the support of the Conservatives. But if there be such doubts now, what will be the condition of the ministry when that popular gratitude, which is their only hope, shall have cooled, or when their short-lived and dearly-bought popularity shall have entirely evaporated? Well may Lord Grey call it a *perilous experiment!* For ourselves, we honestly confess that we fear—yes, we *fear*—that not only will *he* be unable to maintain, even in its most ordinary practical details, his own administration, but—with still greater sorrow—that no men or combination of men will, under the uncounteracted operation of the reform bill, be able to restore to the government of the country any degree of stability or authority.

This melancholy apprehension which arose from the reform bill itself, has been sadly confirmed by some subsequent events. The Conservatives have not in any single instance coalesced with the Radicals, though in many places such a coalition would have secured their own success; and, on the contrary, have every where sacrificed the most natural personal resentments, and have thrown their whole weight into the scale of the ministerial candidates against their radical competitors. Have the Ministerialists been equally just, or generous, or wise? No—truer to their animosities than even to their interests, they have in every case exerted all their influence in favour of the Destructives against the Conservatives—a short-sighted malice which they will bitterly repent when the Radicals whom they thus aided shall repay them with triumphant ingratitude, and when they shall in vain desire the presence of the Conservatives they have betrayed and rejected—

> 'Turno tempus erit magno cum optaverit emptum
> Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
> Oderit ——'

But there are other considerations of a more general nature, and still more alarming. The ministers all along offered, promoted, carried their measure as a satisfactory, conclusive, and *final* settlement of the constitution on a fixed and immutable basis. When, in the course of the debates, some too ingenuous Radical broke the ban of silence which ministerial prudence had enjoined, and ventured to hint that the Bill was, and could be, but *a stepping-stone,* he was chided for his unseasonable candour; and fresh ministerial pledges, 'that the measure was, and should be, *final,*' hastened to calm the doubts and fears of the Moderates and Waverers. But now when, as we *believe, Lord Grey* has called the Bill 'a PERILOUS EXPERIMENT,'—when we *know* that

Digitized by Google

that *Lord John Russell*, the ostensible father of the Bill, has been forward to seize a petty occasion of threatening us with still more democratic amendments to it,—when, in short, the ministerial pledge as to the *finality* (may we venture on the expression?) of the measure is hooted at by every voice, in every society, on every side—their agents find it necessary to prepare some excuse, some evasion!—and again they must have recourse to the Tories, and are preparing to lay to their charge the mischievous alterations in the bill, which they begin to fear the new parliament may be inclined to attempt. 'The measure was,' say these conscientious advocates, 'wise and healing and tranquillizing,' and would have been satisfactory and final, but for the obstinate and factious opposition of the Conservatives. 'The stream,' said the wolf, 'was clear and wholesome, but you troubled it, and spoiled my draught.' 'I beg you to observe,' replied the lamb, 'that I was drinking below you, and that the disturbance of which you complain could not be of my making.' 'No matter,' returned the illogical aggressor, 'if it was not you, 'twas your forefathers, and whether they were guilty or no, I little care; I want a victim, and you are luckily at hand.' Never, to be sure, was there a case in which the stream flowed from its spring to its outlet with so little admixture of any discolouring matter:—the Conservatives carried but one single point in the whole bill—one sole modification of the original provisions—namely, Lord Chandos's clause! *

If

* As this single success (of which, by the way, nearly half the supporters were Reformers) has been made the occasion of further menace against what little has been left of Conservative power in the constitution, we shall be excused for entering into a short detail on this subject. The whole object and effect of Lord Chandos's clause is stateable in a few words—it was to give to the tenant of 50*l.* a year in *land* the *same* privilege, neither more nor less, which the other clauses gave to the tenant of 10*l.* a year in a *house*. We cannot understand why, according to any rule of political justice, the ministers should not have put the tenant of even *ten pounds* a year in *land* on the same footing with *ten pounds* a year in a *house*, and why the poorest house in a town should confer a vote, while a superior house in the country should give none: this, we say, we cannot understand; and if Lord Chandos's amendment had gone even to that extent, we do not see how any man of common sense or common honesty could pretend that it was any variation from the principle of the bill; but when limited, as the Noble Lord's proposal was, to the *fifty-pound* tenants, it requires, we should, *à priori*, have thought, more impudence than even the authors of the bill possess, to have complained of so slight an extension of their own principle. 'Aye, there's the rub;'—it was indeed an extension, though a poor and inadequate one, of their own *professed* principle; but it was, as far as it went, an impediment to their real though secret design. The fifty-pound tenant is likely to be a man of property—the ten-pound tenant may be a pauper: the fifty-pound tenant generally goes to church—the majority of the dissenters and infidels (the alliance is none of our making) are ten-pound tenants: the fifty-pound tenant is, from his occupation and position, a lover of quiet and good order, the enemy of plunder and incendiaries, and not easily dragged into mobs and riots—ten-pound tenants are, on the contrary, more liable to sudden excitement, and more easily congregated in force; their property is not of a nature to be much endangered by popular commotions, and they are not merely accessible to, but

Digitized by Google

If we are to believe the ministerial advocates, nothing can be more in their favour than the general aspect of the county elections. The conservative party is, they say, so impotent, that in the majority of counties they will not even venture a contest; and in the few places which they may dispute, they will be overwhelmed! We hope these anticipations are about as just as all the rest of their assertions on this subject; but we will, for the moment, give them the full advantage of their own sanguine statement, and suppose that they are to be successful in the vast majority of county elections,—are they satisfied? Alas! no; they anticipate that there may be one or two exceptions to the general success, and the pampered and arrogant *Haman* of Whiggism is soured and mortified at the prospect that one, a single one, of the proscribed race should find shelter in the gate! Lord John Russell, it seems—the great Lord John—the sponsor of the conciliatory and satisfactory and *final* bill—the author of the new and 'immortal (as far as human things can be so) constitution'—did not some few weeks ago feel quite sure of his return for Devon! Nay, then, indeed, it is but *a perilous experiment!* It is true Lord John has not one inch of land in that county—it is true that no member of his family has, as far back as we can trace, represented that county—no matter! if he even *doubts* about his return, it is a sufficient reason for remodelling his own work; and of remodelling it not in this or that detail, but by the introduction of a new and most powerful agency, unknown to any age of the constitution, and hitherto

---

but greedy for the intoxicating poisons of the revolutionary press. These were the real motives for the personal preference which the householder has received over the landholder, and for the collective importance given to the former class, which really is so grossly partial and unjust, and so destructive of all balance of power in the state, as to be hardly credible. We shall, without wearying our readers with any details, give them a summary of the effect of the bill on this point. Supposing that *all* the county members were representatives of the landholders—which is by no means the case—but if it were so, then the *landholders* of England will have 145 representatives in the new parliament, while the *householders* will elect 327, about *five* to *two!* And again; the actual population represented by the 145 county members is about 8,000,000, while that represented by the 327 town members is only 4,000,000; and combining these two elements, the proportions in which political power is dealt out between two classes—who, as Lord Althorpe admitted, must needs be rivals—is as nearly FIVE TO ONE in favour of the *householders* as against the *landholders;* and yet we shall be told—nay, indeed, we have already been told by the ministers—that one of the most serious '*perils*' of their '*experiment*' arises from the undue preponderance of the landholders! But extravagant and impudent as this proposition is, the ministers—aye, the very ministers themselves—draw conclusions from it that go infinitely beyond the original falsehood and absurdity. Not only are the 4,000,000 of household population assured of 327 members against the 145 representatives of the 8,000,000 of landholding population, but these 8,000,000 are threatened with more restrictions, closer limitations,—in short, greater injustice, if any *one* member of the 145 shall be chosen in opposition to the wishes of the governing faction.

Digitized by Google

regarded by all mankind (except a small band of professed democrats and revolutionists) as the falsest and most dangerous principle that could be introduced into our representative system—the *ballot!*—The ballot, against which all the ministers (with one exception) have spoken and written—at least all who can speak or write—the ballot, to which not even the reforming parliament would afford so much countenance as to discuss it—the ballot, in short, which (whether rightly or wrongly we will not now inquire) is supposed to be a direct and immediate step to a republic—the ballot is to be inflicted on the empire at large, because Lord John Russell doubts whether he is to be member for Devonshire, where he has not one inch of land, and for which none of his family have ever been returned! That the narrowest private partialities—that the most paltry individual interests directed the secret councils of the authors of the Reform Bill, is sufficiently notorious; and Appleby and Midhurst—Plympton and Tavistock—Amersham and Malton, and fifty other towns which *do* appear, and fifty others which *do not* appear in schedules A and B, will attest to a wondering posterity the flagrant favouritism which guided the dark manufacture of the Bill. But really we were not prepared for this bold and barefaced avowal of a spirit so entirely personal, so exclusively selfish—so paltry—so peevish, as this at first sight appears to be. We should be curious to know how Mr. Stanley, who so distinctly pledged himself to the *finality* of the bill, is affected by seeing his colleague thus rashly reopening the question in its most serious point, and menacing the country with the most radical change that the wildest anarchists have ever imagined. Lord John Russell, however,—though a man of very small ability, and still less temper and discretion,—may not be so entirely and exclusively to blame as he appears. He may have spoken on this occasion the sentiments of other members of the cabinet, as well as his own. Lord Althorpe we know has been, and we believe still professes himself to be, friendly to the ballot. Has he made converts to his opinion? Conscious of their imbecility and impotence to resist any popular dictation, are the cabinet beginning to *hedge* on the subject of the *ballot?*—are they affecting a voluntary change of sentiment because they see the approach of popular coercion; and has Lord John Russell, in the apparent indiscretion of an election speech, been artfully preparing the public mind for another coalition between the king's ministers and the mob?

Had the Tories been disposed to listen to the suggestions of mere party, here would have been not merely an *excuse* but a *reason* for endeavouring, by all means and at any price, to defeat the ministerial candidates. For if the ministers are thus prepared to go

Digitized by Google

go all lengths to which their personal interests in an election may lead them, why should any Conservative, nay, any moderate reformer, be expected to assist in the return of men who are thus ready to advocate, even as ministers, the most insane fancies of the Destructives? This one avowal of Lord John Russell removed any colour or pretence on which the ministers could claim the slightest assistance from any man who wishes to hold even the small and precarious remnant of the constitution which has been left to us. But that which they could not claim from justice, they have received from a generous patriotism, and the result of the elections will prove, as we have already said, that, as against the Radicals, the conservative powers of the country have everywhere assisted the ministerial candidates.

But the future march of events is, we fear, beyond the control of any such combinations. All the old interests and influences which were wont to operate on the electoral machine—except one—are, if not annihilated, so enfeebled as to be comparatively powerless, and will every day become more so. Station, property, education, professional eminence, political experience, local connexion,—nay, personal talents—will 'pale their ineffectual lights' before the devouring conflagration, whenever it may be kindled, of popular excitement; and if, in some few places, or individual cases, the sacred fire of the constitution, should be still taken by the electors as their guide, we shall have Lord John Russell ready to apply the ballot or any other extinguisher to quench the delusive ray, and at the same time to encourage and spread the popular blaze.

'Vite—vite— morbleu!
Eteignons les *lumières*,
Et rallumons le *feu!*'

One species of influence is, however, not only left untouched, but strengthened and propagated—*bribery;* upon which, as we have not in any of our former articles particularly alluded to this subject, and as we see that it is at this moment in active operation all around us, we must venture to offer a few words. It is one of the degradations of human nature that no popular election can be wholly free from some influence of this kind. In the old constitution it no doubt existed, and in some few places to a flagrant degree—but the effect of the Reform Bill has been to assimilate the constituency of the whole country to that of those places in which the prevalence of this offence was the most notorious. During the last two sessions almost the only events that broke the monotony of the Reform discussions were two or three cases of bribery, which evidenced so gross and general corruption, that—even pending the great bill—it seemed necessary to institute proceedings against these sinks of

Digitized by Google

of venality; and were the most offensive of these sinks of venality items in schedule A or B? No, they were Dublin and Liverpool —the one with five or six, and the other with seven or eight thousand electors! And so general was the guilt that, in Dublin—the ministerial, the reforming, candidates were expelled for their share in those transactions; and at Liverpool it was stated that, we think, 5000 electors had thus contaminated themselves. What was done? Nothing?—That would have been bad enough;—but worse than nothing!—the elective franchise was not only preserved to all the guilty parties, but it was extended to thousands of the same class as those offenders; and not to them alone—but, under the fictitious and delusive character of 10*l.* householders, to persons of the same rank and condition, and, we fear, the same frailty, in every other city, town, and district in the empire. And what is the remedy for this prevailing evil?—the ministers say, the extension of the numbers of electors will render bribery impracticable—but how? If bribery was effectual on 5000 electors in Dublin or Liverpool, why should it not be so on the 400, or 600, or even the 1000 which form the constituency of Wallingford, or St. Albans, or Whitby, or Gateshead, or, in short, the majority of the new-modelled boroughs? The Radicals (and we suppose Lord John Russell) have *their* remedy in the ballot, which by concealing the *votes* must defeat, say they, the *rewards* of individuals. A fine theory; but did it do so in practice?—was it not proved both in Dublin and Liverpool that the principal and most effectual bribery was perpetrated by classes and clubs; and is it not clear that the leaders of these classes and the presidents of these clubs would still *contract* with candidates to effect their return for a certain round sum, which they would afterwards divide, in the event of success, amongst their fraternities. There would be 'captains of tens and captains of hundreds,' decurions and centurions, who might not know indeed how each private soldier conducted himself in the battle, but who would, if victorious, receive the plunder and subdivide the spoil.

In the old system there were not very many places (and these generally where the most popular rights of election existed) in which this corruption was, or could be, exclusively predominant. In the new system there are few places—we doubt if there be one—which will not be *liable* to its preponderance, because the majority of electors is now everywhere composed of those classes, which the whole experience of election committees has proved to be the most liable to this contagion. At first, perhaps, under the novelty of the system, and at all times when a popular excitement may happen to exist, this instrument may be found comparatively ineffectual; but even in many of the present elections

Digitized by Google

tions we see that it has been widely, shamelessly, and successfully employed; and we venture to predict, that in ordinary cases and in the long run, the Reform Bill will generate more bribery at one election than the old system ever exhibited in seven. But, say some political economists, this is at least a mode of representing wealth: that we deny,—it is a mode of squandering wealth, of ruining families, of making us a nation of political gamblers, and of driving from the hustings alike the honest and independent elector and the prudent and trustworthy candidate. We do not mean to say that in the complicated state of political society, and in the frail condition of human nature, it would be possible utterly to banish this species of influence, and to shut hermetically the House of Commons to the direct action of wealth; but such opportunities should be as rare as laws and public feeling can make them; instead of which the Reform Bill opens every constituency in the empire to the possibility, and, we fear, to the probability, of such attempts.

But it is now an idle waste of time to dwell on such details: the great and fearful principle of the bill is, the overwhelming predominance that is given to what is called the people—to mobs and demagogues, whose nature it is to usurp the name and abuse the power of the real people; and who, if they should find on practice that, by any latent merits in the bill, or if by any partial prevalence of conservative opinions, they are thwarted or embarrassed in the full and complete exercise of democratic preponderance will—with, perhaps, Lord John Russell at their head—enforce their projects of radical amendments to the bill by the same power—the firebrand, the bludgeon, the political unions, and the 'march of 200,000 men to Hampstead'—by which the original bill was forced on the Crown, through the House of Commons, and against the House of Lords. 'When they have done such things in the green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' If, when all the ancient influences were alive and active—hallowed by the reverence of ages—approved by experience—bright in the national glory and strong in the national prosperity they had created or preserved—and defended by an hitherto unconquered host of wealth, talent, and wisdom,—if, we say, when the spirit of democratic reform has been too strong for such influences, so supported, what can be expected when the triumphant and reinforced victors shall renew the assault, armed and assisted by all the spoils of their defeated and scattered opponents? All our former articles on this subject will give our desponding answer to this appalling question!

We derive little consolation from the success of the ministerialist in Marylebone, or the defeat of the radical in Finsbury. The ministerialist will we fear continue to be, as he hitherto has been,

as

Digitized by Google

as surely though not so rapidly destructive as the radical—he is ready, and in most cases pledged, to vote against tithes and taxes —the army—the navy—the East Indies and the West—the funds —the corn-laws, and our civil and criminal code. No one man is perhaps pledged against all, but every man has given either pledges or professions against some of our chief national interests; what with lukewarm and intimidated friends—treacherous defenders, and bold and busy enemies, we cannot doubt that they are all in the utmost 'peril;'—and the most important of them all will, we apprehend, be the first object of open and direct assault! We observe that, with respect to *the Church*, the language of many even of the so-called Conservative candidates for places in the new parliament has been such as, but a few years ago, would, except perhaps at Westminster or Brentford, have driven even a Radical from the hustings!

If such be the case with them, can we wonder that their enemies should indeed speak out? The noble author of the second pamphlet on our list—that bearing the pithy title 'How it MUST work,' thus classifies the measures as to which every Candidate for the new parliament ought, in his opinion, to have been called upon for 'the fullest pledges.'

'1. The abolition of tithes, and the justice and propriety of applying the property of the Church *to the purposes of the State;*
'2. *The reduction of the (national) debt;*
'3. The abolition of all excise taxation;
'4. An ascending property tax, on all property visible and tangible, for the purposes of the State;
'5. *A cheap system of government, and of national defence;*
'6. Abolition of Slavery; *freedom to our colonies under a domestic form of government of their own*, and at their own expense;
'7. Abolition of bounties and monopolies of every description;
'8. A general plan of education for the people, and no taxes on any article connected with the circulation of knowledge;
'9. *A revision of the Union with Ireland*, and alterations therein adapted to the spirit of the age and the wants of Ireland;
'10. A revision of the free-trade system, in order to form a new plan of navigation laws—the palladium of the seas—that of course includes the corn-laws;
'11. *A new legal code of cheap justice, at the public expense, and little occasion for lawyers;*
'12. *A municipal system, founded on the laws of Alfred and Edward the Confessor!!*'*—*How it must work*, pp. 25, 26.

* This noble lord is, it seems, quite ignorant of what every attorney's clerk could tell him, that our present 'municipal system'—if by that precious phrase he means our system of civil polity—is 'founded on the laws of Alfred and Edward the Confessor.'

'This

Digitized by Google

'This is the change we demand from *Reform*—or away with it, to the winds of heaven;—we seek not the milk and water schemes of gentle spirits, to pour sweet oil on the stormy waves:—the baby hope—that our grand-children may derive benefits, perchance, from the effects of this magic Bill—which is *to operate in gentle persuasives* over ages yet to come,—which goes to cure no evil that the people now endure, but to have the happy effect of perpetuating the dominion of Whigs over Tories—and, by continuing the system of corrupt influence, perpetuate, also, the woes of our country.'—*Ibid.* p. 29.

Here, thanks to 'Henry Francis, Lord Teynham!' we have a safe and easy plan for making the country contented, prosperous, and happy. Confiscate all the property of the church; sponge out the national debt; disband the army and navy; have a *cheap system* of government, which a monarchical government never can be; abolish all the most productive taxes; abandon *all* the colonies, having first given up the colonists in the West Indies to massacre by an immediate emancipation of their negroes; repeal the union with Ireland; cast the corn-laws to the winds; cashier all the judges and magistrates; give us such a code of *cheap justice* that there may be no need of lawyers; and then England will be brought back to a far more enviable state of civilization than that which she enjoyed in the days of the Heptarchy. We shall have neither agriculture nor commerce, neither manufactures nor trade; we shall none of us be embarrassed with superfluous luxuries; there will be no property worth preserving or contending about, and, as we shall have improved on the simplicity of those earlier times by ridding ourselves of the costly incumbrance of a religious establishment, we shall soon add to our negative catalogue all notions of religion or morality.

'The mighty Empire of France, with whom we are now *so closely and so intimately connected*, has abolished the Church as an engine or power of State. Another great Empire of increasing growth and wonderful power, the United States of North America, with whom our intercourse is almost daily augmented, acknowledges religion only as a civil right; the State has no religion. In their splendid temples at Washington, the Catholic, the Church-of-England man, the Presbyterian, the Quaker, which ever is the religion of the President of the year, offer up their praises together, in harmony, to the Most High, according to their respective forms of worship. Can we, in such a condition of the civil polity of these two great and *improving* nations, maintain our extraordinary church establishment—the cruel and oppressive system of tithes—the useless cathedrals, with their enormous wealthy appanages and endowments—the *merciless* protestant church of Ireland, whose sole use is the creating riches, and earthly dominion, for the near connexions of the minister of the day? Can we do all this in peace and quiet, in the face of the universal

Digitized by Google

universal feelings of men? Already the case is decided. An army of 30,000 men is requisite to collect the tithes in Ireland; and what army will be able to collect them in England five years hence? *I therefore, with all humility, suggest, that it becomes the House of Lords to set the first example of a great improvement in the system of the State, by sending to the Commons a bill of exclusion of all ecclesiastical persons from seats in the upper house. Religion must be benefited by their exclusion,'* &c.—*Ibid.* p. 17.

This eminent person may be assured, that if it were possible—we will not say for him, but for any noble lord whose talents might make the total absence of all honest principle formidable—for a Wharton or a Bolingbroke—to persuade his peers to commit such an act of suicidal folly, all his other 'great improvements' in the constitution would take place far more rapidly than he expects,—together with a few others, which he, good man, has never dreamt of. We know nothing—most of our readers never before heard of the existence—of the worthy Thane whose name is affixed to these propositions, but if we had seen them without a name we should have had no hesitation, from the intrinsic evidence, in concluding that they had come from some individual who had suffered the penalties of the law which he hates—who has little share in the mass of property which he endangers, and who holds a low and disreputable station in that society which he seeks to disorganize. If Lord Teynham be—as his title ought to make us ready to believe—a man whose life has been unblemished by legal censure, whose pecuniary credit is good, whose probity is unimpeached, and whose character is respected in the high sphere in which he no doubt moves—*then* we honestly confess that we understand Lord Teynham's motives and objects as little as he probably does himself—or as we do the vague and declamatory nonsense by which he endeavours to support them. Is this man of sane mind? Can he imagine that, if his infamous projects were effected, he himself would not be overwhelmed in the universal ruin which they would bring upon the country?—that if the property of the fundholder,* and of the church were confiscated by a reformed parliament, to relieve the exigencies of the state, his own property, if he has any, or that of any large proprietor, would be secure in the following session?—or, if the bishops were excluded from the Upper House, that the very next example of 'improvement in the system of the state' would

* Lord Teynham says elsewhere, 'The national debt annihilates industry, honesty, and application to business, as it offers great facilities to the idle and worthless to subsist, without toil or trouble, upon the taxes raised upon the active and industrious. . . . . I heard, in his place in Parliament, the great statesman, Earl Grey, now at the head of the Administration, assert, "that the time *might* come, when faith to the national creditor would *be injustice and ruin to the rest of the nation.*"'—p. 34.

not

Digitized by Google

not be to demolish, what his worthy coadjutor in the work of reform, the Secretary of the National Political Union, calls the '*hereditary* hospital of incurable national nuisances'?

To the more wily traitors, who make it their business to keep up the excitement, and to exasperate the discontent of the popular mind, and are labouring under-ground to sap the foundations of our constitution, such plain expositions and rapturous applauses of *all* their ulterior objects, as proceed from writers like Lord Teynham, must be at once amusing and annoying. Meanwhile, their attack on *the church* they carry on in open day, with a strong band of ill-assorted allies to support them. First, they have a considerable class of cold-blooded political economists and utilitarian pseudo-statesmen, with that great moralist at their head, who, in the late Parliament, unblushingly maintained, that any public acknowledgment of God's providence by a Christian legislature was nothing but *cant* and *humbug*, and who further demonstrated his own hatred of *humbug* by frankly avowing, that he had often voted black to be white, and was ready to do so again, as often as it should serve his purpose. These persons have absolutely no perceptions of moral excellence: they are like that nameless object of the poet's satire—

'Who virtue and a church alike disowns,
Thinks *that* but words, and *this* but bricks and stones.'

"Man is Capital"—Man, with them, is a mere machine; and if he produces nothing that may add to the gross tangible wealth of the country, to the sum *tottle* of its riches, calculated in pounds, shillings, and pence, they consider him, whatever his talents or virtues may be, as wholly unprofitable. It is nothing to these doctors, that the Established Church is the most effective of all institutions for the intellectual advancement, as well as for the moral and religious instruction, of the people. It is nothing to them if the whole land should again be buried in all the darkness of its ancient barbarism; if all the decencies of life, and the endearments and comforts of well-ordered families, should be swallowed up in sensuality and wretchedness. They cannot see, that the true wealth, and happiness, and security of nations consist mainly in the mental light, the virtuous habits and the pure religious principles of the people; and they will not see in how great a degree the Church of England contributes to raise the standard of our national character, and to dispense the greatest blessings among all classes of society—nor, if they saw, would they regard it. They look only to what they are pleased to call 'the expense of maintaining her,' being, in truth, her own means for maintaining herself—which very means they exaggerate tenfold, and for the sake of which alone they desire her subversion.

Next

Digitized by Google

Next to these, the republicans are joined in their assault on the Church by a pretty numerous body of miserable time-servers, who are of small account, except as they swell the apparent numbers of the host. They have no other principle of action than that of unmixed selfishness. They side with the rabble because they think it the safest course;

'Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.'

It is sufficient to have noticed them.

There is another class, that of rapacious and unprincipled landowners, who encourage the other enemies of the Church, and fill the war-whoop that is raised against her, because they hope, in the event of her destruction, to obtain the largest share of the spoil—men whose god is gain; and who worship their deity with such intense devotion, that they are always ready to sacrifice on its altars their country, their faith, their conscience—everything. But let these men, wise as they are in their generation, beware—when the church shall be plundered and fired, the neighbouring mansion-house will soon be involved in the same destruction.

Then come the Dissenters—of whom, however, it is difficult to speak, so different are the degrees of their hostility, or opposition to the Church. But there is a very numerous body of them whose feelings towards her are marked by the most implacable and unrelenting malignity. They have gone round the towers of our Zion, and marked well her bulwarks, not for the purpose of admiring her beauty, or aiding us to repair her breaches, but to spy out, and to expose her weakest points, and then to raise the infuriate yell, 'Down with her, down with her even unto the ground!' The press has teemed with their monstrous calumnies, their artful misrepresentations, their exaggerated mis-statements of the nature and extent of her revenues, their almost fiendish joy in hunting out any instance of clerical misconduct, that they might impute to the mother the faults of her unworthy children. In the 'Monthly Review' for last October, one of the most moderate of the periodical works which express the opinions maintained by Dissenters of this class, we find the following passage:—

'We have always frankly declared *our hostility to the church*, on account not only of its overgrown wealth, but also on account of its doctrines, and its alliance with the state. We consider it as an institution altogether political and secular in its origin; imposed upon the people of this country by royal ordinances and acts of parliament; an institution incapable of fulfilling the duties required of a Christian church; and tending, so long as it shall remain amongst us in any form whatever, to lead men's minds from the true path of the Gospel. *We should therefore wish to see the church, in the first place, separated from the state; and in the second place, divested of all its revenues to the very last farthing.*'

After

Digitized by Google

After affirming, that 'every syllable' in the foolish pamphlet which they are reviewing 'is literally and substantially true,' these pious patriots add, 'if this be not a libel, *the church ought to be torn down by the populace, as a den of corruption, worse than any brothel in the land . . . . For such a church reformation will not do: it must be extinguished!*'

Enough has surely been adduced to show what the views of the ultra-reforming assailants of the church really are; enough to show, that, if our legislators have any desire, any hope of preserving the entire institutions of the country from incurable confusion, they must unite manfully and promptly in resisting these villanous schemes of robbery, and crushing their authors, if need be, by force. Let none be so weak as to dream for a single moment, that, by giving up the church as a *placenta* to Cerberus, they should save their own possessions from spoliation. In such a case, increase of appetite will grow by what it feeds on; and the best they could look for would be the miserable comfort offered by the Cyclops to Ulysses, that they should be last devoured. Is it not, then, a fearful thing to see how many persons, and some of the highest influence and connections in the country, have, in the course of their late canvass, added fresh fuel to the excited passions of the populace, and held forth assurances, hardly equivocal, that the wildest expectations of those who are fiercest in their hostility to the church are on the point of being realized? And is it not a lamentable thing to see how, in this hour of trial, some of her ungrateful and unworthy children have whetted daggers to plunge them in their mother's bosom, and have gone even beyond the fury of avowed foes in the bitterness with which they have cursed her? The author of the *fourth* pamphlet on our list, who appears to be a stern republican in politics, and a sour puritan in religion, but who, nevertheless, has the candour and honour to call himself a 'clergyman of the Church of England,' commences his tirade in terms which have scarcely ever been equalled in atrocity by the fiercest dissenter.

'The church of England,' says this slanderer—this apostate, if we are to believe his own description of himself,—'The Church of England, would seem at present entitled to take to her bosom the blessing of Christ, recorded by St. Matthew, were it not for one small word: she is evil spoken of far and wide. Men of rank and fortune, and poor men; men of profligate lives, atheists both declared and implied, and men who assume to be the salt of the earth; men of all persuasions, even they of her communion, "say all manner of evil against" her; and shall we not make it our business to inquire, publicly and seriously, whether men say this evil against her "*falsely?*"'

What answer he gives to this inquiry we need not say; nor how little

Digitized by Google

little qualified he is to conduct it in a wise and Christian spirit, when he starts with this principle, that 'the word of Christ, the revelation of the God of heaven and earth, does *not* require men of talent for its promulgation.' He would abolish, at once, all the inferior dignities of the church; reduce the income of all her prelates to 3000*l.* per annum; pull down, or sell their chief palaces, to augment his proposed clerical fund; destroy the cathedrals; or, which would soon be the same thing, convert them into parish churches—and this, because they are 'temples for vain and *idolatrous* worship,' and therefore, the 'wicked absurdities' of their service should be swept away. He would make 500*l.* per annum the maximum of remuneration to any Christian minister, and give this to those only, the population of whose parishes exceeded 5000 inhabitants; whilst the stipend that he would allot to those to whom the care of lesser parishes might be committed is so small, that he himself is ashamed to name the sum! The Political Unions and their noble ally, Lord Teynham, must hail with delight the accession to their ranks of this auxiliary volunteer; who, not content with the encouragement which he affords to the assailing party from without, is laudably endeavouring to excite a mutiny within the camp. He urges the inferior clergy to send up *unanimous* petitions, and to associate as 'pledged friends' in favour of his desolating projects, which he calls 'to advance the cause of religion pure and undefiled.' He is thus beating up for recruits, to aid him in his rebellion, amongst those in whose breasts he hopes to have sown the seeds of discontent. But he will not succeed. The clergy of the Church of England look with no evil eye on the superior dignities and emoluments of a few of their more distinguished brethren. They know that the highest offices of the church are open to persons of the highest merit, however obscure their original station in life may have been; they feel, that the lustre which is shed around these is reflected back upon themselves; that by raising the general estimation in which their order is held, it enables them to extend the sphere of their ministerial usefulness beyond the cottage of the peasant, and affords them opportunities, from which they would otherwise be excluded, of mixing with the higher classes of society, and diffusing amongst them, both by their precepts and example, a respect for that religion, which men learn to reverence in the persons of its ministers. They know likewise, that how little soever human wisdom might be needed to the successful promulgation of the gospel, when its preaching was enforced by miraculous attestations, talent *is* necessary now to enable the soldier of Christ to wield his heavenly armour with effect and power; they know that even of the apostles, one, at least, was no ordinary man—that the

Digitized by Google

powerful intellect, the eloquent tongue, aye, and the human learning of St. Paul, were deemed by Divine Wisdom the fittest instruments in the conversion of the polished nations of Greece and Italy; and that, in succeeding ages, the fathers of the church stand prominent amongst the most able and learned men of the ages they enlightened and adorned: they rejoice, therefore, that —in these days when the Christian mission has devolved upon uninspired human ability—and when human motives will and ought to operate on those who are to decide the destination of youth,—they rejoice that gifted men are brought into their ranks, men ready, in every emergency, to step forth as the champions of the God of truth, to convict and confute every gainsayer, and to bear that part in the Christian warfare, to which ordinary talent is unequal. Besides, the clergy are, for the most part, men of humble and quiet minds; of peaceable and Christian tempers, learning and labouring to do their duty in that state of life which it has pleased God to assign to them. They have been taught to 'fear God and to honour the king and all who are in authority.' They are no disturbers of social order; and are, least of all men, inclined to meddle with those who are given to change—especially to such changes as are proposed by this intemperate meddler.

Lord Henley's plan of Church reform is brought forward in a far different spirit. His pamphlet has gone through seven editions in a very short space of time; but a careful examination of his scheme of reformation, and of the arguments by which it is supported, will lead to the conclusion, that, for its favourable reception, it is indebted far less to its intrinsic merits, than to the personal character and station of its author. He professes himself to have been impelled to the task in which he has engaged—and no one will question the sincerity of his profession —by a heart-felt and affectionate attachment to our national Church, and by a desire, in all humility and faithfulness, to purify and strengthen her. He acknowledges in her clergy 'a priesthood with which no nation in the world can offer any parallel; its ranks teeming with zeal, piety, self-denial, prudence, temper, moderation, talent, erudition;—with all the great and excellent qualities which befit men for high and noble achievements.' To these, then, he would leave the internal reformation of the Church, in all that relates to its doctrine, its liturgies and its discipline, and ventures not to decide whether this work should be done by a *conference*—by a *commission of divines*—or by the *renovation of the Convocation:* whilst to the legislature, as their peculiar and appropriate province, as a mere matter of civil regulation, he would assign the care of making a more equal distribution of the temporalities of the Church, and a more effective

Digitized by Google

effective provision for the faithful performance of the duties for which those temporalities are secured.

'The writer of these pages,' he says, 'desires to approach this question with that spirit of charity, and that singleness of purpose, which befit so serious an inquiry. Had the task which he has undertaken appeared to demand the acquirements of *the statesman* or of *the philosopher*,' [as if it did not, in the highest degree, require both,] 'he would have shrunk from it with the deepest conviction of his incapacity for it. Still less would he have presumed to interfere with the peculiar province of the divine, by intermeddling with the principles and doctrines of the church, with her creeds, her articles, or her liturgy. Least of all is he disposed to join in any of the low-minded and ignorant censures of the clergy, which are too general in the present day. He feels perfectly assured that there never was a period when most of the high offices of the church have been filled with so much learning, zeal, activity, and munificence, and (what is worth them all) with so sincere a desire to promote God's honour and glory. In the lower ranks of the clergy, and most especially in the rising generation, there is so much purity and holiness of life and morals, so sincere a setting forth of evangelical truth, so strenuous a desire to perform the works of a laborious and watchful ministry, as to justify us in anticipating a great national revival in religion.

'Nor are the following pages dictated by any grudging feeling towards the endowments and wealth of the establishment. On the contrary, the author thinks, that it can never be too often repeated, that *the Church of England is not a wealthy church.* It has been stated from high authority, and has never been contradicted, that if all the revenues of the parochial clergy were equally divided amongst them, there would not be more than 185*l.* per annum for each; and that if the whole property of the church, including all that belongs to deans and chapters, were thrown into a common fund, it would not furnish a net annual stipend of 350*l.* to each of the working clergy. But even if it were found greatly to exceed this amount, he never would consent, upon any reasoning, however plausible, to see the smallest portion of it subtracted from the service of the sanctuary.'

Sentiments such as Lord Henley expresses in the first of these paragraphs have a strong tendency to propitiate the reader: we endeavour to persuade ourselves that the author must be as wise as he seems to be pious, and are almost ready, without much examination, to commit ourselves to the guidance of so good a man. But before we have gone far with him, we discover from his talk, that he is not the sort of guide whose directions it would be safe to follow. First of all, a certain taint of puritanism which pervades his language appears, at times, to affect the soundness of his understanding. When he alludes with manifest approbation to the expressed desire of some pious friends, that the title of *Dean* should be abolished as *unscriptural*; when, in pro-

Digitized by Google

posing to abolish prebendaries, he triumphantly quotes the light expressions of Cranmer, who called them 'an estate which St. Paul, reckoning up the degrees and estates allowed in his time, could not find in the church of Christ;' when he condemns as '*reliques of popery*' the chanting and anthems used in our cathedrals;' and lastly, when he would exclude the bishops from the House of Lords for this especial reason,—because Christ declared that his kingdom was not of this world; then, indeed, 'the charm is quite o'erthrown,' and we find ourselves compelled to proceed with extreme caution, and to make out, if we can, whether he is *sincerely* directing his course to the point to which he professes to lead us.

'Come with me,' says Lord Henley, 'and I will show you how to reform all the abuses of the church, and to give every one of her parochial ministers a good glebe house, and a capital living,—and what's more, it shall cost nobody a farthing.' What a charming offer,—but how is it to be effected? 'There are three words that you must always bear in mind—*non-residence, pluralities, sinecures*—three very abominable things; but, by getting rid of the last, there will not be the slightest difficulty in getting rid of the former two.' Well, then, let us consider how the matter really stands in Lord Henley's statement; and, whilst we bear these words in mind, let us take care that we are not deceived by their equivocal meanings.

Non-residence and pluralities are confessedly bad things; that is to say, it is a very bad thing that any parish, having a population of sufficient extent to require the constant presence of a resident minister, should be deprived of that benefit; and it is a very bad thing that any person who is already in possession of one living, which affords an income sufficient for the decent maintenance of a resident minister, should be put into possession of another benefice of equal or superior value. But when we are told that, out of the total number of benefices in England and Wales, amounting to 10,533, there are 4361 under the annual value of 150*l.*; that of these some are under 12*l.* per annum, and no less than 1350 are below 70*l.* per annum; that there are 4809 livings upon which a clergyman cannot reside—because 2626 have no houses at all—and that in the remaining 2183 there are houses, indeed, but houses which let at 2*l.* or 3*l.* per annum, and which are worth no more,—we see plainly that there must be many parishes, so called, which cannot possibly have a clergyman residing constantly within their limits; but we ask whether, in the majority of them, the presence of a resident minister can possibly be required? What is their extent? What is their population? People run away with *words;* and, in an excited state of the public mind, when

Digitized by Google

when men will not stay to examine before they judge, *words* are *things*. A pluralist, in popular acceptation, is a gentleman rolling in superfluous wealth, — enjoying, at the least, two ample benefices, one of which he never visits, except, perhaps, at his tithe-audit, but leaves to the care, or the neglect, of a starving curate, who is too poor to have the slightest influence amongst the more opulent farmers, or to dispense any charities amongst those of his parishioners, if any such there be, who are in a state of greater destitution than himself. Now, what is the fact? That, in the far greater number of instances, these calumniated pluralists are scarcely in possession of a bare competency; and that the curate, who unites the care of two small adjoining parishes, is a richer man than he would be, were he the incumbent of either of them, without any other cure annexed. It would be highly desirable that many of these small and thinly-peopled parishes should be consolidated; but there are great difficulties in the way. Meanwhile, the talk of doing away with the abominations of non-residence and pluralities, by such an augmentation of the smaller livings as may secure to every parish the benefit of a resident incumbent, must be listened to with very great caution. The majority of these small livings, which have neither an income adequate to the maintenance of a clergyman, nor a house fit for his residence, will be found in remote districts; sometimes with a population so thin and so scattered that they cannot be collected into one congregation; sometimes also so placed that the majority of the population find it more convenient to attend the service of an adjoining parish; and, were they not called *parishes*, it would never enter into the head of any man to maintain that they require severally the constant superintendence of a resident incumbent. Why, then, should they be more largely endowed?—*Cui bono?* Who would be profited by their augmentation? Not the incumbents, who would be forced to vegetate as they might in these wildernesses: not the inhabitants of the two or three farms (sometimes only one) of which these parishes might consist; but solely the patrons, who would be enabled to take their property to a better market, and who have not as yet exactly proved that the public should be taxed for their private emolument.

When the state of private patronage is taken into the account, together with the condition, as to population and extent, of the majority of those parishes which are now without a resident minister, we shall have to make very large deductions from the number of livings that require to be augmented at all, still larger from those which require to be augmented at the public cost. Pluralities, by which *we* always mean the holding, by one individual, of more than one living capable of maintaining a resident

Digitized by Google

dent incumbent, and requiring his presence, are, we have ever been forward to admit, a great evil, and oftentimes, in the parties chiefly concerned, a great sin. We have no desire to defend or to extenuate it; but as we have not yet altogether subjected our understandings to the deluding magic of words and phrases, we shall maintain that the holder of two livings is not necessarily an evil-doer, not necessarily a sinner against his own soul or against his flock, especially when he supplies his place in the parish in which he does not reside by an able and sufficient curate. It is mere random assertion to say, that a curate can never have the same influence in a parish as a rector or vicar. If the curate is not inferior to the incumbent in assiduity, in zeal, in talent, or even, as is very frequently the case, in the outward accessories of birth and fortune, it is not likely that his influence and usefulness in the parish will be less. To a young man, at his first entrance on the duties of an arduous ministry, it is of no small advantage to be placed under the control of one who is older and more experienced than himself; and this advantage would be wholly lost were it possible to carry into effect the rash and ruinous provisions of Lord Henley's plan. Is the church to be the only profession, or even trade, in which there is not to be a gradation from minor to greater duties—from probationary service performed under the eye of a superior, to trusts of responsibility and superintendence? What would be said even of a proposition to abolish junior counsel in the law, or subalterns in the army? And can we forget that in the sacred profession, above all others, a term of probation is requisite—or tamper, on light grounds, with that existing course of things which commonly ensures that such a probation shall be undergone before the care of souls is absolutely entrusted to one from whom nothing but the foulest delinquency can afterwards take it away? To come back to more secular considerations:—when we take into account the state of society, and of the other professions in the country, we really cannot see how a succession of efficient ministers could be secured to the church, if the class of curates were abolished, or even greatly diminished. And we do not see that Lord Henley provides any adequate means for this important purpose. The *radical* church-reformers, with their usual neglect of all practical details and their entire indifference about, or rather hostility to, the interests of religion, do not even allude to it.

In proceeding to consider the financial arrangements by which his new system could be made effective, Lord Henley most satisfactorily proves, that the plan—which has been frequently proposed—of making a new valuation of all benefices above the value of fifty pounds, and taxing every living with a real payment

Digitized by Google

payment of the tenth of its income, would not only be attended with great hardship, but would be an act of gross injustice. The reasons which Lord Harrowby adduced in opposition to this scheme, so long ago as the year 1810, ought, by Lord Henley's confession, to have set the agitation of it 'at rest for ever.' As to *first* fruits—

'These,' says Lord Harrowby, 'even as they are now collected, are a heavy imposition. Upon the higher classes of the clergy they are, at this present moment, considerable. They fall to be paid at a time when the payment is particularly inconvenient. The acquisition of preferment is in itself expensive. A house to be furnished—an establishment to be formed or enlarged—the removal of a family—are all sources of expense, which drain the purse of a man upon his first appointment. Debts are incurred, which press heavily upon him at the outset, and perhaps involve him in embarrassments equally hurtful to his credit and his comfort. The income is at best only for life, and does not afford the resources which arise from more permanent revenue. Death, if it follows soon after preferment, leaves a family destitute. If these evils are in any degree felt, as they certainly are, while the first-fruits are paid upon the present low scale of valuation, they would be utterly intolerable, if that valuation were made according to the real value of the benefice. A man would be left without any income for a whole twelvemonth; and that twelvemonth would be the very time when his expenses would be increased.'

Having thus, by Lord Harrowby's assistance, demolished the proposed scheme of augmenting the smaller benefices by any addition to the present payment of tenths, or first fruits, and having admitted that no addition can be obtained to the general property of the church, by any abstraction from the *aggregate* revenues of the bishops, Lord Henley proposes to create a fund for this purpose out of the property of deans and chapters, and collegiate churches. The gross amount of this property, he states, at the highest valuation, at about 300,000*l.* per annum; the whole of which sum, after providing for the service of the cathedral churches, and other payments, which he distinctly specifies, he would vest in a board of commissioners, and apply to the augmentation of small livings.

'The plan,' he says, 'proposes, 1st, to apply somewhat above 50,000*l.* per annum to the stipends of the deans and their chaplains; 2dly, the sum of 100,000*l.* per annum towards the endowment of such chapter benefices (*i. e.* poorly endowed livings in the gift of the chapter, *within the city*) or other similarly situated city parishes; and, 3dly, the residue, which will amount to about the annual sum of 150,000*l.* towards the augmentation of country livings, the building of residences, and the building and endowment of new churches and chapels in poor and populous districts.'

It must necessarily happen, as the noble author with great simplicity



Digitized by Google

simplicity remarks, that *considerable* objections will be made to a plan so extensive as that which is here submitted. The Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, Dr. Burton, has, accordingly, made one objection to it so considerable as to scatter the entire fabric to the winds. Let it be remembered, that for the 'augmentation of country livings, the building of residences, and the building and endowment of new churches and chapels, in poor and populous districts,' Lord Henley states that he has left himself the annual sum of 150,000*l.*, or, to speak more correctly, 147,400*l.* But out of this sum he has specified several other payments which are to be made, 'before a single farthing of it can be applied by his projected board of commissioners' to any of these purposes. These *other payments*, according to Dr. Burton's calculation, are as follow:—

'Salaries of commissioners	£ 5,000
Repairs of cathedrals	32,000
Repairs of churches	2,000
Choirs, &c.	10,000
Repairs of bishops' palaces	5,000
Repairs of clergymen's houses	7,000
Bishops' visitations	1,708
Archdeacons' visitations	11,377
Bishops' retiring pensions	21,000
Clergymen's pensions	22,500
Professors and heads of houses	3,000
	£121,085'

If *this* calculation be correct, instead of a residue of 150,000*l.*, as Lord Henley has assumed, the commissioners will have only 26,315*l.* for the augmentation of small livings. But the expenses in even Dr. Burton's estimate are, almost all of them, placed far too low; especially those relating to the repairs of cathedrals and churches, and ecclesiastical residences, with the allowance for bishops' visitations; and, as Lord Henley himself has subsequently admitted, that even Dr. Cove's calculation, which makes the aggregate of cathedral property amount to 275,000*l.* per annum, is believed to be 'greatly beyond the mark,' it is certain that his commissioners, instead of having 150,000*l.* per annum to expend in the augmentation of small livings, &c. would, at the end of the very first year, find themselves enormously in debt. The *net* income of deans and chapters probably does not amount to 200,000*l.* per annum.

How, then, does he propose to supply the deficiency? Mark his expedients. In the first place he avails himself of Dr. Burton's proposal

Digitized by Google

proposal for augmenting the payment of tenths, according to a graduated scale, by which a living of 200*l.* per annum should pay 1*l.*, and a living of 2000*l.* per annum should pay 167*l.* 10*s.*, and this, though he had previously *admitted*, in the clearest manner, that the hardship and injustice of the scheme were so glaring that the question ought to have been set 'at rest for ever.' At the next step, because the sum to be raised, according to Dr. Burton's plan, from the taxation of livings, would not cover the deficiencies in his commissioners' accounts, Lord Henley sets himself about reducing the payments which he himself had originally provided for the service of the cathedrals. He strikes off the two chaplains, whom he had provided, in lieu of the present residentiaries, to assist the dean—and leaves a dean *only* in each cathedral; and then, as the leaven of puritanism works more strongly, he seriously proposes to get rid of *deans*, because the name is *unscriptural*, and to leave the service of the cathedral to be performed by the bishop himself, without any assistance! He recommends it, as a most 'efficacious, economical, and beneficial arrangement,' that 'in all cases, where residence and other circumstances would permit, the *Bishop himself* (they are his own italics) *should be the principal officiating minister in his own cathedral.*'—'Where this could be effected, the office of dean might be dispensed with; where it could not,' he says, 'the dean should be converted into a bishop (and so the office of dean be still dispensed with); and thus the salary saved by the suppression of a deanery in one place, might be applied to a higher rate of endowment for new bishops in another.' Thus, though the noble planner says, that the bishop should be the *principal* officiating minister in his own cathedral, he takes good care that he should be the *only* one; for the *unscriptural* dean, having first deprived him of his equally unscriptural chaplains, he everywhere suppresses; and the choir he would dismiss because he considers the abomination of chanting to be a 'relique of popery,'—in short, he would leave nothing, but, as a most 'economical and beneficial arrangement'—would place the solitary prelate to officiate, as he might, in his deserted temple.

This is, truly, a well-considered 'Plan;' and what makes it still more admirable is, that while Lord Henley reduces the bishop to the condition of a simple parish priest, or, at least, gives him the onerous duties of that office to perform in his own cathedral, he enlarges, at the same time, the field of those duties which are properly episcopal. After such a proposition, which is just as rational as that the commander-in-chief should be bound to mount guard every day at head-quarters; and much less so than that the lord-chancellor should himself perform those duties, for the doing or not doing of which—those *legal deans*—the *masters in chancery* receive

Digitized by Google

receive such enormous incomes—after such a proposition, we hardly know whether Lord Henley's confused and contradictory proposals deserve another word of comment—but we pay to the great cause at stake a respect to which his lordship's logic has no title—and we proceed.

Let us next see what provision his amended plan would make for securing a succession of men of distinguished talent in the church, and rewarding professional merit. In his first scheme, he proposed to retain the thirty-two deaneries, and six out of the eight stalls of the cathedral of Christchurch; and maintained that these thirty-eight pieces of preferment would be amply sufficient to reward or support all the distinguished piety or learning that the Church of England, at any given period, was ever likely to possess. But 'grown more frugal in his latter days,' he takes these deaneries all away, and leaves nothing as the reward of conspicuous ability and attainments among the 16,000 clergy of our national church, except the twenty-four bishoprics, the possessors of which are to be henceforth merely the 'principal officiating ministers in their own cathedrals.' And is the episcopal cure already so slight that this burden is to be added to it? And if it were possible for any human strength to discharge effectually these incompatible duties, would an office so onerous, so full of conflicting responsibilities, be an efficient encouragement to the parents and guardians of young men of conspicuous talent to dedicate them to the service of the church, or an adequate reward for the declining years of those who had devoted the first fruits of uncommon energies to the ministry of God's people?

Lord Henley, we think, *must* have perceived, unless parental affection has rendered him blind to the defects of his offspring, that his plan is utterly impracticable; and that, were it practicable, it would add nothing to the fund which he proposes to create for the augmentation of small livings. But one thing it would infallibly do—it would ruin our cathedrals; and this one merit is of such value in his eyes as to outweigh all its faults. The dignities in our cathedrals, which he states at six hundred (they are little more than one-third of the number), are, he says, *sinecures*. What does this word mean? Oh! a sinecure means a large sum paid to an idle gentleman either for doing absolutely nothing, or for amusing himself in doing something else which has no reference to his official duty or pay—as for instance, if a law-officer with an income more than sufficient to repay ten times over all the time and energy he has at his disposal, should busy himself in party, in politics, in theological disputations, and church-reform—such a man might be called a sinecurist, and his own extra-official labours would prove him to be such. But we say, that the canons and prebendaries of our cathedral churches are in no sense sinecurists.

Digitized by Google

curists. We will take for an instance to the contrary the cathedral of a diocese with the affairs of which we have had particular opportunity of making ourselves acquainted. The chapter consists of a dean and eight canons. Every canon resides three months, and there are always two in residence. There are always three daily services in the cathedral, two of which are constantly attended by the canons in residence, by one of whom the sermon on the Sunday mornings is invariably preached, as the evening sermon is by one of the prebendaries, or of the clergy selected from the city or its neighbourhood. In return, the canons, those only excepted who from their advanced age are unequal to the labour, bear their full share in preaching the evening lectures which are established in the principal churches of the city, and they take their turns with the city parochial clergy in discharging the office of chaplains at the County Hospital. When to this is added the part which they are expected to take, and which they willingly take, in attending the committees, and conducting the business of all public charities, it will be seen that the residentiary canons, in the cathedral of which we speak, have no *sinecures;* and when not in actual residence, they are all actively and usefully employed as '*working clergy*' in their own parishes, of which each canon has one, and we know not that any have more. All we ask is, that on this, and all other subjects connected with the church, people would do her calumniated ministers and themselves the justice to bear in mind the ancient admonition, 'Blame not before thou hast examined the truth; understand first, and then rebuke.' Lord Henley says, that not more than one in twenty of the present dignitaries of the church deserve their preferments. Will he name twenty out of the whole number who are undeserving? If he cannot, why this rash and bitter accusation? And if he can, what will he have proved? That all the dignitaries of the church should be abolished? No such thing. Only that its patronage should be more religiously administered. There is not,—we say it with the utmost confidence, and challenge the strictest examination to the truth of the assertion,—there is not a single abuse, not a single defect in the church of England, as at present constituted, but what might be fully remedied by a more pure and holy administration of its patronage, and by the establishment of a more perfect code of ecclesiastical law, and a more vigorous and unfettered exercise of internal discipline. These are points of vital importance, and on each of them we have hope of a truer reform than our adversaries either design or desire.

The revision of our ecclesiastical law must of necessity form one of the first subjects to which an ecclesiastical commission will have to direct their attention. For, not to mention the vagueness and

Digitized by Google

and uncertainty of the present canons of the church, which, for the most part, consist of the constitutions of papal legates and archbishops of Canterbury in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and the doubts that are entertained how far the canons of 1603 are binding even on the clergy, the extreme jealousy of the courts of common law, in protecting the rights of patrons, and guarding the freeholds of the clergy, has thrown such insuperable impediments in the way of our bishops, that it is almost impossible for them, however zealous they may be in their desires to remove offenders out of the church, to deprive a scandalous or immoral clergyman of his preferment; and the expensive forms and tedious processes of the courts ecclesiastical, make it hardly less difficult to suspend a refractory and litigious minister from the exercise of his spiritual functions. That these grievous defects in the present system require to be promptly and effectually corrected is felt by every sincere friend of the national church; and we, therefore, hope that a remedy will be provided. Many attempts of this kind have heretofore been set on foot; but all have, unhappily, proved abortive. In the 25th of Henry VIII. an Act was passed, empowering the king to 'nominate and assign at his pleasure two-and-thirty persons of his subjects, whereof sixteen to be of the clergy, and sixteen to be of the temporality of the upper and nether House of Parliament, to form a compilation from canons, constitutions, and ordinances, provincial and synodal, heretofore made, &c.' This Act was renewed and continued in the 27th year, and again in the 35th year of the same king. Nothing, however, was completed under these Acts. A similar Act was passed in the 3rd and 4th of Edward VI., and something was done; but the king died before the plan was completed, and it was never afterwards resumed. Let us hope, that, when a new commission is appointed for this purpose, its labours will not be defeated either by the arts or violence of faction, and that its inquiries may be guided by such a Christian spirit, that 'all things may be ordered and settled amongst us upon the best and surest foundations.' But we must also observe, that until such a code of discipline can be framed, and indeed after, the weight and authority of the episcopal character must be, after all, the most effective and authoritative control over the inferior clergy. We would almost say that the most prevalent, or probable, errors and defects in individual clergymen are such as no special enactments can foresee or remedy. What is called (vaguely but quite intelligibly) *character* is, above all things, except abstract piety, essential to the usefulness of a Christian minister; and for those thousand almost nameless ingredients which go to constitute a *character* what human laws can provide? Such things are subject, not to legal,

Digitized by Google

legal, but to moral authority; and when the Bishops shall be removed from the House of Lords, and reduced to be themselves the only functionaries (except the clerks) in the cathedrals, where we ask is likely to be their moral authority—that weight of station which now enables them to exert a species of control which the law *in esse* does not, and which no law *in posse* can adequately confer?

And with respect to the patronage of the Church, there is also ground of hope. On this head, such is the strength of public opinion, that there is small reason to apprehend that any minister, however reckless, however destitute he may be of Christian principles, will dare to obtrude any notoriously vicious or incompetent person into any of its higher offices;—some reason, on the other hand, to expect that, even from motives of worldly policy, he may see that it is his truest wisdom to establish a character for political integrity, by advancing none to the episcopal bench, except those who are most highly distinguished by piety and learning. There was nothing which gave such strength to the government of Lord Liverpool as the reputation which he justly acquired by the religious care with which he disposed of ecclesiastical dignities. All church patronage, especially that which is in the disposal of the minister, is, in the sight of God and man, a charge of the most awful responsibility. To bestow it on family connexions, or on political adherents, though they may be men of doubtful piety, or of doubtful orthodoxy, is not only folly, but sin;—folly in the highest degree; sin of the deepest dye: folly, because a reflecting, and, in the main, a religious people will hardly give a minister credit for integrity in anything, if they see that he is corrupt, or partial, in things pertaining to God; and sin, because not only the present well-being of the church and of the state also, but the spiritual welfare of innumerable souls is endangered by raising one unworthy man to the episcopal office. For, as no motives of religion concurred to his own advancement, as no proficiency in piety or theological acquirements led to his own elevation, such a man is little likely to regard such considerations in the disposal of his own preferments. But we have hope that these things will be mended hereafter; hope, that something may be learnt from those who have gone before; still greater hope, that the bright example of the only intellectually distinguished member of the present ministry may excite others to a tardy imitation.*

Surely,

* The present Chancellor of England has placed the patronage of all his livings, below the value of 200*l.* per annum, at the disposal of the bishops in their respective dioceses. When one of the richest pieces of preferment in his gift, a prebendal stall at Bristol, worth, perhaps, 500*l.* per annum, became vacant, he sought out a humble, learned, pious man, without birth or interest; a man whom all other ministers and chancellors had overlooked, and permitted to remain in obscurity and indigence—a man,

Digitized by Google

Surely, if all the patronage of the 'Church 'were administered conscientiously—or even prudently—we might hope that even such men as Lord Henley, notwithstanding all their prejudices, would confess that it must be a singular blessing to any Christian legislature to have their counsels aided by the presence of such a body of learned and holy men as the bench of bishops would then *uniformly* exhibit. There has never, probably, been a time when a greater portion of zeal, of talent, of theological learning, and of all those qualities which best become a Christian prelate, could be found on that bench, than at the present moment. Yet it is pretended that a seat in the Upper House of Parliament must tend so strongly to secularize the characters of our bishops as to unfit them for the discharge of their spiritual functions. Now, though it may be very true, that an accession of worldly honour may make a worldly man still more worldly, it is equally certain, that every enlargement of the field of his active duties, every addition that is made to the talents wherewith he is entrusted, will make a good Christian more humble, more watchful over himself, and more careful of the account which he must one day give of his stewardship. The presence, surely, of such men in the great council of the nation must (besides the moral authority it gives them over the clergy), almost inevitably, impart a beneficial influence to all its deliberations.

'Why is it, my Lords,' said the Bishop of Exeter, in his admirable speech on the Irish Education Bill, 'that we Bishops sit here? Why are men of our spiritual function called to mingle in the counsels of you, the mighty ones of this world, and to bear our part in legislating for the land? Why is this strict union of church and state, an union which, for many more centuries than I can number, has been the glory and security of England? Why, I ask, is this? Is it to make the church political? No, my Lords, in the language of the most venerable man of your order, one, of whom, as he is now absent, I can more freely express my gratitude and admiration—I mean the noble and learned Earl who for so many years sat on that woolsack—it is not to make the church political, but the state religious; therefore, my Lords, it is that we sit here. We sit among you mainly and chiefly (not indeed, solely, but mainly and chiefly), that we may be at all times ready, when occasion shall demand, to instil into your counsels the holy lessons of gospel truth; to watch over the best and highest interests of those for whom you legislate; to raise our warning voice against any attempt—from whatever quarter it may proceed—to sever policy from religion, or to sacrifice the smallest particle of that pure

man, nevertheless, whom all Europe had long delighted to honour (Professor Lee), and on him he bestowed it. Nor is this a solitary instance of his care to discover and reward distinguished merit. Mr. Croly, so eminent, among his multifarious accomplishments, for profound theological learning, has received, in we are told the fiftieth year of his age, his first benefice at the same hand; and we could easily give more examples.

faith

Digitized by Google

faith for which *your forefathers*, my Lords, drove a bigot from his throne, and for which *our predecessors* were content to be led by his beadles to a gaol. My Lords, I stand before you a Bishop of the United Church of England and Ireland—for never may we forget that it is united, least of all in this dark hour of suffering to the Irish branch—of common trial, of common peril (it may be), to both. I stand here, and implore your Lordships to give your most serious attention to the high religious interests, aye, and I must be permitted to add, the high religious duties which are involved in this night's question. I stand here, and conjure you to cast off, for one brief hour, all inferior thoughts, and to remember only that you are Christian legislators.'

We have expressed our opinions freely, but yet, perhaps, not so fully as we ought, on the most important points in Lord Henley's pamphlet. That it is expedient for clergymen to reside amongst their flocks, and that provision should be made for the religious instruction of the poor, by building and endowing new churches in our cities and other populous districts, are questions about which there can be no difference of sentiment amongst *Christians*; but, with respect to the means of effecting these most desirable objects, we differ wholly from this amiable nobleman. His scheme is utterly impracticable. It would not produce the good which he desires, and it would certainly ruin the church, to which he professes (and, we believe, truly) an affectionate attachment. Is it not, then, lamentable that a man of this character should be found so weak as to desire to abolish the office and title of *Dean*, because the word is *unscriptural*,—as if the titles and offices of rectors, vicars, curates, and chaplains were not equally so!—and so full of prejudice as—while he describes congregational psalmody as a mode of worship most pleasing and acceptable to God,—to represent, in the same breath, the high and holy service of our cathedrals, performed, as it is, with every aid that solemn sights and solemn sounds can give to raise the soul to heaven, as a *relic of Popery*, an abomination in His sight?—as if the chant of the chapel or conventicle were alone adapted to raise the glow of devotion in the heart of the worshipper—as if all feelings of true piety must of necessity be chilled and extinguished when the glory of God is sung in strains in which the choirs of heaven might join,—

> 'Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
> The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.'

This, and much more than this, is truly lamentable; especially in an hour, like the present, when the whole host of anarchy, and democracy, and infidelity, are united with a large and increasing body of dissenters, and that viler crew who, though nominally members of her communion, are making ready every engine of destruction

Digitized by Google

destruction against the church, that they may enrich themselves with her spoils. On the ultimate views of the republican reformers it is needless to expatiate; they themselves have spoken plainly enough. Of the views of the more virulent dissenters it is equally needless for us to treat in detail; but if any affect to think that the indignation of these humble and meek Christians is directed solely against the wealthy endowments and pompous ceremonies of our own national church, let them read the last pamphlet on our list—Mr. Dick's speech at the meeting of evangelical dissenters in Edinburgh, on the 13th of last September. The endowment of the Scottish Kirk (not less rich, in proportion, than our own) is not so distributed as to provoke the scowl of envy; and in its ceremonies it certainly has not retained too much of what the puritan is pleased to abhor, as the rags and tinsel of Popery. Yet that establishment also is the object of the most rancorous hostility to this body of *evangelical* reformers, who openly avow that it is the sole end and aim of their voluntary association to sever the church wholly from the state, and to take such measures as may render it impossible in future for any Christian government to make a public provision for the religious instruction of the people. It is, indeed, a fact, which may well give pause to our abolishers of deaneries and degraders of prelacy, —that at this day the cry of Church Reform is hardly less loud in the land of 'Presbyterian parity,' than here in England. Mr. Dick, the panegyrist and organ, be it remembered, of this association of evangelical dissenters, has, in the following passage, described, with equal force and truth, the heterogeneous motives by which his constituents are influenced:—

'He who has thoroughly examined the state of public opinion upon this head, will find it not to be so truly satisfactory as its first appearance may show; he who has scrutinized the grounds which have united so many men of talent and activity in hostility to the present churches, will find them to be various, to be contradictory, sometimes to be unsound. Many indeed are impelled by worthy sentiments, somewhat vague perhaps, and not very firmly rooted, respecting what is just, and fitting, and due to liberty; but others know no better reason than political enmity to the party dominant in the churches: others, we must confess, are animated by a blind hatred to religion itself; while numbers have been driven by the prodigious hardships of our social condition—in which industry the most unremitting, directed by art the most skilful, is no longer sure of its accustomed reward—to look to the ruin of our wealthy churches as a source of present relief, as nearly the last stay against a raging convulsion left to a suffering and staggering people. Impelled by these, and various other motives, more or less worthy, a vast multitude of citizens, from every quarter and condition of political society, have, it is true, united in a determination

Digitized by Google

determination that something shall be done to rectify our ecclesiastical system; but at present, I fear, their union extends no further: each party has its own ulterior views; one contemplates only retrenchment and reform; another would willingly proceed in a career of indiscriminate devastation; while few indeed would act from the right motive, or be prepared to substitute for the present a plan of justice and permanent utility. What shall be the immediate result to which matters are thus irresistibly tending, no one can predict. Human sagacity fails to foretell what will ensue, when, by an effort of nearly all parties, the concerns of our churches are thrown upon the hands of a legislature agreed upon no principle, ready with no plan, but doomed to fight its way to a peaceful settlement of this tremendous question, through the heat and dust of debate, amid the clamours of contending factions, and the breathless onlooking of a whole people.'—

This witness is true. Whilst our ears were yet tingling with his words, we read the declaration made by Colonel Grey, the son and private secretary of the Prime Minister, to the electors of High Wycombe, that a bill for a 'full and efficient Church Reform' was already drawn up by government,—'not a bit by bit reform, like the Pluralities Bill of last session, but a measure that will be full, and efficient, and FINAL!' Have we not already had enough of FINAL measures? In what sense Colonel Grey wished his words to be understood is one question; in what sense they actually were understood by his radical hearers is another. A third of rather higher importance remains,—In what sense *are* they true? The sneer at the measure which the Archbishop of Canterbury brought forward in the last parliament sits not well on Lord Grey's son and secretary. We have not forgotten, neither has the country forgotten,—Lord Grey has not forgotten, neither ought his son to have forgotten,—the strong recorded language of the noble premier in the debate on that very Pluralities Bill—

'I very much regret,' said Earl Grey, 'the tone which my noble friend (Lord King!) has employed respecting the measure before the House. I think that our thanks are due to the dignitaries of the church, for the disposition they have shewn to meet the public feeling, in favour of a reform of the abuses of the church, by the introduction of the present bill, *which has originated, as in my opinion all measures of this kind should originate, with the heads of the establishment.*'

Such were the avowed opinions of Lord Grey on the 2d of last April. Does Colonel Grey know, in truth, that they have been changed; that he now thinks that measures for the reformation of the church ought *not* to originate with the heads of the church, and is therefore resolved to bring forward such a bill as may once again cause that venerable friend of his, Mr. Thelwall, to declare, with tears of gratitude, that the performances of Lord Grey in

Digitized by Google

his old age have surpassed the promise of his *youth*? Be it so. But whatever projects he, or others for him, may have formed; whatever visions of glory his vanity or ambition may have shaped from new schemes of innovation, or however reckless he may be about the destruction of the church, provided he can revenge himself on her prelates; all is not yet lost. Another ministerial *final* bill may be drawn — another 'perilous experiment' may have been protocolled—but nothing is *done*.

All we ask of every *Christian* man who shall have a voice in deciding this momentous question is,—that he will remember how great a charge is laid upon him, and that he will do nothing rashly, nothing for mere political considerations, nothing but as under the eye of his great Task-master. By all that can bind the conscience and soul of a responsible being, we would implore every member of both our houses of legislature—every one who can listen to such an appeal—not to lay a finger on the church, not to touch one stone in the sacred edifice, not to pluck out a single golden thread from the fringes of her sanctuary, till he has first well examined and understood what is the end which a rightly-constituted church is designed to answer; and has then carefully ascertained how far our established church answers to this end, and how, in those instances in which it may seem defective, it may, with the least change, be made to do so better.

Now what is the end of a church establishment? to diffuse and to uphold the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue amongst all the members of the Christian commonwealth. But if this be the case, it follows that every national church ought to be so framed as to make due provision for the maintenance of religion amongst men of all sorts and conditions,—that the outward constitution of the church should bear a close analogy to the form of civil government,—that the distinctions of rank and dignity in her frame should correspond with the distinctions of order in civil society. All the schemes of church reform which go upon Lord Henley's principles—we need not speak of those which go beyond them—lose sight of this most important truth; they would banish religion from courts and parliaments, and from the palaces of the noble and wealthy, and drive her back, as a thing we are ashamed of, to the obscure cottages of the village poor. Are, then, the arrogance of birth, the insolence of wealth, and the proud pretension of exalted station so wholly under the control of Christian principles, that they need not the ministers of God's truth amongst them, to instil into their minds the purifying precepts of the gospel? If, even now, when religion 'exalts her mitred fronts in courts and palaces,' the haughti-

ness

Digitized by Google

ness of hereditary rank too often looks down with scorn on that personal nobility which has been earned by piety and virtue; how, think you, would religion fare with the men of this world, when they were taught to despise it in the persons of its abject and neglected ministers? If you are to make them poor as the apostles, restore to them the powers with which the first preachers of the gospel were invested,—give them back the spiritual gifts of the apostolic age, or take not from them the earthly gifts which the piety of your ancestors first bestowed, and of which the sacrilegious rapacity of a later age has left them, God knows, but a scanty portion.

We shall be told, by those who know nothing either of what has been or of what is doing in Scotland, that her example proves the possibility of having an excellent and efficient national church establishment without gradations of rank—without any approach to a hierarchy. We answer that, speaking the same language, reading the same books, and belonging, in all *civil* essentials, to the same general society, the people of Scotland, through all the gradations of rank, but more especially in the higher, have profited, only less than the people of England, ever since the Reformation, by the ability, the learning, the moral and social influence, and the theological authority of the English Church;—that the clerical profession in that country, *as a profession*, has been regularly sinking ever since her ecclesiastical establishment was put on its actual footing, and is now, with rare exceptions, supplied, from very humble walks of life, with men who, however amiable and respectable, do not mingle on anything like equal terms with the resident nobility and gentry;—that, in fact, the Kirk has been losing hold on the upper classes with every successive generation;—and, finally, that we much doubt whether, but for the Church of England, there would long ere now have been for the nobility and wealthier gentry of the greater part of Scotland any *kirk*, except that which would have acknowledged its patriarch in David Hume. We venture to say, that the parochial clergy of Scotland, admirable in their own sphere, are very sensible that such is the case—and that the more influential members of their body would not be slow, in case of need, to vouchsafe their testimony.

We are very serious, and very great reason we have to be so. Whilst we would conjure all who hope to save their country, to combine their united strength, and to exert every faculty they possess, to arrest the march of reckless innovation, and to confound the machinations of lawless anarchy—we would no less earnestly exhort them to give their best aid in repairing the breaches which time or neglect have made in her bulwarks, and adding what is wanting to the defence or perfection of our Zion.

Digitized by Google

What may be the best way of doing this, is, it will be felt, we suppose, by every statesman, a question of all others most unfit to be discussed in a popular assembly. In our present ignorance of the real nature of that Bill, which, on Colonel Grey's assurance, we must believe the government has prepared, we take it for granted, that nothing more will be done, in the first instance, than to submit certain heads of inquiry to an ecclesiastical commission, who will then have to make their report on the nature and extent of the abuses complained of; the remedies that ought to be applied; and the safest and most effectual mode of applying them. The expediency of fixing the bishops permanently in their respective sees, and not allowing any translations, except under very peculiar circumstances, or except to an archbishopric, is a point on which many persons, who have given much attention to the subject, seem to be agreed. We are not sure that these persons are right; neither will we say that they are wrong. But we will say, that if the measure itself be right, it should not be effected by *equalizing* the incomes of all the bishops—a thing which could not be done without much needless innovation, nor without violations of principle which would soon be felt above and below the bench of bishops—but by permanently annexing to the smaller bishoprics such other preferments, not having cure of souls, as shall secure to each an income sufficient for the demands of the station and office. A more important measure, and one of more unquestionable utility, would be, to establish a system of ecclesiastical discipline (for *system*, at present, we have none), in which the chapters of the several cathedrals might, according to their original design, act as a synod of presbyters to counsel and assist the bishop, especially in the trial of delinquent clergymen. Of pluralities we have already spoken, and we will only further say here, that we earnestly hope, and earnestly entreat, that whoever may undertake any new scheme of legislation for the church—whether the Government or the bishops—will refuse to follow the dictates of popular clamour, and will be guided solely by views of practical utility, by grave consideration of the means most likely to ensure to the people the best spiritual instruction. The question of tithes, though of great importance, belongs not properly to church reform, and is a matter which parliament is very well able to regulate without waiting for any report from an ecclesiastial commission. But, whatever advantages may attend an act for their permanent commutation, the farmers, at least, are beginning to understand that they shall be little gainers by the change; and small attention, most surely, *ought* to be paid to the clamours of political unions, who have

Digitized by Google

have no tithes to pay, and whose ulterior object, in assailing the church, is avowedly to revolutionise the country.

It has been boldly said, that a church *must* be unwisely constituted, which excludes from its bosom men like Howe, Owen, Baxter, Calamy, Doddridge, Watts, Henry, Hall. Ought not the author of this remark to have perceived, that it is utterly impossible, even in imagination, to frame a church, which should receive all these men into her communion—that many of them differed from each other no less than from the Church of England—that the fault was not in the church, but in the minds of these dissidents, who laid the main stress of religion on matters of doubtful disputation, and loved their own exclusive opinions better than peace and unity? Ought he not rather to have perceived that a church must be wisely constituted, in the main, both as to its discipline and doctrines, which numbers in its rank more men of the profoundest learning, the largest talents, the most exalted piety, than can well be reckoned up—Jewel, Hooker, Nowell, Andrewes, Morton, Herbert, Sanderson, Hammond, Taylor, Bull, Beveridge, Stillingfleet, Tillotson? Ought he not to have perceived that this very Church, which he 'damns with faint praise,' and at which, though he sneers not himself, he teaches others to sneer, has been, and is, the source of the greatest blessings, the dispenser of the most enlightened faith, of the purest morality; that to her it is chiefly owing, that the nobles and gentry of England, whose education is mainly, if not wholly, committed to her care, have hitherto been distinguished above the men of other lands, not merely by their lofty principles of unblemished honour, but by a cordial attachment to that religion, which they learnt to reverence in their youth, and which makes them, for the most part, a blessing to the poor, and examples to their respective neighbourhoods of the virtues that should adorn a Christian gentleman? But this he does perceive. How short-sighted, then, is that benevolence, which proposes to raise the religious character of the poor by means that would be directly and immediately injurious to the religious character of the higher orders, by severing the ministers of religion from *their* society? For the sake of the best and highest interests of the people themselves, we, therefore, beseech the *Christian* members of our legislature to reflect, before it be too late, how deeply the welfare of the whole community is implicated in preserving in its integrity our established church. And if there be any of *them* who have, for a season, been misled by the plausible theories of men, who would lay their *improving* hands on that sacred edifice, of which they are not able to appreciate the usefulness or the beauty; or, if there be any who have begun to think that the cause of 'pure and undefiled religion'

Digitized by Google

religion' would gain by stripping the church of its endowments and its dignities, we would entreat them to listen to the words of no hired advocate in her defence,—of one who is not even a member of her communion,—of one, however, whose intellectual powers are of the highest order, and whose mind is so enriched with the stores of Christian wisdom, that it were hard to say whether he is most to be admired for his fervent piety, or for that almost unrivalled eloquence which springs from a heart overflowing with Christian love.

'There are many,' says Dr. Chalmers, 'who look with an evil eye to the endowments of the English church, and to the indolence of her dignitaries. But to that church the theological literature of *our nation* stands indebted for her best acquisitions; and we hold it a refreshing spectacle, at any time that meagre Socinianism pours forth a new supply of flippancies and errors, when we behold, as we have often done, an armed champion come forth in full equipment, from some high and lettered retreat of that noble hierarchy; nor can we grudge her the wealth of all her endowments when we think how well, under her venerable auspices, the battles of orthodoxy have been fought—that in this holy warfare they are her sons and her scholars who are ever foremost in the field—ready at all times to face the threatening mischief, and by the weight of their erudition to overturn it.'

Dr. Chalmers is one of those men who, by the stirring flame of genius, are raised above all rules—and who could in no situation be *indolent;* but he has seen what passes around him among the ordinary brothers of the race, and knows well that, constituted as human nature is, we neglect the wise provisions and appliances placed within our reach for the attainment of every species of good, when we shut out *ambition* from the list of motives. He knows well, that in the Church of Scotland, of which he has long been the chief living light, the far greater part even of those clergymen who enter on their profession with the highest promise of intellectual eminence, are found, in the course of a few years, from the utter absence of all external stimulus, retrograding, instead of advancing, in every attainment that makes up the armoury of the *theologian.* He proceeds thus:—

'It is owing to the learning of the priesthood, that Christianity has kept her ground on the high platform of cultivated and well-educated humanity, and that she enters so largely as a bright and much esteemed ingredient into the body of our national literature. It is well when this degree of respect and acknowledgment can be obtained for her among the upper classes of life; and more especially in a free, an enlightened nation like our own, it is of unspeakable benefit that Christianity should have been so nobly upheld by the talent and erudition of her advocates. . . . Whatever the ensuing changes in the state of our society may be, there is none that would more fatally speed

Digitized by Google

speed the disorganization and downfal of this great kingdom than if a hand of violence were put forth on the rights and revenues of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND. . . . If the ecclesiastical establishments of our land shall be in the number which are destined to fall, and that, because the temporalities which belong to them have been pronounced, by the oracles of our day, as an oppression and a burden on the general population, then, instead of truth being their judge or their executioner, they shall have fallen at the hand of cunning and deceitful witnesses —they shall have perished in the midst of a strong delusion—at the mandate, and by the authority of a lie.'

These are the words of truth and soberness. But the dread voice, μεταβαινωμεν εντευθεν, is not yet gone forth!—The guardian angels of our temple have not yet deserted it;—neither will they desert it, unless we prove ourselves unworthy. If, indeed, it be designed that all the institutions of our country should be overthrown, and brought to one undistinguished level of democratic equality, then, possibly, it may be right that the National Church should be first demolished. If it has been discovered, that piety towards God, and good-will towards men—respect for established order, and a reverential regard for all the decencies and charities of life, are destructive of social happiness, and nothing better than grovelling superstition, or disgusting hypocrisy, then let the Church of England—the pride and glory of all the reformed churches—be swept away from the earth, as the great author and upholder of all these evils.

As to Church and as to State—it must be acknowledged that our present prospects are gloomy. From the wisdom, or from the power, of the government which, by its rash union with the mob, stirred and animated into life and activity so many elements of mischief, we pretend to hope for little. There are many grave heads among us that have little hope of salvation from any human power—in whose opinion, the evil must run its career! But we would remind *these* that, even if they *knew* what they in sorrow and sadness believe, it would be their duty not to despair. Let no one forget—let them above all others remember—that we are in the hands of Him who out of chaos evoked order—

'Who out of darkness called up light,'—

and that He who rewards the rigours of winter with the flowers of spring and the fruits of summer, will not permit the *moral* world to be covered with eternal storms and ever-enduring night. Vicissitudes He has, in his inscrutable wisdom, appointed for the earth and for those who dwell on it,—

. . . . 'lege ratâ Sol occidit atque resurgit!'

and when the sun goes down at evening, we do not anticipate its grateful and benign re-appearance with more certainty than we should,

Digitized by Google

should, were our political darkness to become as black as the most melancholy of its watchers predict, the dawn of a day as bright and glorious as that with which we and our fathers have been blessed.

But it is also a part of His gracious and beneficent dispensation, that in these natural changes we should ourselves exert the means and faculties with which he has endowed us, to anticipate and alleviate the obscurity of the night or the severity of the seasons: so also it is our moral, political, and religious duty to rally heart and hand round our Conservative leaders, and to employ—each according to his measure and his station—all our means, bodily and mental, to retard the progress, and to diminish, should we fail to avert it altogether, the *shock* of the Revolution. The cordial union and active co-operation of all who, however they may have heretofore differed as to minor points, are really attached to the great principles of our ancient constitution in Church and State, will—even if they can now do more—shorten the period of our trial, and accelerate the *return* of order, prosperity, and peace, under *that* form of human government, which reason and experience have proved to be the best and, indeed, *only* effectual guarantee that has ever been contrived for the happiness, freedom, and stability of human society.

Digitized by Google

INDEX

TO THE

FORTY-EIGHTH VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A

Aëropoetes, history of this remarkable substance, 290.
Æschylus, the Perseus of, 73.
Africa, Northern, capabilities of, for emigration, 6.
Aix-la-Chapelle, analysis of the waters of, 390.
Alcyonius, his account of the burnings of sundry Greek poets in MS., by the Byzantine priests, 72.
Amadis de Gaul, quoted, 267.
America, United States of, 'Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of, with some Observations on the Ecclesiastical System of, by William Gore Ouseley, Esq., 507.
Anacreontic verse, Greek, modern pronunciation of, 75.
Apparitions, philosophy of, 287—strong sense of the supernatural in all minds, *ib.*—the northern lights, how regarded by our ancestors, 288—every article of the Christian's faith associated with the conviction of supernatural agency, 289—ancient theories of apparitions, *ib.*—re-appearance of departed spirits, *ib.*—processes of Palingenesy, 290—history of adopocire, *ib.*—Dr. Ferrer's account of an experiment on the body of a malefactor, 291—Dr. Webster's work on witchcraft, *ib.*—Lavater, 292—the phenomena of apparitions, divided into two classes, 293—apparitions seen by several persons at the same time, *ib.*—employment of optical images, 294—Benvenuto Cellini and the necromancer at the Coliseum, *ib.*—story from Bovet's Pandæmonium, or the Devil's Cloyster, quoted, 297—apparitions originating in certain recondite functions of vision, 299—the sea-captain's story, from Broad's 'Popular Antiquities,' 301—singular story of a dream related by Dr. Gregory, *ib.*—apparitions of an optical nature, 302—apparitions seen only by one individual at the same time, 303—phosphorescence of the eye under pressure, 304—the functions of vision disturbed by the derangement of the stomach, 305—curious instance thereof, related by Dr. Patoullet, 305—apparitions originating in local and temporary associations, 306—apparitions having their origin in a diseased state of the vital functions, 307—extraordinary illusions of Nicolai, the bookseller at Berlin, 307—curious case of spectral illusion related by Sir D. Brewster, 310—the cause of spectral illusions investigated, 314—the immediate cause a disorder in the digestive organs, 315—locality of the illusion, or place of its production, *ib.*—illusions of the ear, *ib.*—case of Moses Mendelssohn, *ib.*—case of spectral illusions communicated to Dr. Abercrombie, 317—Sir David Brewster's theory of spectral illusions, 318.
Apollonius Rhodius, quoted, 10.
Archilochus of Paros, 79, 81, 85.
Aristocracy of England, strictures on the condition of, 189.
'Arlington.' See *Novels of Fashionable Life.*
Atheism and cruelty, close connexion between, 105.

Digitized by Google

Atheneus quoted, 93—the Boswell of the ancients, 96.

B

Bayle, M., his observation on faithless party historians, 235, 242, 255.
Becker, Rev. J., his 'Anti-Pauper System,' 334—its extraordinary success, *ib.*
Berkeley, Bishop, his description of a fine lady and fashionable gentleman, 200.
Blood, Dr. William Stevens's Observations on the Healthy and Diseased Properties of the, 375—prejudices against Harvey's system, *ib.*—leading points of Dr. Stevens's system, 376—analysis of the blood, 378—saline matter of the blood, *ib.*—salt an antidote to the poison of the rattle-snake, 379—salt the principal saline ingredient in the blood, 380—high esteem in which it was held by the ancients, *ib.*—Lord Somerville on the advantages derived to his sheep from the use of salt, 381—the climate fever of the Ganesee country, 382—the African typhus, how produced, 383—fever a disease of the blood, 384—Dr. Stevens's views on the treatment of these fevers, *ib.*—cholera, 388—sea scurvy, *ib.*—the saline waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, 290.
Boettigir on the origin of the elegiac couplet, 177.
Bopp, Franz, quoted, 8.
Broad's 'Popular Antiquities,' the sea-captain's story of an apparition from, 301.
Brewster, Sir David, his 'Letters on Natural Magic,' 287. See *Apparitions.*
Burns, Robert, quoted, 95, *n.*
Bulwer, Edward Lytton, Esq., his novels characterised, 393, 395.
Burton, Rev. Edward, D.D., his 'Remarks upon Church Reform.' See *Church Reform.*
Buxton, Mr. Fowell, Count Pecchio's account of a dinner at, 228.

C

Cadamesto, the Venetian traveller, quoted, 380.
Callimachus, 98.
Callinus, elegies of, 71, 75, 77—the inventor of the elegiac couplet, 78.
Cannibalism, proofs of the existence of, in New Zealand, 142.
Carne, Mr., his 'Life of Eliot,' the missionary, characterised, 214.
Cashmir, Wilson's abstract of the history of, 2.
'Cato's Letters,' quoted, 259, 260.
Cellini, Benvenuto, his life quoted, 294.
Chalmers, Dr. Thomas, his 'Political Economy, in connexion with the Moral State and Moral Prospects of Society.' See *Political Economy.*
Charlemagne, History of, by G. P. R. James, Esq., 421—the subject a noble one for the historian, *ib.*—the empire of Charlemagne, 424—his personal character, 425—modern writers who have treated of the age of Charlemagne, 426—character of Mr. James's work, 427.
Chaucer, the most purely and essentially Homeric English poet, 74.
Church Reform, 553—Lord Teynham's safe and easy plan for making the country prosperous and happy, *ib.*—assaults on the established church, 556—views of the ultra-reforming assailants of the church, 558—'Safe and easy Steps towards an efficient Church Reform,' *ib.*—Lord Henley's plan of church reform examined, 560—necessity of a revision of our ecclesiastical law, 569—church patronage, 571—conduct of the Lord Chancellor with regard to, *ib.*—presence of the Bishops in the Upper House, 572—ultimate views of the republican reformers, 574—and of the more virulent dissenters, *ib.*—the Scottish kirk an object of rancorous hostility, *ib.*—the end of a church establishment, 576—necessity of arresting the march of reckless innovation, and confounding the machinations of lawless anarchy, 577—the welfare of the community deeply implicated in preserving in its integrity our established church, 579—Dr. Chalmers' character of that church, 580—duty of rallying round our conservative leaders, 582.
Clergy, advantages of a well educated, 124.
Coals, singular objection to a reduction in the duty on, 62.
Coleridge, Mr., quoted, 95.
College of Physicians, evening conversazione at, 375.
Colonization, capabilities of Northern Africa for, 61.
Constant, Benjamin, described, 274.
Cooper, Mr., his 'The Wept of Wishtonwish,' characterized, 216.
Country wake in Yorkshire described, 232.
Crabbe, Mr., quoted, 416.

D

Day, William, Esq., his 'Inquiry into the Poor

Digitized by Google

Poor Laws and Surplus Labour, and their Mutual Re-action, 321.' See *Poor Laws.*
Dream, singular story of a, related by Dr. Gregory, 301.

E

Earle, Augustus, his 'Three Months residence in New Zealand, in 1827, with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan D'Acunha,' 132. See *New Zealand.*
Elegiac couplet, musical notation of a Latin, 75.
Elegy, Greek. See *Greek Elegy.*
Emigration considered, as an expedient for removing the existing distress, capabilities of Northern Africa for, 61.
Emigration, infant, Major Robinson's scheme of, 329.
England, Count Pecchio's Observations on. See *Pecchio.*
England and France; or a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania, 523.
Euripides, 73.

F

Family Prayer, its service, 119.
Fashionable Society in England, strictures on the condition of, 189—picture of, 195—its chief characteristic exclusiveness, 197.
Fayette, La, et la Révolution de 1830: Histoire des Choses et des Hommes de Juillet, par B. Sarrans le Jeune, 523.
Ferrier, Dr., his account of an experiment on the body of a malefactor, 291.
Feudal system, late and gradual growth of, 12
Fief, definition of a, 15
Flint, Timothy, his 'Recollections of the Last Ten Years passed in occasional Residences and Journeyings in the Valley of the Mississippi, from Pittsburg and the Missouri to the Spanish Frontier.' See *Mississippi.*
Foster, John, his 'Essay on Accent' quoted, 72
'France and England, or a Cure for the Ministerial Gallomania,' quoted, 252
Franck, his 'Callinus, sivè Quæstionis de Origine Carminis Elegiaci tractatio critica,' 69—his overflowing erudition, 78—his strange and afflicting style of Latin composition, *ib.* See *Greek elegy*
Freeling, Sir Francis, excellence of his post-office administration, 366
French Revolution, real principles of, 104—horrors of, and their origin, 122
French Revolution of the Three Days, 234—the most causeless and the most unprovoked, *ib.*—yet held up by English reformers for applause and admiration, 235—its history published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, *ib.*—Boyles' observation on faithless party histories, *ib.*—the Histoire de la Restauration, par un Homme d'Etat, *ib.*—Prince Polignac's 'Political Reflections' in reply thereto, *ib.*—his vindication of himself from the charges of the 'Homme d'Etat,' 238—his description of the distinguishing character of the present epoch, 240—necessity of a political power in a state, 242—the charter of 1814, 245—and of 1830, 246—events of Charles X.'s reign, 248—conduct of La Fayette, 253—conduct of the French periodical press, 255—impolicy of issuing of the ordonnances, 258—character of the French expedition to Spain, 260—league for the suppression of piracy, 262—French expedition against Algiers, 263—France still a Catholic country, *ib.*—consequences of a war against England, 264—state of French Canada, *ib.*—situation of Louis Philippe, 267—his struggle with the press and the march-of-intellect men, *ib.*—the French journalists, 269—Louis XVIII., 277—his selfishness and apathy, *ib.*—religious history of the French people, 281—the principle of order must triumph in France unless the world is to be rebarbarized, 284.
Fry, Mrs., and the female convicts in Newgate, 229

G

Glass, Alexander, the governor of Tristan d'Acunha, account of, 157
Goethe, his 'Faust' quoted, 195
Gower, Lord F. L., his translation of 'Faust' quoted, 195
Gravina, his 'Region Poetica' quoted, 72
Greek Anacreontic verse, modern pronunciation of, 75
Greek Elegy—Franckii Callinus, sivè Quæstionis de Origine Carminis Elegiaci tractatio critica, 69—peculiar character of the Iliad and Odyssey, *ib.*—the character of Homer merged in the character of the age, 70—with Homer the sun of Greek heroic poetry rose and set, *ib.*—

Digitized by Google

no genuine descendants of the Homeric hero, 70—second epoch of Grecian poetry, *ib.*—The Elegy, *ib.*—the connexion between Homer and Pindar entire, *ib.*—their joining links, the warlike strains of Callinus and Tyrtæus, *ib.*—Hesiod, *ib.*—the works and days, *ib.*—Mimnermus, *ib.*—Sappho, *ib.*—close connexion between the genuine Hesiod and the Gnomic elegy, 72—effects of time and barbarism on the antique muse of Greece, *ib.*—Alcyonius's account of the burnings of sundry Greek poets in MS. by the Byzantine priests, *ib.*—Gravina's Region Poetica, *ib.*—Foster's 'Essay on Accent' quoted, *ib.*—proper and specific age of lyric poetry, 73—the ode, *ib.*—the Persians of Æschylus, *ib.*—Sophocles the middle point between the predominance of the ode and the comedy, *ib.*—the connecting links Æschylus and Euripides, *ib.*—in Sophocles alone the constituents of the Greek tragic ideal met, united, and became vocal, 73—Greek poetry strictly original and self-evolved, 74—Chaucer the most purely and essentially Homeric English poet, *ib.*—sketch of the elegy, *ib.*—musical notation of a Latin elegiac couplet, *ib.*—modern pronunciation of Greek Anacreontic verse, *ib.*—Boettiger on the origin of the elegiac couplet, 77—character of Franck's dissertation, 78—age of Simonides, 79—origin of the term 'elegy,' *ib.*—distinctive names relative to elegiac poetry, *ib.*—the exhortation of Hector and Ajax to their troops, and the fragment of Callinus compared, 80—account of Tyrtæus, 33—and of his poems, *ib.*—his 'Embateria' quoted, 84—characteristic differences of the poetry of Callinus and Tyrtæus, *ib.*—honours obtained by Tyrtæus at Sparta, *ib.*—Archilochus of Paros, 85—account of the Gnomic elegy of Solon, 86—and of Theognes, 89—fragments of Xenophanes of Colophon, 93—love elegies of Mimnermus, 94—Simonides the poet of Ceos, 96—his elegies and epigrams, 97—Philetas of Cos, 98—Callimachus, *ib.*—the elegiac couplet a favourite mode of composition with the Romans, *ib.*—Catullus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, 99.

Greek poetry, strictly original and self-evolved, 74

Greek poets, burning of sundry in MS. by the Byzantine priests, 72

Green, John, his 'Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.' See *Hall.*

Gregory, Olinthus, LL.D. F.R.A.S., his edition of the 'Entire Works of the Rev. Robert Hall, A.M.' &c. See *Hall.*

Gregory, Dr., singular story of a dream related by, 301

Guizot, M., his 'Lectures on the History of Civilization in France' cited, 12

H

Halford, Sir Henry, essays read by him at the evening conversazione at the College of Physicians, 375—his essay on the illness and death of George IV., *ib.*

Hall, Captain Basil, his view of the state of society in America, 521

Hall, Rev. Robert, A.M., &c., the entire works of, published under the superintendence of Olinthus Gregory, LL. D., F.R.A.S., 100—'Reminiscences of the Rev. Robert Hall,' *ib.*—difficulty of forming an opinion of Hall and his writings, *ib.*—his early pamphlet, entitled 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom,' 101—sundry passages from, 102—Hall's eloquent and philosophical sermon on the real principles of the French revolution, 104—ferocity of character the effect of sceptical impiety, *ib.*—close connexion between atheism and cruelty, 105—infidelity favourable to unbridled sensuality, *ib.*—impropriety of republishing the unripe speculations of Hall's youth, *ib.*—his 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press,' 106—his acrimonious and unjust character of Bishop Horsley, *ib.*—his calumny against the Church of England, 107—his libel on Mr. Pitt, *ib.*—his self-contradiction, 108—his description of Dr. Priestley, 110—and upon Hartley, Paley, Burke, Paine, Wolstonecraft, 112—his aversion to formularies of faith, 113—disastrous effects of his latitudinarian principles, 114—bitterness displayed in his controversies, 115—his rough notes for sermons, 118—the indiscriminate publication of his papers condemned, *ib.*—family prayer, 119—swearing, *ib.*—his sermon on infidelity, 120—advantages which society owes to religion, *ib.* his sermon on war, 122—horrors of the French revolution, *ib.*—advantages of knowledge to the lower classes, 123—improvement of the mass of the people our grand security, *ib.*—his sermon on the

Digitized by Google

the death of the Princess Charlotte, 124—his sermon on the discouragements and supports of a Christian minister, *ib.*—his polemical treatises, 126—his confessions on the subject of reviewals, 127—his biographical sketches of departed friends, *ib.*—his letters, 128—his personal character, *ib.*—his style of preaching, *ib.*—his temperament and disposition, 130.

Hallam, Mr., his 'History of the Middle Ages' cited, 11, 15

Heber, Bishop, his testimony to the merits of Colonel Tod, 5

Henley, Lord, his 'Plan of Church Reform.' See *Church Reform.*

Herodotus, quoted, 77, 81, 82

Hesiod, 71—his works and days, *ib.*—connexion between and the Gnomic elegy, 72

Hibbert, Dr. Samuel, his 'Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions, and an Attempt to trace such Illusions to the Physical Causes,' 287. See *Apparitions.*

'Historical Novels.' See '*Novels of Fashionable Life.*'

'How will it work?' by J. G. Lemaistre, 542. See *Parliamentary Reform.*

'How it must work,' by Lord Teynham. See *Parliamentary Reform.*

Homer, peculiar character of the Iliad and Odyssey, 69—his character merged in the character of the age, 70—the sun of Greek heroic poetry rose and set with, *ib.*

Homer and Pindar, the connexion between entire, 71—their joining links the warlike strains of Callinus and Tyrtæus, *ib.*

Hume, David, quoted, 269

I

James, G. P. R. Esq., his 'History of Charlemagne,' 421. See *Charlemagne.*

Iliad and Odyssey, peculiar character of, 69

India, the native annals of, one great mythic period, 1

Infidelity, favourable to unbridled infidelity, 105

Inheritance, laws of, 57

Jonson, Ben, quoted, 242

K

Kircher's supposed origin of apparitions, 290

Kitchener, Dr., his 'Traveller's Oracle, or Maxims for Locomotion,' 346—his 'Horse and Carriage Oracle.' See *Public Carriages—the Road.*

Knowledge, advantages of to the lower classes, 128

L

Land, great extent of, in the British territory of North America, &c. 89

Landed property, mischiefs of a minute subdivision of, 58

Landor, Mr., his 'Imaginary Conversations' quoted, 196

Latin elegiac couplet, musical notation of a, 75

Laws of Inheritance, 57

Leamington waters, analysis of, 391

Lemaistre, J. G., A. M., his 'How will it work?' See *Parliamentary Reform.*

Lister, Mr., characteristics of his novels, 170. See *Novels of Fashionable Life.*

Louis XVIII., Mémoires de, recueillis et mis en ordre par M. le Duc de D****e, 455—menteris impudentissime! the work a gross fraud on the public, *ib.*—detection of the imposture, 456

Lower classes, advantages of knowledge to, 128

Lunatic Asylum at York, 230

M

Malcolm, Sir John, his 'History of Persia,' 392, 404

Manzoni, his tragedy of Desiderio quoted, 434

Middleton, Dr. Amos, his analysis of the Leamington waters, 390

Milliners' apprentices, intolerable labour imposed on them during the London season, 194

Mimnermus, of Colophon, 71—his love elegies, 94

'Missionary Plutarch,' a desideratum in the literature of Protestantism, 214

Mississippi, valley of the, 'Recollections of the last Ten Years, passed in occasional Residences and Journeyings in, by Timothy Flint,' 201—worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Mrs. Trollope's 'On the Domestic Manners of the Americans,' *ib.*—account of the author, *ib.*—his ten years woful ups and downs, 202—his picture of clerical life in the valley of the Mississippi, *ib.*—camp-meetings in the woods, 206—description of the scenery on the shores of the

Digitized by Google

the Arkansas, 207—state of literature in America, 208—American puffing, 209—town-making quackery, 210—appearance, manners, and habits of the last wretched relics of the red population, *ib.*—rapid increase of the black population over the southern states, 213—unsuccessful attempts made to Christianize the native population, *ib.*—lack of the red people in estimating the real station and importance of individual whites, 214—evidences of a former vast population, 216—story of Baptiste Roy, *ib.*—fixed antipathy between the Anglo-Americans and the Indians, 216—existing monuments of a vast primeval population in North America, 218.

Morier, Mr., his 'Zohrab the Hostage,' 390

'Mothers and Daughters,' a novel, characterized, 198

Mulgrave, Lord, characteristics of his novels, 178. See *Novels of Fashionable Life.*

Musical notation of a Latin elegiac couplet, 75

N

New Zealand, 'Narrative of a Nine Months' Residence in,' together with a Journal of a Residence in Tristan d'Acunha, by Augustus Earle, 132—general value of the performance, *ib.*—sweeping sarcasms on the English missionaries, 133—rapid increase of intercourse between the port of London and New Zealand, *ib.*—merits of the author as a painter, *ib.*—his numerous perambulations, 134—first discovery of New Zealand, 135—the occasion of the author's expedition to, *ib.*—his arrival thereat, 136—physique of the population, *ib.*—ballet in puris naturalibus, *ib.*—dock-yard at E. O. Racky described, 137—settlement at Korakadika, 138—social qualities of the natives, *ib.*—active industry of their chiefs, 139—female infanticide, 140—degraded situation of the women, *ib.*—mode of courtship and matrimony, *ib.*—female infidelity never forgiven, 141—proofs of the propensity of the natives to cannibalism, 142—'King George,' 145—proofs of the innate kindness of heart of the female sex, *ib.*—cruelties practised by the natives, 147—massacre of Captain Thompson and his crew, 148—shipwreck of the Mercury and Enterprize, and treatment of the crews, 149—progress of the natives in arts and manners, 150—merits of the missionaries, *ib.*—the author's criticisms on them, *ib.*—his reception by them at Kiddy Kiddy, 151—Marsden vale described, *ib.*—anecdotes of the missionaries, 152—the art of tattooing described, 155—skill of Aramghie, the artist, *ib.*

Nicolai, the bookseller of Berlin, extraordinary spectral illusions of, 397

North America, extent of land in our colonial territory of, 60—existing monuments of a vast primeval population in, 218

'Novels of Fashionable Life,' 391—and 'Historical Novels,' *ib.*—the publisher detected in selling thirty thousand copies of, at 9*d.* per volume, on condition of exportation, *ib.*

Novels of Fashionable Life, 165—the subject of fashionable life peculiarly unfruitful, 166—ambition the characteristic of English society, 168—high life exhibited by our novel writers in its least respectable point of view, *ib.*—good sense, good taste, and good feeling, the characteristics of Mr. Lister's novels, 170—imperfect productions considered as works of art, 171—'Arlington,' *ib.*—defectiveness of its plot, *ib.*—its scanty allowance of narrative, 177—characteristic of Lord Mulgrave's novels, 178—plot of 'The Contrast,' *ib.*—its defects the want of efficiency, not invention, 185—his description of the manners and language of the lower classes faulty, 186—his representation of rustic manners overcharged, *ib.*—strictures on the condition of the aristocracy and the people of fashion, 189—effects of fashionable manners and customs upon tradesmen and servants, 190—condition of milliners' apprentices during the London season, 194—'exclusiveness' the chief characteristic of fashionable life, 197—the way in which this exclusive supremacy is obtained described in 'Mothers and Daughters,' 198—Bishop Berkeley's description of a fine lady and fashionable gentlemen, 200—laxity in respect of the cardinal female virtue the cardinal sin of fashionable life, *ib.*

O

Ouseley, William Gore, Esq., his 'Remarks on the Statistics and Political Institutions of the United States, with Observations on

Digitized by Google

on the Ecclesiastical System of America, her Sources of Revenue, &c.,' 507.

P

Palingenesy, processes of, 290
Parliamentary Reform, 542—'How will it work?' *ib.*—Lord Grey's 'perilous experiment,' *ib.*—dissolution of the succedal parliament, *ib.*—the new constituency, 543—materials of the new parliament, 544—pledge-bolting, *ib.*—conduct of the Conservatives, 546—Lord Chandos's clause, 547—aspect of the county elections, 548—bribery left untouched, 550—overwhelming predominance given by the bill to mobs and demagogues, 552—'How it must work,' 553—list of measures to which the new parliament stand pledged, 554
Pecchio, Count, his 'Osservazioni Semiserie di un Esule sull' Inghilterra,' 222—account of the author, *ib.*—gentlemanly tone of his work, 223—his first night in a London lodging-house, *ib.*—position of refugees on their first arrival in England, 224—condition of the Spanish exiles, *ib.*—his opportunities of seeing only the unfavourable aspect of our community, *ib.*—his visit to a Baptist meeting-house, 225—a baptizing in an actual running water, 226—intolerance of the English, 227—amusing account of a dinner at Mr. Fowell Buxton's 228—Mrs. Fry and the female convicts in Newgate, 229—Quakers' lunatic asylum at York, 230—habits of British sailors ashore, *ib.*—religious observances of the English, 231—genuine modesty of young English gentlewomen, *ib.*—a country wake in Yorkshire, 232
People, improvement of the mass of, our grand security, 123
Persians, the, of Æschylus, 73
Philosophy of Apparitions, 287. See *Apparitions.*
Philetas, the poet of Cos, 98
Picken, Mr., his 'Letters of an Emigrant Settler in Canada' quoted, 329
Plato, quoted, 86
Poetarium Græcorum Sylloge, curante Jo. Fr. Boissonade, 69. See *Greek elegy.*
Poets, in all nations, the first historians, 1
Polignac, M. de, his 'Considérations Politiques sur l'Epoque actuelle, addressées à l'Auteur anonyme de l'Ouvrage intitulé "Histoire de la Restauration, par un Homme d'Etat."' See *French Revolution.*
Political Economy, in connexion with the moral state and moral prospects of society, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D., professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh, 39—the doctor's merits as a Christian pastor and a political arithmetician, *ib.*—a christian education not the only desideratum in our national economy, *ib.*—the doctor's adhesion to the Malthusian theory of population, 40—his proposition that the landlords alone pay all taxes, 41—difficulty in the way of this proposition, *ib.*—the restraint upon marriage, 43—circumstances which influence the supply of food to a community, 44—the doctor maintains the necessity of retarding the increase of our numbers, *ib.*—progress of population to be left to the laws which nature has established, 46—the redundancy of population local, not general, 47—its cure, *ib.*—the doctor's view confined to the British islands alone, *ib.*—home colonization, 48—increase of employment obtained by an extension of trade, *ib.*—the question as to the promise of relief held out by increase of capital, 50—foreign trade, 51—the doctor's Utopia of a self-contained nation, 52—case of a country which imports agricultural produce, *ib.*—restrictions on the importation of foreign corn, 54—effect of the remission of taxes, 55—the doctor's assumption of ultimate for immediate effects, *ib.*—tithes an incubus on agriculture, 56—necessity of commuting them for a rent-charge, or for land, *ib.*—the question whether the interests of a community can be advanced by a greater or less subdivision of its landed property, through the laws of inheritance, 57—mischiefs of a minute subdivision of landed property, 58—the question of emigration considered, *ib.*—extent of land in our colonial territory of North America, 60—population of Great Britain and Ireland, *ib.*—surface soils of Europe sufficient to support a hundred times her present population, 61—capabilities of Northern Africa for colonization, *ib.*—the doctor's alarm at the risk of men becoming as thickly packed 'as mites in a cheese,' 62—his infallible specific for the evil, *ib.*—singular objection to a reduction of the duty on coals, *ib.*—the doctor's objection to emigration, because it stimulates population, answered, 63—and also his argument against a legal provision for the poor, 65—cruelty of the Malthusian doctrine,

Digitized by Google

doctrine, 66—discrepancy between the doctor and Malthus, 67—the doctor's grand specific 'a prudential restraint upon marriage,' *ib.*—an interference with the dictates of nature, as to the proper period for marriage, no part of the duty of a christian pastor, *ib.*—no necessary connexion between religion and celibacy, virtue and abstinence from wedlock, *ib.*—the moral tendency of the doctrine indescribably pernicious, 68—the doctor implored to reconsider his opinions, 69.

Poor, the arguments against a legal provision for, answered, 65—advantages of knowledge to, 123

Poor-laws, 321—benefits conferred by them on British society, *ib.*—defects in the letter and practice of, *ib.*—statute of Elizabeth, 321—relief of the helpless poor, 322—employment for those capable of work, *ib.*—ruinous practice of overseers, 323—necessity of abolishing the practice of supplementary wages out of the poor-rate, 326—Major Robinson's scheme of infant emigration, 329—necessity of abolishing the practice of making up wages out of rates, 330—the modes of accomplishing this end home and foreign colonization, 331—necessity of discouraging the able-bodied labourer from relying on parish aid, 332—and of enabling him to maintain himself in independence, *ib.*—extraordinary success of Mr. Becker's anti-pauper system, 334—evils of the discretionary power of the magistrates, 336—scale of parish pay acted on in a western county, 340—necessity of adopting a uniform mode of keeping parish accounts, 341—and that all parish assessments should be levied on one uniform scale, 342—necessary alterations in the law of settlement, *ib.*—the bastardy laws, 344—Mr. Withers's extraordinary experiments on his father's estate in Hampshire, 345.

Population of Great Britain and Ireland, 60

Porson, Professor, his critical style, 78

Portans, J. Esq., his 'Letter on the State of the Agricultural Poor,' 334.

Prichard, Dr, his 'Origin of the Celtic Nations' quoted, 8

Proyast, Abbé, quoted, 278

Public carriages—the road, 346—great improvement in the system of land-travelling, *ib.*—first appearance of a stage-coach on the road, 347—attempt to write them down, *ib.*—stage travelling to Oxford, in 1742, *ib.*—a comfortable sleep à la Dodswell, *ib.*—journey from Piccadilly to Exeter in the Comet, 348—Apsley House, Duke of Wellington, Old Brentford, Hume, Hounslow, the hospital ground, bokickers, the colossus of roads, artists, Staines, 348—'the quietest hanimal alive,' the roller-bolt, 'the staid and steady team,' the twitch, the thorough-bred near wheeler, a low fall of ground, Bagshot, 351—a slow coach, the Regulator, the backgammon board, 'over she must go!' Hertford Bridge, the Quicksilver mail, 353—the Holyhead mail, the Chester Highflyer, 357—the Brighton road, the Red Rover, the Age, Mr. Stevenson, *ib.*—fast work, 358—the coach horse, 359—how a coach is 'worked,' 360—perfection of the modern form of stage coaches, *ib.*—accidents, 361—necessity of 'putting horses well together,' 363—no dependence in iron linchpins, *ib.*—the wheels, *ib.*—how to load a coach properly, 364 Collinge's patent-boxes, 365—excellence of our post-office administration under Sir Francis Freeling, 366—humane change in the whole system of the road, 367—the old-fashioned coachman, *ib.*—suggestion to road-surveyors, 368—and to stage-coach proprietors, 369—charge on the English coach horse, 370—a word or two on private vehicles, *ib.*—the phæton, curricle, gig, buggy, Stanhope, Dennet, Tilbury, the double-bodied phæton, the britscka, 371—the pony-chaise the most dangerous of all vehicles, 372—decline of the taste for the whip, *ib.*—amateur or 'gentleman coachmen,' *ib.*—St. James's Street, on a levee day, 374—Hyde-park on a fine afternoon, *ib.*

Q.

Quakers' Lunatic Asylum at York, 230.

Quinctilian, quoted, 76.

R.

Raffles, Sir Stamford, his account of the Battas, 141.

Rajast'han, Annals and Antiquities of, by Lieutenant-Colonel Tod, 1—poets in all nations the first historians, *ib.*—the native annals of India one great mythic period, *ib.*—the Rájá Taringini, the annals of Cashmir, 2—proofs that historical composition was not unknown in India, 3—genuine historical records only to be found among the Buddhist or Jain communities, 4—Colonel Tod a bold adventurer

Digitized by Google

turer into the regions of pro-historic history, 5—information concerning the author and the nature and design of his book, *ib.*—the British intercourse with the Rajpoots entrusted to the author, *ib.*—extraordinary influence obtained by him over the various tribes, *ib.*—Bishop Heber's testimony thereto, *ib.*—evidence of the author's love for this remarkable people, 6—value of the work to the future historian of India, *ib.*—course of the author's personal narrative, *ib.*—grandeur of the scenery, *ib.*—general character of the architecture, 7—the author's mode of collecting his materials, *ib.*—original birth-place and descent of the Rajpoot tribes, *ib.*—relationship of the whole family of Teutonic languages with the Sanscrit, 8—identity of the Indo-Scythic races with the original tribes of the north of Europe, *ib.*—the general character of their religion the same, *ib.*—analogy between the Rajpoots and the northern tribes, 9—singular coincidences between the usages of remote nations, 10—feudal system among the clans of Rajpootana, 11—late and gradual growth of that system, 12—common origin of our Teutonic ancestry and the chivalry of Rajpootana, 13—books of grants, *ib.*—hereditary descent, *ib.*—armorial bearings, 14—fiscal or demesne territory, *ib.*—fine on the renewal of a fief, 16—allodial tenure, 17—descending operation of Indian feudalism, *ib.*—formation of Rajpootana, 18—its early annals, *ib.*—invasion of the Saracens, 19—irruption of the Mahometans, *ib.*—reign of Samarsi, *ib.*—epic of the poet Chund, in one hundred thousand stanzas, *ib.*—Colonel Tod translates thirty thousand stanzas, 20—heroic resistance of the Rajpoot princes to the Mahomedan conqueror, *ib.*—memorable sieges of Chectore, the capital of Mewar, *ib.*—fall of Samarsi, the sovereign of Chectore, 21—Rajpoot state of Marwar founded, *ib.*—The infant Rana, Lakumski seated on the throne, *ib.*—Warfor Pudmani, the 'Angelica' of Chectore, *ib.*—succession of the native princes of Mewar, 25—characteristic incident concerning Perthi Raj, the Roland of his age, *ib.*—last and fatal invasion of the Mahometans, 26—festival of the bracelet described, *ib.*—the mighty Achber appears before Chectore, 27—its last fall, 28—dependent and inglorious state of the Rana of Mewar, 30—annals of the rival states, 33—the Rahtores of Marwar, *ib.*—death of their hero, Ajit, *ib.*—the Rajpoot character described, 34—present state and future prospects of Rajast'han, *ib.*—moral fate of its people in the hands of the merchant princes of England, *ib.*—remarkable transition state of society formed in one province by Zalim Sing, regent of Kotah, 35—his extraordinary character, *ib.*

Rájá Taringíní, annals of Cashmir, account of, 2.

'Refugee in America,' a novel, by Mrs. Trollope, 507.

Religion, advantages which society owes to, 120.

Ritter, his 'Vorhálle Europäischer Völkergeschichten vor Herodotus,' cited, 8.

Road, the. See *Public Carriages.*

Robinson, Major, his scheme of infant emigration, 329.

Rose, Sir George, his view of the state of society and public feeling in America, 522.

Rotunda—Owenites, described, 268.

S.

'Safe and Easy Steps towards an Efficient Church Reform; one more efficient than that of Lord Henley, by a clergyman of the Church of England.' See *Church Reform.*

Salt. See *Blood.*

Sceptical impiety, ferocity of character, the effect of, 104.

Scott, Sir Walter, his 'Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft,' 287. See *Apparitions.*

Seaward, Sir Edward, 'Narrative of his Shipwreck, and consequent Discovery of certain Islands in the Caribbean Sea; with a detail of many extraordinary and highly interesting events in his Life; edited by Miss Jane Porter,' 480.

Servants, effects of fashionable manners and customs upon, 190.

Sheridan, Mrs. her 'Carwell' characterized, 421.

Simonides, the poet of Ceos, 96—his elegies and epigrams, 97—his prize inscription at Thermopylæ, *ib.*

Society, fashionable, in England, strictures on the condition of, 190—picture of, 195—its chief characteristic exclusiveness, 197.

Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,

Digitized by Google

ledge, its history of the French Revolution of the three days, 235.
Solon, gnomic elegy of, 86.
Somerville, Lord, on the advantages derived to his sheep from the use of salt, 381.
Sophocles, the middle point between the predominance of the Ode and the Comedy, 73.
Southey, Mr., his 'Tale of Paraguay' quoted, 10.
Stevens, Dr. William, his 'Observations on the Healthy and Diseased properties of the Blood,' 375.
Strabo, quoted, 81.
Swearing, defined, 119.

T.

Temperance, the beauty of, 164.
Teynham, Lord, his 'How it must work.' See *Parliamentary Reform.*
Theognis, gnomic elegy of, 89.
Tithes, an incubus on agriculture, 56—ought to be commuted for a rent-charge, or for land, *ib.*
Tod, Lieut.Col., his 'Annals and Antiquities of Rajast'han.' See *Rajast'han.*
Tradesmen, effects of fashionable manners and customs upon, 190.
Trelawney, Mr., his 'Younger Son' noticed, 421.
Tristan d'Acunha, Earle's 'Journal of a Ten Months' Residence' in the desolated island of, 132—his cordial reception, 156—his account of 'Governor' Glass, 157—mode of passing the winter evenings, 160—the author appointed chaplain and schoolmaster to the colony, *ib.* peak climbings in quest of the albatross, 161—hunt of the sea elephant, *ib.*—the 'beauty of temperance,' 164.
Trollope, Mrs., her 'Refugee in America,' a novel, 507.
Tyrtæus, elegies of, 71, 75, 77, 83—account of, 83—and of his poems, *ib.*

W.

Walker, Mr. his 'Observations on the Nature and Extent of Pauperism' characterized and quoted, 338.
Walpole, Horace, quoted, 266.
Webster, Dr., his work on Witchcraft quoted, 291.
Wilson, Mr. Horace, his abstract of the history of Cashmir, 2—his election to Sanscrit Professorship at Oxford, *ib.*—his proficiency in every branch of Hindoo knowledge, *ib.*
Wisdom, definition of, 119.
Wither, Rev. Lovelace B., his 'Cottage Allotments in some parishes of North Hampshire,' 321. See *Poor Laws.*
Wordsworth, William, quoted, 99, 179.

X.

Xenophanes of Colophon, fragments of, 93—a thorough-bred utilitarian, *ib.*

Y.

Young's 'Love of Fame' quoted, 197.

Z.

Zalim Sing, regent of Kotch, account of this extraordinary character, 35.
Zealand, New. See *New Zealand.*
'Zohrab, the Hostage,' by the author of 'Hajji Baba,' 391—the best novel of late years, *ib.*—the scene laid in Persia, 392—the artist-like way in which the author blends truth with fable, 396.

END OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH VOLUME.

London: Printed by W. Clowes, Stamford-street.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

